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Collier's

JULY 2, 1949
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Who Said PROMISED LAND?

The Actor W... STAY D...

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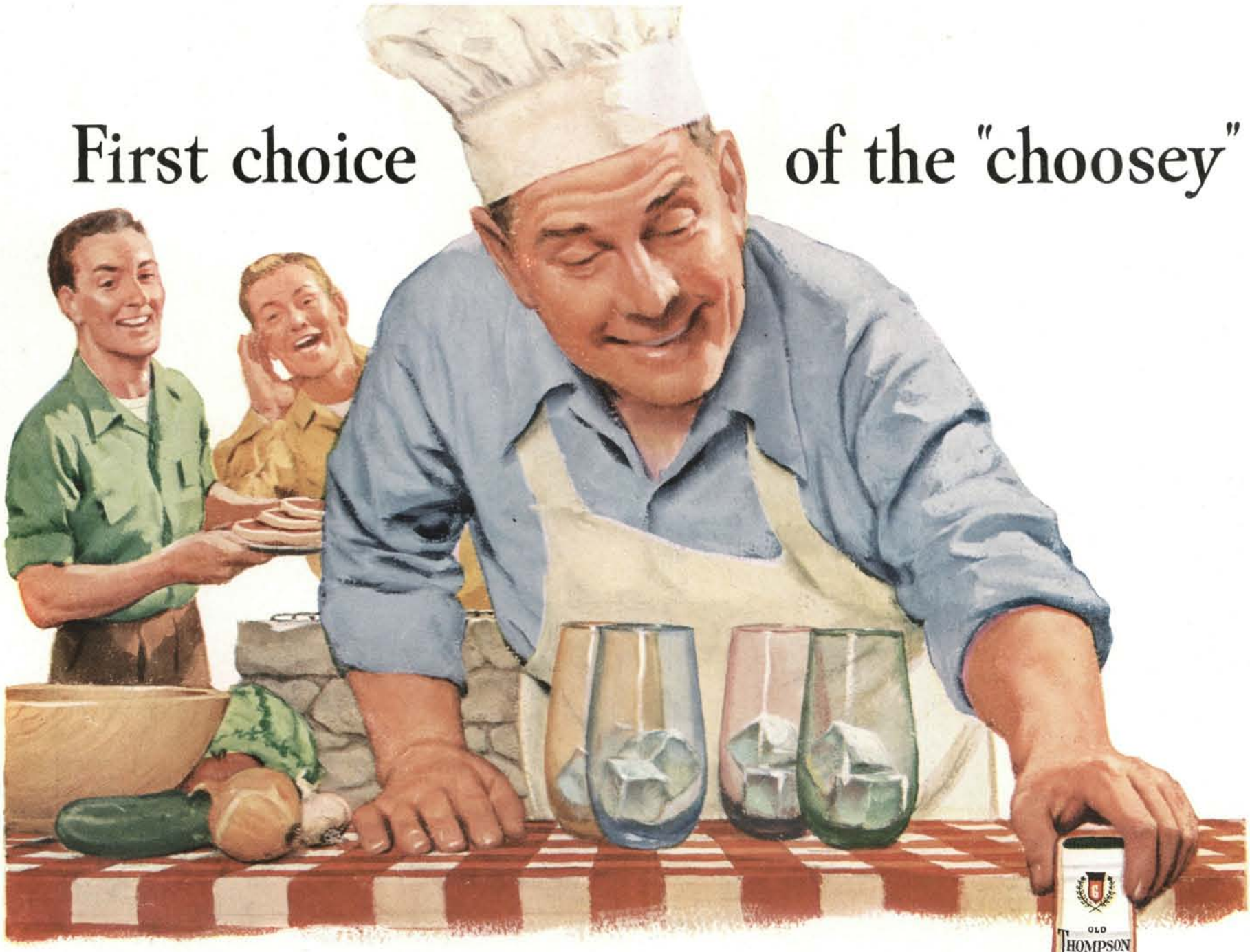
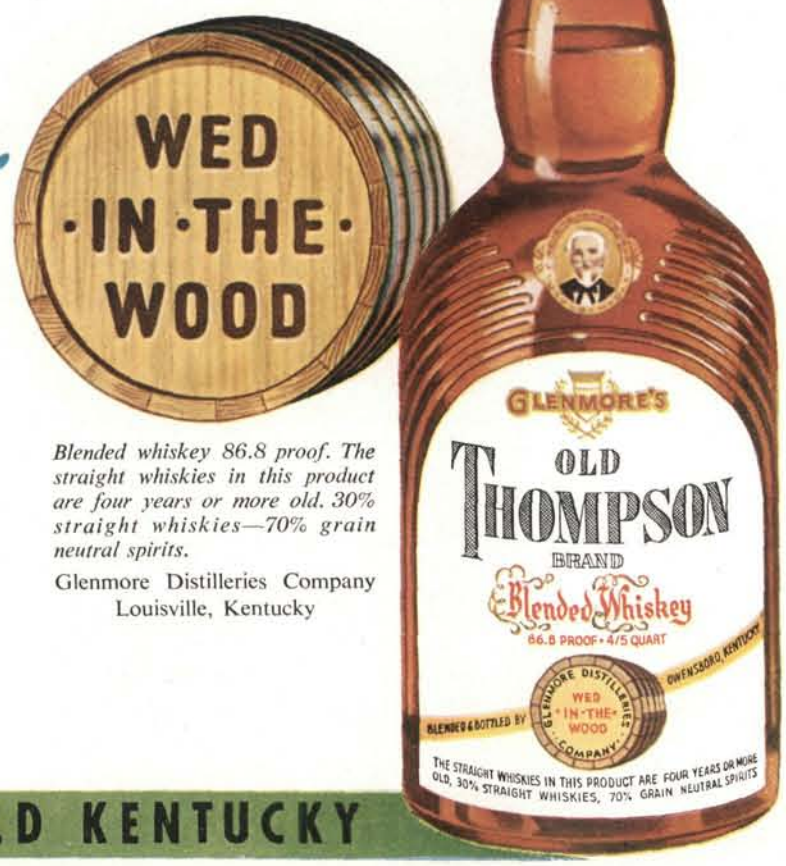
First choice of the "choosey"



Reach for Old Thompson and you put your hand out for the stand-out whiskey—the brand with the difference. Old Thompson will be "first choice" when you discover it's

tastier because it's . .

WED·IN·THE·WOOD. This simply means that after blending, Old Thompson, instead of being bottled immediately, is put back into barrels to assure a richer-tasting whiskey. No wonder all America is saying Wed·In·The·Wood *makes drinks extra good!*



Blended whiskey 86.8 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 30% straight whiskies—70% grain neutral spirits.

Glenmore Distilleries Company
Louisville, Kentucky

OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

A GLENMORE PRODUCT FROM OLD KENTUCKY

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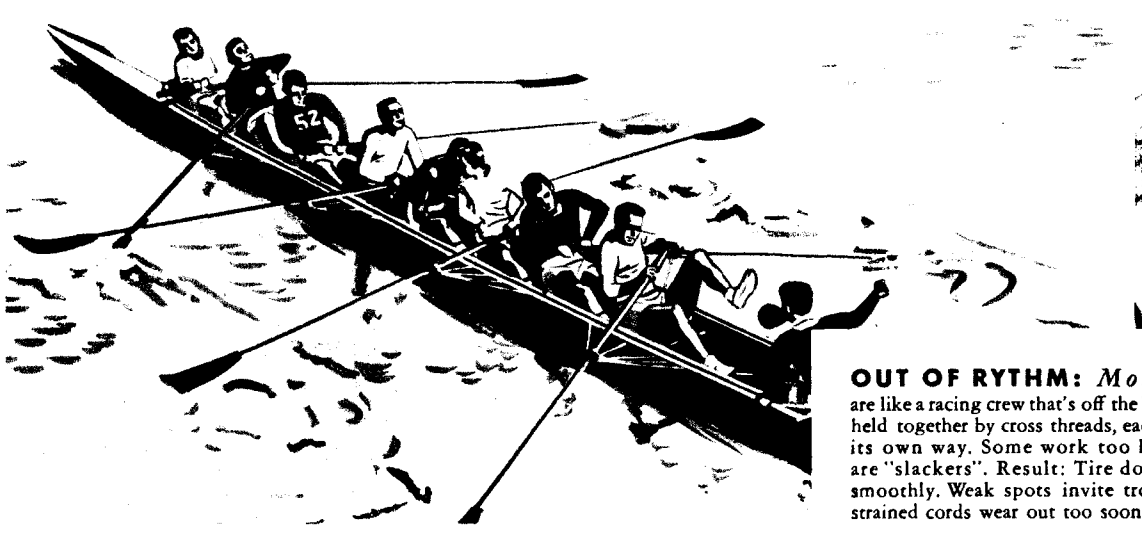
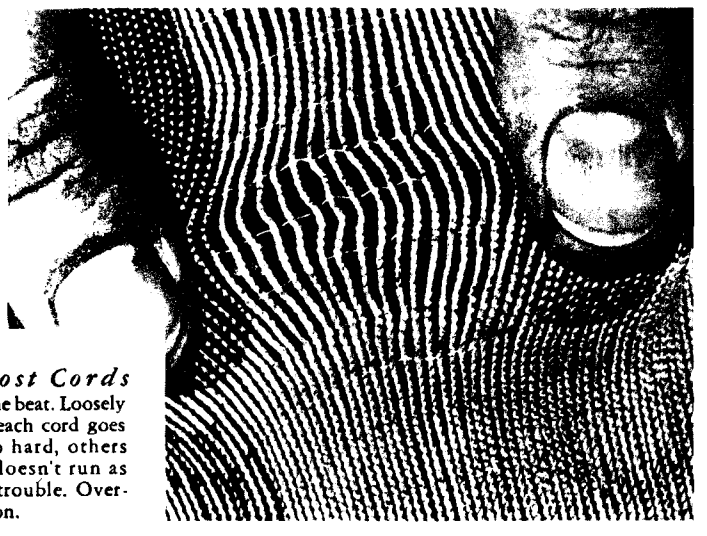
New B.F.Goodrich *"Rythm Ride"*

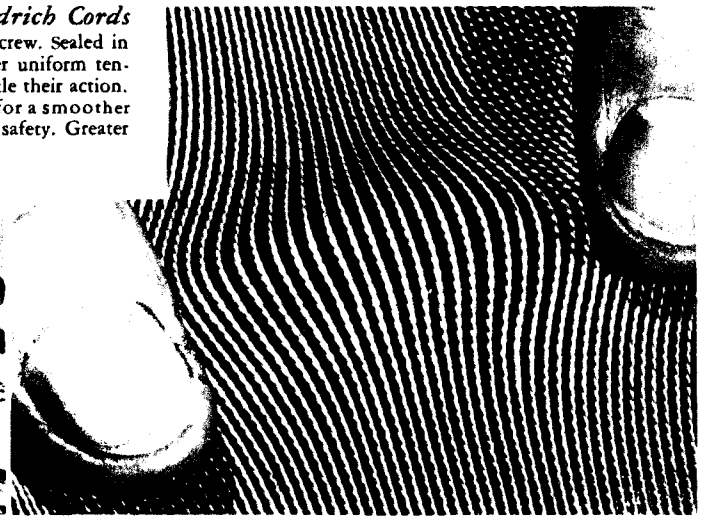
GIVES YOU GREATER COMFORT, SAFETY, MILEAGE



OUT OF RYTHM: *Most Cords* are like a racing crew that's off the beat. Loosely held together by cross threads, each cord goes its own way. Some work too hard, others are "slackers". Result: Tire doesn't run as smoothly. Weak spots invite trouble. Over-strained cords wear out too soon.



IN RYTHM: *B. F. Goodrich Cords* work in rythm like a precision crew. Sealed in live rubber, evenly spaced, under uniform tension. No cross threads to shackle their action. Result: Greater cushioning for a smoother ride. Greater strength for more safety. Greater uniformity for more miles.



"RYTHMIC-FLEXING CORDS" MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

Heart of any tire is its cords that flex as you ride. And the new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown tire has a cord construction that's utterly *different*—with every cord *flexing in rythm* to give you a "Rythm Ride" with more comfort, safety, miles!

In most tires, cords are "hobbled" by cross-threads. Some cords are too tight, overstrained, wear out too soon. Others are too loose, "slackers", do no work at all. With this out-of-step action, the tire doesn't run as smoothly. And where cord meets thread, there's a strain point that could cause trouble.

GREATER COMFORT In new B. F. Goodrich tires, cords flex *in rythm* because each one flexes freely. No shackling cross threads! Each cord is perfectly spaced, under just the right tension, sealed in place in live rubber. Each cord in step works with its neighbors in perfect unison.

EXTRA SAFETY Because the BFG tire body is a "live" flexible cushion between you and the road, you get more comfort. Because it takes the road shocks and flexes back for more, it's stronger, bruises less easily, resists blowouts better, gives you more safety and mileage.

MORE MILEAGE Here is a basic difference in tires—a difference your B. F. Goodrich dealer can *show* you. Make it a point to stop in next time you're near.

COLD RUBBER ADDED! ***Pioneered by B. F. Goodrich in 1941—the new longer-mileage cold rubber is now being added to all BFG passenger tire treads.***

Only B. F. Goodrich gives you "rythmic-flexing cords" in every tire for every purpose

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

JENNIFER JONES
VAN HEFLIN
LOUIS JOURDAN
in
"MADAME BOVARY"
with **CHRISTOPHER KENT**

GENE LOCKHART • FRANK ALLENBY • GLADYS COOPER
and
JAMES MASON
Portraying Gustave Flaubert, The Author
Screen Play by Robert Ardrey
Based on the novel by Gustave Flaubert

Directed by.....VINCENTE MINNELLI
Produced by.....PANDRO S. BERMAN

In Paris, in the mid-nineteenth century, Gustave Flaubert went on trial for committing an outrage against French morals and for insulting French womanhood. Flaubert's crime was a book called "Madame Bovary" which had shocked and scandalized even sophisticated Paris. Yet on the stand, Flaubert managed to turn the most damaging evidence against him – "Madame Bovary" herself – into his most dramatic defense.

This is the point of departure for M-G-M's brilliant screen adaptation of "Madame Bovary". Having seen the picture, we feel that it will cause just as much of a sensation as the novel did.

"Madame Bovary" is exciting fare. It is the story of all the Emma Bovarys—beautiful, romantic women, trapped by day-to-day drudgery and monotony. Women who seek escape—who try to resist and yet are consumed by the emotions that churn within them—who, in one errant instant, imagine they have found happiness.

Gorgeous Jennifer Jones, in the challenging and fascinating role of Emma Bovary, creates one of the great characterizations of our time. She brings to it all the sultry fire and radiant beauty of the woman who defied convention.

James Mason portrays the author who looked into the hearts of men and women and dared to tell the truth. Van Heflin is the country doctor who is deeply in love with the wife he knows is unfaithful.

Louis Jourdan is the handsome, pleasure-loving aristocrat to whom Emma is just another woman. And Christopher Kent shows exceptional talent as the irresolute, love-smitten Leon.

Director Vincente Minnelli and producer Pandro S. Berman have filmed "Madame Bovary" with great imagination, refinement and taste. Robert Ardrey's screenplay is a masterwork of the first order.

"Madame Bovary"—*magnifique!*

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

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July 2, 1949

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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The Cover

The George Washington Bridge, which spans the Hudson River and connects 178th Street, New York City, with Fort Lee, New Jersey. Manhattan's lights glow in the distance. Costing about $80,000,000, the giant structure was opened to traffic in 1931. It costs motorists 50 cents per car to cross it.

Week's Mail

Health Insurance—Hails & Howls

EDITOR: The sad plight of Doctors in an Uproar (May 14th) grieves me no end. For some time now, I have been trying to put aside the necessary funds for an operation on my son, a "blue baby." Between layoffs and the high cost of living, I am rapidly getting nowhere.

As for the "voluntary plans," have you ever seen the list of exceptions they give themselves, usually beginning with congenital defects?

I only hope the Truman socialized medicine plan goes through in time to do my son some good.

WILLIAM A. MACDONALD, Pascagoula, Miss.

. . . In three places in your editorial Medicine and Politics Don't Mix (May 14th) you speak of "those millions of Americans who are now unable to get proper medical care." I've heard of people who *don't* get proper medical care but I've never heard of anyone *unable* to get it.

Here there are county nurses who examine children in school; there are frequent free clinics for preschool children; people of small means can always go to the University Hospital. I have never heard of a doctor refusing to attend a patient who might not be able to pay him.

I have never heard of a doctor refusing to perform a necessary operation although he knew he would have to accept small payments over a number of years and might never receive all of his fee.

If a doctor has, through his attention, saved the life of his patient, should we rob the patient of his right to express his gratitude for his very life by attempting to pay his own bill?

MRS. ERLE H. BLANCHARD, Granada, Minn.

. . . You deserve a place in the journalistic sun for your objective report of the heated controversy on national health insurance. You are making a real contribution to the cause of truth. In no other publication (and I've read them all on this subject) has there been any obvious attempt to present equally the pro and con.

ROY A. WOMACK, Long Beach, Cal.

. . . I have just finished reading Doctors in an Uproar. It is the most unfair and prejudiced piece I have ever seen.

This article was simply an unfounded attack on the A.M.A. and the personalities of the men in charge of the A.M.A.

Why don't the owners of Collier's invite the government to socialize the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company?

T. E. PAMPUSH, St. Louis, Mo.

. . . In your article, Is England's Socialized Medicine Working? (Mar. 5th), there is a picture of Ernest Willett, London sandwich man. The caption quotes Ernie as saying, "It's a good thing. I got these glasses free, and they're perfect. The last pair of glasses I bought cost me 50 shillings."

We, here, will find a lot of people who will figure it out just as Ernie did.

In the first place he thinks his glasses were free. In the second place, while I don't know how old this man is, if he works for a reasonable length of time with the pay-roll

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TELEPHONE SERVICE KEEPS RIGHT ON IMPROVING

Long Distance is faster. Calls go through on the average in 1.6 minutes—nine times out of ten while you hold the line.

Local Service is better. The operator answers or the dial tone comes on faster than at any time since before the war. Calls go through promptly and accurately.

Equipment troubles are fewer than ever. Those reported by customers have decreased 15% from a year ago.

THE big construction program of the Bell System has resulted in important improvements in telephone service, and has brought telephones to millions of people who did not have them before.

Thousands of miles of new Long Distance lines have been added. Many cities are now linked by networks which can carry both voice and television. New and modern Western Electric equipment—the finest that can be made—is giving better, clearer, faster service to millions of telephone users, on every kind of call.

There has never been so great an expansion and improvement in telephone service as in the past three years. Still more good things are ahead for we're keeping right on with the job.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Very-thin

3-Way Personal Portable

Wherever you go—whatever you do—take added pleasure along in this trim, new, lightweight portable. It's exquisite, it's different! Just 2¾" deep, weighs only 7½ pounds complete. Lies flat, packs easily. 3-way: AC, DC, batteries. Closing lid shuts off power. G-E Dynapower speaker, slide rule dial. Rich gold colored control panel, handsome maroon plastic case. Model 145.

Only $44.95* (less batteries)

Other General Electric portables from $19.95*

*Slightly higher West and South. Prices subject to change without notice.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

deductions taken from his income, there will come a time when he will have paid for a lot of pairs of glasses. But that's never dawned on Ernie!

J. Edwin Reed, M.D., Cincinnati, Ohio

. . . Yesterday I heard a doctor quoted on the radio: "Save doctors from slave labor!" Rot!

I taught 30 years in college and loved every day of it. My "limitations" never in any degree hampered my professional interest in my chosen work or my human interest in my students. I was too keenly interested or maybe too stupid to know I was doing *slave labor.*

Evalin Pribble, La Jolla, Cal.

. . . A referendum on compulsory health insurance would settle the squabble and whip the doctors into line overnight. Why couldn't we have such a referendum on such a vital issue?

John T. Bills, Miami, Fla.

Where's That Texas Chivalry?

Editor: Winston L. Moore (Week's Mail, May 21st) probably looks 20 years older than he is and certainly thinks 20 years less than his age. Joan Crawford doesn't yet look forty! She is remarkable—just see Flamingo Road. She doesn't look a day older than she did in The Bride Wore Red.

Mr. Moore—still in his twenties! And dares to question a lady's age! And from Texas, too! Jane Brooks, Danbury, Conn.

Hundred-Grand Handicap

Editor: Mr. Fay states that "the Derby does not offer the richest purse" (Inside Sports, May 7th). I would like to be advised what race in the world has offered more money to the winner on an average of the last ten years of racing.

William M. Brennan, Washington, D. C.

Both the Santa Anita Handicap and the Hollywood Park Gold Cup guarantee the winner $100,000. The $100,000-added Kentucky Derby sweetens the prize money with nominating fees ($50 a horse) and starting fees ($1,000 a horse). But it subtracts $10,000 for the second horse, $5,000 for the third and $2,500 for the fourth. The Derby has never paid a winner more than the $96,400 that Assault collected in 1944. Ponder got $91,600 this year.

How's About It, Hollywood?

Editor: As I read Frank Yerby's serial, Pride's Castle (March 19th–May 7th), I couldn't help thinking what a swell motion picture it would make. I'm sure Hollywood would love to get ahold of it. I enjoyed this story much more than some of the rotten pictures I have paid money to see. How's about James Mason as Pride and Hedy Lamarr or Maureen O'Hara as Sharon?

Wouldn't that be a swell cast for a swell story?

I'd love to know what the author thinks of this.

Mrs. Joseph Haley, Wilmington, Del.

They're Fuming

Editor: Of all the abysmally stupid assertions that I have ever seen in print, that of my fellow Washingtonian, Everett I. Zoerb, is the absolute topper.

I refer to his statement (Week's Mail, May 21st) that "60 per cent of the babies born of cigarette-smoking mothers die before the age of two."

Not being omniscient, like Mr. Z., I will not try to be statistical, but will cite my six sisters as examples.

All of them smoke. Of the three who have children, one has five, and the other two, three apiece. I defy anyone to find eleven more healthy, well-balanced youngsters anywhere—even among the anti-tobacconists. Edward B. Barrett, Jr., Washington, D. C.

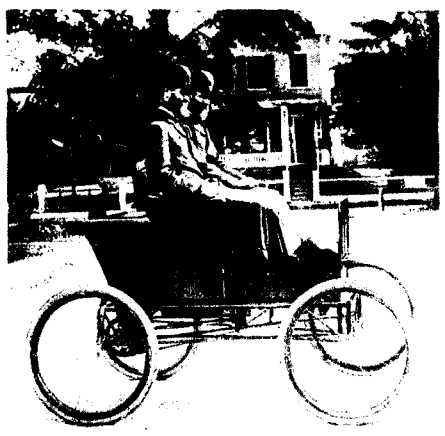
. . . Anything which lowers the infant death rate by one per cent is hailed as a great medical discovery; yet Mr. Zoerb says a practice which is 60 per cent fatal has been allowed to continue. If his "statistics" were true, the schools wouldn't be in the mess they are in. Instead of needing more teachers, school boards would be firing teachers because the kids had died and there was no one to teach.

Mrs. Reed Bagby, Huntsville, Mo.

Still Steamed Up

Editor: That was a fine article by George Woodbury on his 1917 Stanley Steamer (May 14th). I have owned steam autos since 1919 and today I drive a 1925 model rebuilt in 1937 under my supervision.

Harry W. McGee, Sr., Milwaukee, Wis.



The Stanley brothers and their first steam buggy, vintage 1897

Placing the Displaced

Editor: How about mentioning in your magazine how Israel got to be a "tower of strength" at the expense of the Arabs? And what is Israel going to do for the Arabs she displaced? So far she has done nothing.

Charles S. McClain, Wooster, Ohio

The Israeli consulate in New York states that the disposition of displaced Arabs is a major subject of the peace negotiations now in progress between the Israeli and Arab states.

Hoosier Mardi Gras

Editor: Just read Charles Yale Harrison's fine article, Thank God for My Heart Attack! (May 7th) and I want to congratulate you on a real public health service to the nation.

I am a member of the Randolph County Rheumatic Fever Board and president of the Winchester Jaycees, who originated the Mardi Gras and Pumpkin Auction to raise funds to combat rheumatic fever.

If you can come out this way next October 29th, be sure to attend the Mardi Gras and auction. You would thrill at the crowd as they pay as much as $125 for a common pumpkin. C. K. Field, Winchester, Ind.

Music Smog Control

Editor: Reading Allen Churchill's article, The Maestro from Penn State (May 7th), is like inhaling a breath of fresh country air—after breathing so much of this music "smog" of "everything, loud, wrong and terrible."

Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians are to be congratulated on standing by their determination to play only quality music.

Their power to touch the heartstrings of millions is lifting the people above the humdrum things of life and placing them on a higher level of thinking and living. More power to them.

Mearl R. Wharton, Moorhead, Iowa

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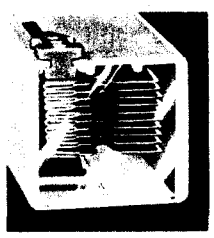
A FRESH BLADE IN A FLASH!

A CLEAN SHAVE IN A FLASH!

NEW! GEM PUSH-PAK
Floats Edges in Air!



Exclusive 'window' shows unused blades

PERFECT dispenser ends blade unwrapping—no cut fingers!

JUST PUSH the arrow—blades can't jam!

BLADES won't rust. Edges can't touch—no dulling contacts!

WITH 10 of those heavier Gem Blades that outlast all others—regardless of number of edges... **49¢**

An A.S.R. Product

NEWLY ADJUSTED GEM RAZOR
Gives Clean-Sweep Shave!

WONDERFUL how a once-over can leave your face so *clean!* Astonishing that a shave can be so gentle and so *fast!*

THE SECRET is Gem's newly adjusted blade-setting that compels the keen Gem Blade to get whiskers at the *base.*

TWIST—Gem opens and loads in a flash!

TWIST—Gem closes and you're ready to shave!

Shave with GEM and avoid '5 o'clock Shadow'!

GEM GUARANTEES

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE—Get this amazing, newly adjusted, one-piece Gem Razor at any dealer. If it does not live up to every claim—return razor and remaining blades in original package to Gem Razors, Brooklyn 1, N. Y. and your money will be refunded in full!

ONCE OVER...AND YOU'RE CLEAN!

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DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON

MISS GLADYS MUNN PULITZER, beautiful young socialite, is discriminating in her choice of a Jaguar car. Miss Pulitzer is equally discriminating in her choice of cigarettes.

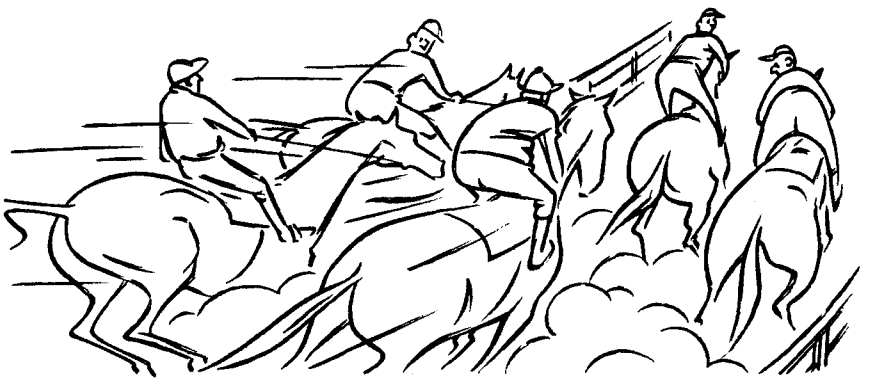
Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because they appreciate the kind of smoking that only a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



GEORGE PRICE

American fairs and rodeos sometimes stage a horse race in which the last animal to finish, not the first, is the winner. But the contest is not as foolish as it sounds, because it is one race that cannot be fixed. No jockey can ride his own horse nor does he know, until a minute before the race, which one is to be assigned to him. Therefore, he rides as fast as he can, as in regular races, to keep well ahead of his own horse so he will not endanger its chances of winning.

★★★★★★★★★

Although the first telephone went into service in 1877, an instrument was not installed on the desk of the President of the United States until 1929. And although Peterborough, New Hampshire, has had its free public library since 1833, Richmond, Virginia, long famed as a cultural center, did not establish its first public library until 1924.

★★★★★★★★★

In Tibet, where the religion is a kind of Buddhism, and nuns, priests and monks constitute 25 per cent of the adult population, many monks prepare for their reincarnation in an incredible way. They have themselves sealed up in stone huts, windowless and with only a small slot for receiving food, and do not see or hear a human being for periods ranging from ten years to a lifetime. Not long ago, one of these men, when taken out of the hut he had occupied for 69 years, was found to be blind, bleached white and shriveled to the size of a child; and he died at once.

★★★★★★★★★

Despite all drawings to the contrary, people who walk in their sleep do not move about with their arms extended to avoid bumping into objects; and neither does a person fall backward when shot, as the force of the bullet is not sufficient to overcome the natural tendency to fall forward.

★★★★★★★★★

In 1812, on a farm near Manchester, Vermont, two brothers, Stephen and Jesse Boorn, beat up their brother-in-law, Russell Colvin. Although Colvin did not return home and his neighbors knew that he was intensely hated by Steve and Jess, no one suspected foul play until the boys started bragging, months later, that they had "fixed him." After that, suspicion grew rapidly, and shortly a gravelike hole was found on the farm containing Colvin's hat, jackknife and a button from his coat. The brothers were then arrested and confessed to the murder. They were convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Then they ran a newspaper advertisement seeking Colvin, and he came back to Manchester, thus setting the brothers free. Without explaining their past actions, Steve and Jess moved at once to Ohio, and Colvin returned to New Jersey, where he had a job on a farm. Therefore, baffling questions were never answered. Why did Colvin suddenly disappear, leaving his wife and family without a word? Who dug the hole and buried Colvin's hat, knife and button—and for what reason? Why did the brothers confess, when they were really innocent? And why did they wait until the last minute to search for Colvin—the one man who could save their lives?

★★★★★★★★★

In 1899, missionaries on a visit to Ethiopia suggested to the emperor, Menelik II, that he adopt electrocution, the newest method of inflicting capital punishment. He took their advice and ordered three electric chairs from the United States, but, when they arrived, he was disappointed to learn that they could not be operated without electricity, which had not yet been introduced into his country. To keep the investment from being a total loss, Menelik gave two of the chairs to friends and installed the third one in his palace, where it became the only "hot seat" ever used as a royal throne.

★★★★★★★★★

Until a few years ago it was an old funeral custom in Scotland to carry out the casket of the deceased, not through the front door, but through an opening in the side of the house. The hole was made especially for this purpose and was walled up after the procession had departed. It was believed that the elimination of the only entrance known to the ghost would confuse and prevent it from re-entering the dwelling.

★★★★★★★★★

As late as 1880, most Europeans preferred male singers with artificial soprano voices to those with natural voices. Therefore, virtually all men in choirs and other musical organizations—even those in heroic operatic roles—still were obliged to sing in a high feminine voice that could be acquired only by means of surgery.

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Look before you leap... **PLAY SAFE!**

More than 2000 boys and girls under 15 years of age are drowned each year because they fail to obey common sense safety rules, according to the National Safety Council. Teach children never to jump in until they know how deep the water is, and *never* to swim without companions.

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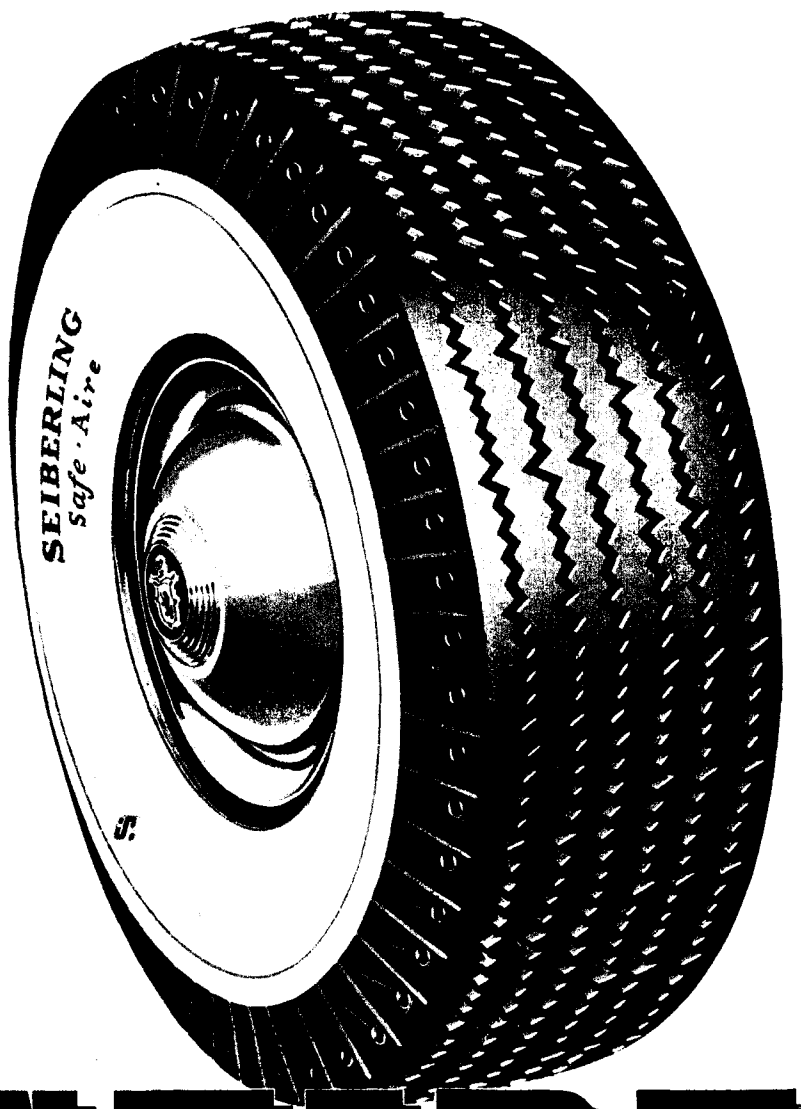

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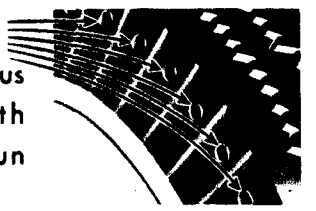

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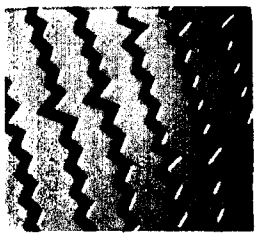

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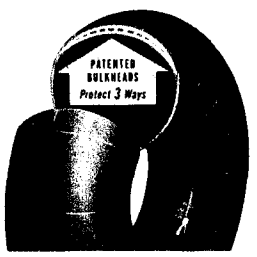

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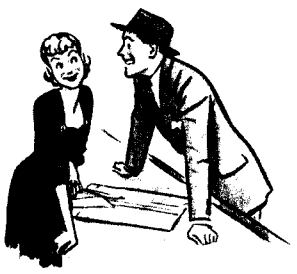
"Yo' compliments are like magnolias, suh!"



SUE ANN: But to return, suh; Arrow Shirts have the *one-an'-only* Arrow Collah. This one's the "Dale." Stunnin', isn't it?

MR. L: Oh—er, yes, Miss! Terrific! But your *eyes*, Miss! Never seen eyes like 'em in New York before. They have the warmth of southern skies—if I may be poetic—

SUE ANN: Why, *thank* you, suh! Who says Yank—No'thn'ers are cold an' ungent'lmanly? Now consider the shirt on this heah fohm, suh. It's—ah, MITOGA—an' tailored to fit you bettah. Ah can just *see* you in it, suh!

MR. L: Yes—it's very handsome, Miss. Tell me, are *all* Southern girls as charming as you?

SUE ANN: Well, ah don't rightly know, suh. We have our share of persimmons, ah reckon! An' thank you *again*, suh! Let me add that these fine Arrow Shirts have the *Sanforized* label, er—ah—

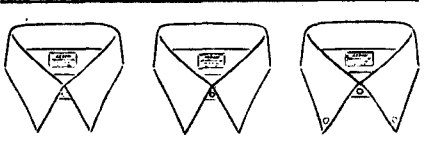
MR. L: *I* know, Miss! "Fabric shrinkage less than 1%". And *anchored* buttons! I believe I'll take a dozen. But tell me, *please*, Miss: are you engaged, or married?

SUE ANN: Why, bless yo' gallant heart, suh! I been told all wrong about the—er—Noth'n men, suh! One . . . dozen . . . Arrow . . . Shirts. Size and sleeve length? "Dart," or "Dover," or "Dale," or some other style collah, suh?

MR. L: 15. 33. Dale. Tell me, PLEASE, Miss! Are you engaged?

SUE ANN: Why, suh, ah'm married fo' two years. See that big ole Section Manager ovah there? That's Verne. Oh, VERNE! Come heah an' meet—why, that *mean little ole man!* He's runnin' like a rabbit—an' mah sale with him! Dog-*gone* . . .

Arrow-Mitoga-Sanforized: Reg. Trade-marks



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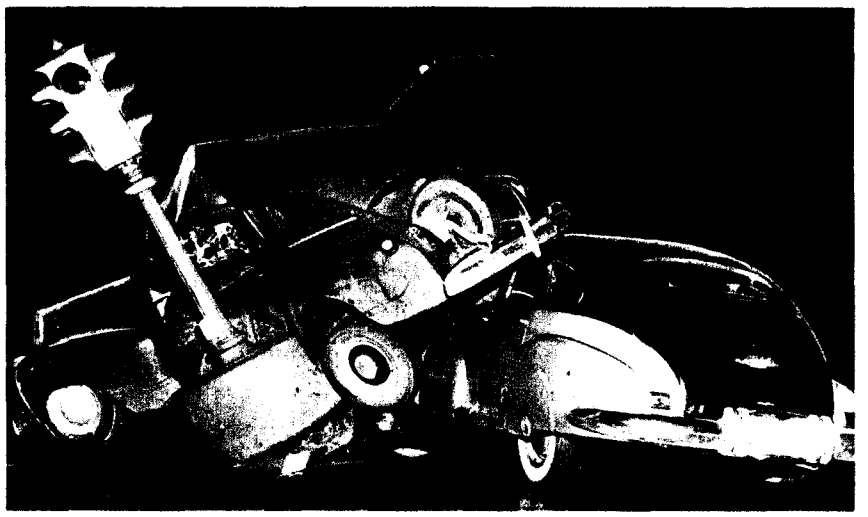

ACME

Green Lights Mean DANGER

Traffic lights aren't as protective as you've been led to believe

The National Safety Council has an important point on green lights. In its pamphlet, Accident Facts, it shows that among pedestrian fatalities in cities of more than 10,000, one per cent more persons were killed while crossing with the signal than against it.

SHE had the green light. Confidently she drove her black sedan out onto the six-lane highway to cross. It never occurred to her to look to the left, the most likely point of danger.

On the main highway a speeding driver saw, too late, the red light commanding him to stop. He jammed on his brakes, and his tires shrieked as if in horror at the impending crash. The woman was killed instantly. He died that night.

Indignant witnesses blamed the man alone; he had broken a law. In grim reality she was equally to blame, for if she had but looked to the left, there would have been no accident. She had placed too much trust in a green light and in her fellow drivers.

That fault today, common to most of us, is one of the largest contributors to our mounting motor casualty lists, according to two of the newest studies of how and where fatal accidents happen. The message of these studies is that a green light means not safety, but: *Beware of death!*

Wilmington, Delaware, made the initial study. It embraced 15 years, 1,606 intersections and revealed that the danger ratio at light-controlled crossings, in terms of deaths, was 8.65 times higher than at unmarked and unguarded crossings in that city.

Moreover, both the number and severity of accidents grew as the traffic controls moved up from none to slow signs, to stop signs, to lights. For every one death at unmarked crossings, 2.27 occurred at crossings marked slow. At stop streets, 3.51.

The amazed Wilmington engineers asked the Philadelphia Bureau of Traffic Engineering to make a similar study as a check. The larger survey covered one year and 9,294 intersections of all kinds. The death ratio at light-controlled crossings as compared to those unmarked was slightly *higher* than Wilmington's.

In Texas, records of the state police show that more than 80 per cent of its highway deaths there are the result of motorists or others violating some traffic law or control.

Only rarely are these violations deliberate. They happen every day in every community. And because to err is human, all the controls and police in the land can't put a stop to them. Each of us who drives becomes, by the law of averages, a potential if unwilling killer.

What to do about it?

"When you reach a corner and another car is approaching fast from a crossroad, let him cross first even if you have the right of way," warns the National Safety Council of Chicago.

"We (and this means all of us) must change our thinking on traffic controls," says E. F. Koester, Wilmington's chief engineer. "Controls don't end danger. They proclaim it."

No control is put up without strong reason. That reason is usually a record of previous accidents at that crossing. Lights, the most arbitrary control, proclaim the greatest need for caution. The turn from yellow to green means to proceed with eyes open and wits alert, for here people have been killed and maimed—or they may be.

The exact opposite attitude is assumed by most drivers toward controls, Mr. Koester says.

Our mistaken notion of controls is reflected in neighborhood agitations for traffic lights as soon as a few bad accidents happen at a local corner. Mothers especially seem to think that their children will be safe if they "wait for the green light." Schools teach pupils this fallacy. The teaching is good only in part. Its emphasis is wrong, creating a false sense of security that makes the child, and later the adult, the easy victim of the first driver who didn't see that the red light was against him until too late.

The feeling of safety, now induced by lights and other controls that are actually warnings, is our greatest traffic hazard of all, and it will continue to be until we change our views.

WILLIAM S. DUTTON

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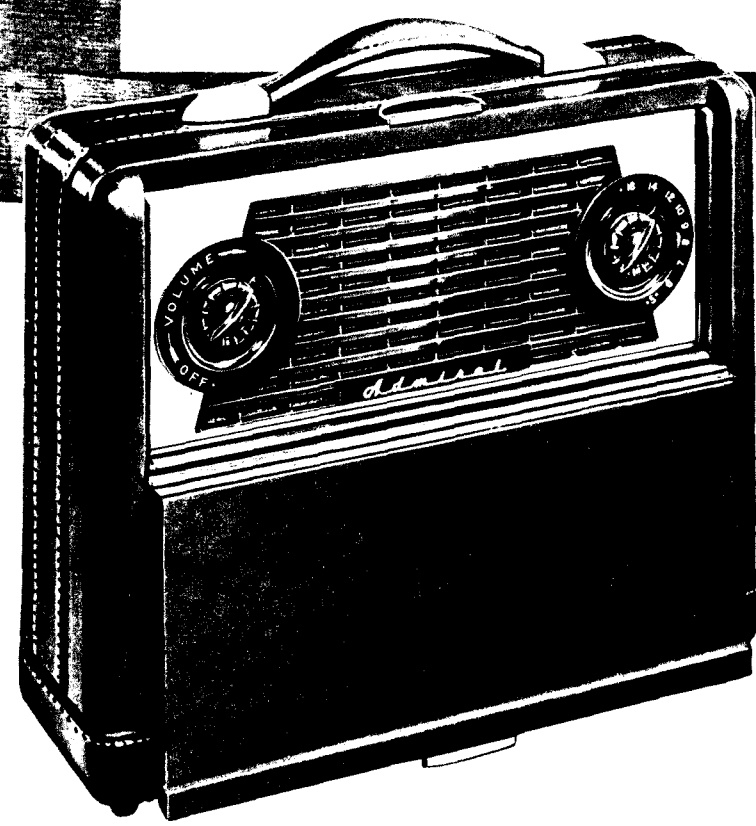

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"It's a strange man calling about my wife!"

"THIS IS EDWARD WOOD up in Bristol," he said. "Don't be alarmed. Your wife had a small accident but she's perfectly fine. Having a cup of tea with my wife right this minute. I'll get her to the phone so you can talk to her."

That frightened me plenty. Why did I let her drive all the way to her college reunion by herself? Bristol—that's a small place about halfway up. We don't know anyone there. Who is this Wood?

"Harry, darling!" came Margaret's voice over the wire "I've had the most awful time. You can't know how grateful I am to your nice Mr. Wood!"—*My* Mr. Wood! But I knew better than to interrupt. She tells things better her way—eventually.

"There I was just sailing along. No trouble. Going through Bristol, a car on the opposite side double-parked to let someone out. And the car behind him swung out to pass, just as I was coming along.

"We hit with an awful smash. The driver was hurt—knocked right out. They hope it isn't serious but he's in the hospital under observation. His car was squashed. And ours doesn't look very good either. I didn't get a scratch.

"It was terrible. There was an ambulance. There was a policeman, who kept asking me if I could recognize any witnesses? And who said I'd have to prove financial responsibility before they'd let me leave town. Finally I just *insisted* that someone call your Mr. Wood."

"Well!" she said, "He came right away. He got the names of witnesses. He called up and got a claim investigator from Warren to look at the cars.

"He got the garage to come for our car. He found out about a bus up to college and arranged to have our car fixed. He drove me to his house and now I'm having tea with his wife. He's the nicest man."

"He's a wonder!" I said. "But who is he? I don't know any Wood."

"Why, darling," Margaret said, "he's *your* Mr. Wood. You always told me to call The Travelers man if I had an accident. You told me a dozen times."

Travelers man—sure. I remembered. When I bought that insurance my agent told me The Travelers had over 25,000 representatives all over the country. And that they made a point of helping policyholders in event of accident. He wasn't kidding!

Well, I said good-by to Margaret and got Mr. Wood back on the wire. When I tried to thank him he said that was the way his company worked. He said that was the big reason why you bought insurance in his company—The Travelers—because they had service almost everywhere.

Believe me, that company will continue to have my car insurance.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

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Collier's

The [illegible] Charles [illegible] and filche[illegible] bottle that w[illegible]

The Iron Butterfly

By JAN FORTUNE and WELLS ROOT

Beginning the story of an accidental murder and its unexpected results—the rollicking romance of Mrs. Robert Lee Charles, a charming lady who stumbled into a den of thieves and started more trouble than she could stop

PART ONE OF FOUR PARTS

TALL, blond Mr. Robert Lee Charles III guided his stepmother, Mrs. Robert Lee Charles II, across the black marble floor of the ornate Jacaranda Hotel lobby, walking with long strides and forcing Mrs. Charles to patter along on her absurdly high heels.

"Bobby dear, please!" Mrs. Charles protested in a soft Southern voice. "One definitely doesn't gallop into a hotel lobby like this. Not with a lady on your arm."

"We've got to shake a leg, sugar," Bob said. "That eastbound train pulls out in an hour."

He headed for a purple plush chair behind a tub of pink and white elephant-ears. It occurred to him that pink elephant-ears were an unfortunate choice for the lobby of a Las Vegas hotel which was dedicated primarily to gambling, divorcing and drinking. But he was no moralist, and the *décor* of the Jacaranda by no means his problem. With luck, he would be detained here only a brief thirty minutes. He gave his stepmother a gallant hand-under-elbow toward the purple plush chair. "Now you sit right here, sugar, and be a good girl till I get back."

She sat down on the purple cushion. A pink elephant-ear grazed her tilted nose. She pushed it aside so she could give her stepson a roguish look. "Of course Ill be good," she laughed. "Haven't I been practically an angel?"

"Just you keep on being one." Bob gave her a reassuring pat on the shoulder and headed toward the desk.

"Oh, Bobby dear," Mrs. Charles called. "You forgot to give me any money, dear."

"I won't be gone ten minutes," he called back, and kept on going.

"Oh, well," she murmured resignedly to herself, "that's what fighting does to a man. Simply deadens all his finer sensibilities."

She rammed a hand into her voluminous handbag. Not

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even a little old two-bit piece. Oh, well, Mrs. Charles decided, she'd manage somehow. She always had.

She parted the elephant-ears and looked around. There was one sign that read Coffee Shop; another that read Navajo Trading Post; and over there, through a hand-hewn, worm-eaten archway was the Old Sourdough Saloon. She could see the old-fashioned Western bar and noted that it was well patronized despite the fact that it was hardly nine o'clock.

Daintily she arose. She patted her gold-gray curls, and set her navy-blue, rose-decorated hat at a deft angle, meanwhile furtively taking stock of what Bobby was doing at the moment.

He wasn't making out so well. He was standing at the desk, banging impatiently on the bell for service. There was a tailored female behind the desk, her back turned to him. She was absorbed in a letter she was reading.

The white linen back, so thoughtlessly turned to Robert Lee Charles III, belonged to Louise Jones, of the Arizona Joneses. Louise was the hotel hostess, and she was normally affable and neighborly. But she had, this morning, good reason for her preoccupation. The reason was the letter in her hand, which was signed "Ted." Ted was her husband.

Ted was resting more or less quietly in a very swank hospital suite in his home town of Morganstown, New Jersey. When Ted had wrecked his third custom-built car, so far as Louise was concerned he had also wrecked his one and only marriage. Two of the previous wrecks had landed her in the hospital. But not this time, and Louise, after five heart-torn, alcohol-soaked, ineffectual lost years of New York café society, had reverted to type and made a dash for the West, and freedom.

This was not the first letter she had had from Ted since her arrival in Las Vegas. But it was in the usual Ted style—when he was out on a limb. He loved her very dearly; life was a desert without her; he wanted her back. He was, he wrote, as of this moment renouncing the playboy existence; he was a repentant, redeemed man.

For more times than she could count during her five years of marriage, Louise had had these same extravagant promises made to her. She knew them now for what they were worth. Nothing.

By the time she got to the last paragraph she was angry. Ted was still running true to form. He closed his pleading letter with a threat. She could get her cheap little divorce—but she wouldn't get one dime of the Morgan money!

That did it. That damned stuffy idiot! she thought. To think I'd go back to him on account of his beastly money! Can't he figure out the score yet? I bought my own ticket to Las Vegas—I took a job in this ghastly, gold-filled hotel so I could buy my own divorce! And he's so damned dumb he thinks he can get me back by threatening no alimony!

At this point Bob Charles, ignorant of both her anger and the letter, leaned across the counter and said, good and loud, "Say, babe! I hate to be a pest, but are you by any chance the clerk?"

Louise swung around. "I am not by any chance the clerk," she snapped. "I am simply standing by for Mike while he gets a quick cup of coffee. His wife had a baby last night—"

"My congratulations to Mike," Bob cut in. "Let him have two cups! But in the meantime, I'd appreciate a little information."

Louise let her amber eyes slide over him. When she replied, she spoke like a duchess. "And what type of information would you appreciate?" she inquired.

Bob was thinking he'd seen that face somewhere before.

"I'm looking for Jack April," he said.

"No information on Mr. April this early—except that you can't see him," Louise answered.

Bob leaned farther over the counter. "Look. I believe Mr. April owns this hotel. Am I to understand that he isn't receiving this morning?"

"You are to understand," she answered patiently, "that he is on his downy couch."

"Hey!" Bob leaned forward for a closer look at her. "Hey!" he repeated, a grin spreading. "I know you. We've met before. What did you say your name was, sugar?"

"I didn't say," Louise said coldly.

"Miss—Miss—" Bob Charles said, snapping his fingers. "Don't tell me. Miss—"

He leaned over the counter. "We were pals at Kingman, weren't we?" "We sure were," Louise agreed

"I won't. It's on the tip of your tongue," Louise said.

"The Jones kid! At the Kingman Air Base!" Bob announced triumphantly. "The cute little pig-tailed Jones kid who came in Saturday nights from the ranch and served cheese sandwiches and childlike cheer to the boys at the USO. You spilled coffee all over my knees one night. Don't you remember?"

Louise's pretty face froze. She stared at Bob as if from a great distance. She had met her husband Ted at the USO in Kingman, and she didn't like to be reminded of it.

"My childish cheer at the Kingman USO was a fake," she said lightly, "and I spilled coffee on too many knees to keep track."

"That," replied Bob, "is a black lie. You couldn't forget me! I was deeply in love with you at Kingman. You must remember. I'm Bob."

"Oh?" Louise said. "Fighting Bob?"

"It's on the tip of your tongue."

"Boyish Bob?"

He laughed and leaned across the counter. "We were pals back at Kingman, weren't we?"

"We sure were," Louise agreed. This time she didn't have to fight for the smile.

"Then what about sort of waking up Mr. April for me now—just for old times' sake?"

Louise shook her head. Her smile was gone. "You sort of wake him up, if you feel lucky, Mister."

"All right," Bob said. "I will."

"Good hunting," Louise said coolly, and turned back to her mail.

Bob strode away, stopped a bellhop and appealed to his most primitive instinct. The boy accepted the five-dollar bill and muttered directions, pointing up the mezzanine steps. Being human, Bob couldn't help casting a triumphant glance back at Miss Jones before taking off up the stairs. This triumph was lost. Louise was right where he had left her, absorbed in her mail.

But his stepmother wasn't. He scanned the lobby hurriedly, sighted the Old Sourdough Saloon, and hurried toward it.

She was there all right, pointing at a dusty bottle of Italian liqueur on the highest shelf; and the bartender, in Western costume, was obligingly reaching to get it as Bob ran in.

One of his stepmother's blue-veined hands was stretched toward the upper shelf; the other was making a tight-closed fist over the pile of loose change scattered beside a departed customer's brandy glass.

Bob came up and slid an arm casually around her straight little shoulders. "Mother, dear. You don't really want to buy that, do you?"

"For goodness' sake, of course not, dear!" she bubbled, smiling up at him. "It's just that the rock candy formation looked like a lovely crystal tree inside the bottle. So I asked this kind gentleman to let me see it—"

Her voice trailed, died; a pouting look slid over her pretty face as she felt Bob's fingers slipping down her arm, over her tight fist. His fingers were cupping that fist, turning it over inquiringly. She looked down as if in amazement.

"Forevermore!" she gasped. "How careless of me! I just unthinkingly—" The change tinkled to the bar a split second before the bartender turned with the bottle. "Naturally, Bobby dear, I never dreamed—"

"Of course not," Bobby said. "Naturally." He took the liqueur and handed it to her. "You just go ahead and look at it, dear," he said. And to the bartender, he said, "Thanks, Mac—thanks for your trouble."

"No trouble at all," the bartender assured him. He looked a little uncertain about the whole transaction.

"It's very, very pretty," Mrs. Charles murmured without any appreciable enthusiasm. She set the bottle on the bar.

Bob led his mother from the bar, down the length of the lobby, back to the purple chair. "Now listen, sugar," he said, "will you please stay put for just a few minutes while I go up on the mezzanine?"

"Of course I will!" Mrs. Charles smiled up at him. "I'll just sit right here—I promise! Only, whatever do you have to go up on the mezzanine for?"

"To see Mr. April," Bob said. "Don't you remember, sugar? I told you before we left that I had to stop off in Las Vegas and give him his brother's war medals? Bill April was in my outfit. Mr. April's kid brother."

"Of course I remember!" Mrs. Charles said. "Mr. Jack April—such a dark, romantic-sounding name." . . .

Jack April had risen early, for him. He had showered, shaved, combed his luxuriant, iron-gray hair back in its natural wave; weighed himself—he had to watch his figure; surveyed his profile to be sure his stomach was as flat as ever; donned a yellow linen dressing gown and sat down to his morning coffee.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50)

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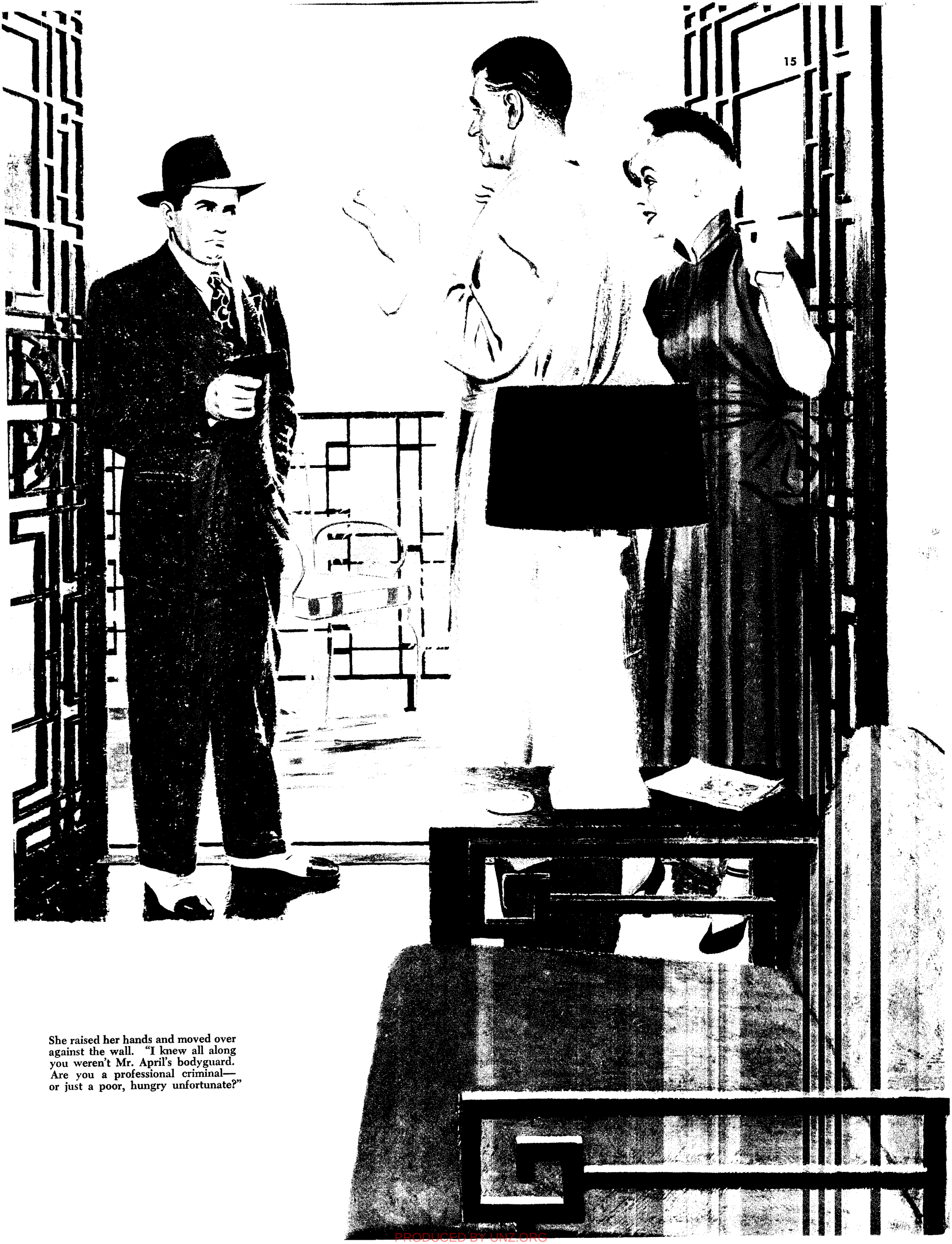

She raised her hands and moved over against the wall. "I knew all along you weren't Mr. April's bodyguard. Are you a professional criminal—or just a poor, hungry unfortunate?"

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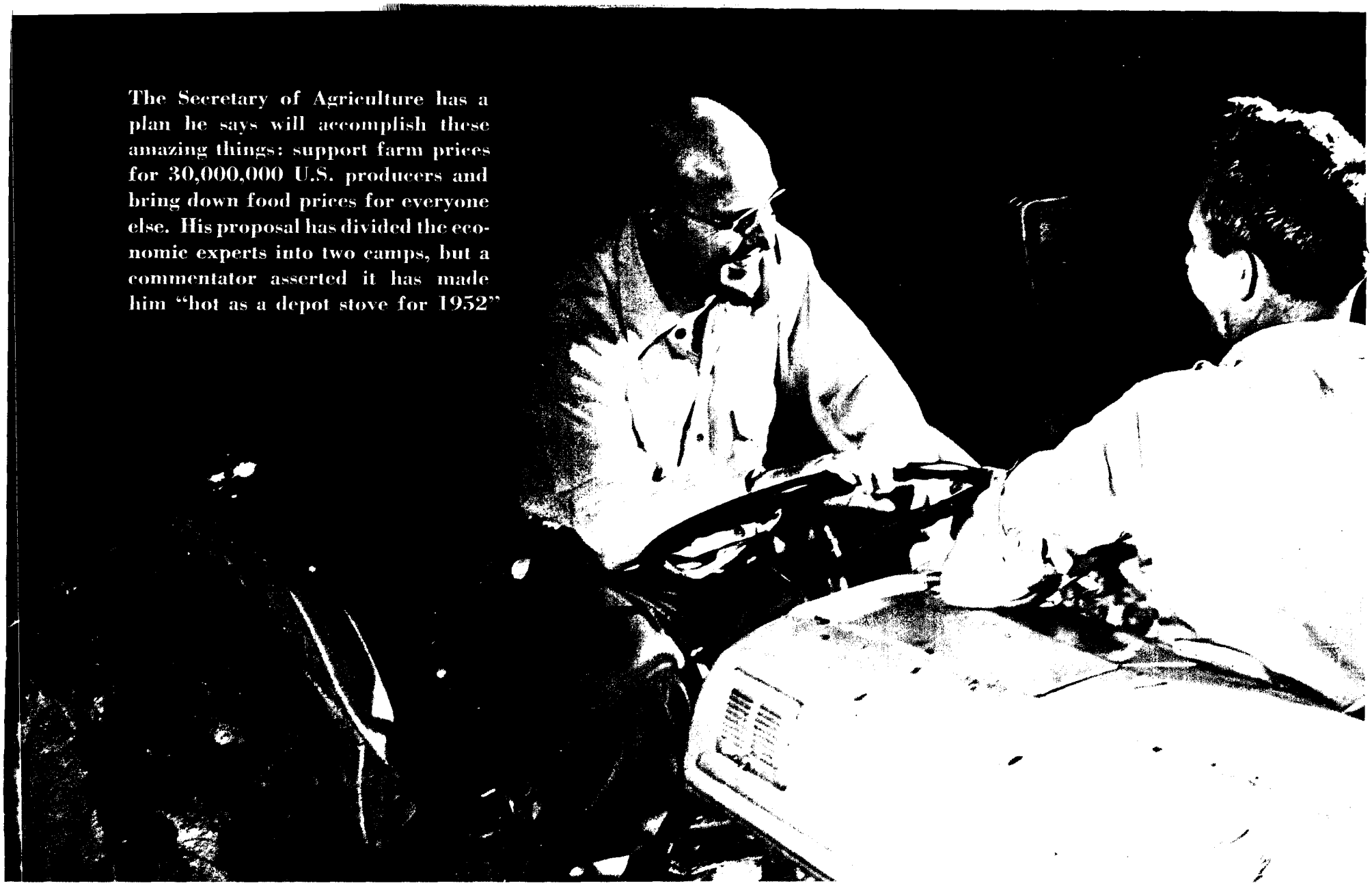
The Secretary of Agriculture has a plan he says will accomplish these amazing things: support farm prices for 30,000,000 U.S. producers and bring down food prices for everyone else. His proposal has divided the economic experts into two camps, but a commentator asserted it has made him "hot as a depot stove for 1952"

Brannan plugs the merits of the Brannan plan with a Maryland farmer, using the sort of sales talk he gave in the successful harvesting of the farm vote for Truman

CHARLIE BRANNAN And His Wonderful World

By FRANK HOLEMAN and CHARLES DEXTER MORRIS

AT THE British embassy in Washington, some American visitors were talking about the exciting political future which is being predicted for Charles Franklin Brannan, the Secretary of Agriculture.

An astute Englishman remarked that Mr. Brannan had one exceptional asset, and one serious handicap. The asset is Mrs. Brannan, whom he described as "the most charming, intelligent and useful helpmate in current official life." The handicap is that the Brannan future is tied to a vague, Gargantuan and expansive farm plan which is so violently controversial that it is likely to create as many enemies as friends.

Right now the Secretary and his wife are intensely in the limelight because of the ruckus caused by his scheme for keeping the American farmer happy with a new system of supports and subsidies, and, at the same time, keeping the American consumer happy with low food prices.

Their friends say the Brannans have reached the height of their political ambitions, and would not dream of aspiring to any higher office. That of course is always the kind and wise thing for friends to say about a politician who is on the way up. But a nosy radio commentator, noting the new farm plan and the Truman enthusiasm for its author, observed pointedly, "Even a blind man can see that Brannan's as hot as a depot stove for 1952."

At first glance, the Secretary's farm plan appears to have something good in it for everybody. High prices for the farmer, low food prices for the consumer.

The Brannan notion that the farmer should be guaranteed a living income has split economic experts into two camps. Those on one side call it "the wisest scheme for organized abundance ever conceived." Those on the other side brand it as "potentially the greatest gyp, swindle and steal ever shackled to the taxpayer."

The National Farmers Union, speaking for the affirmative, hails it as "a milestone." Other farm groups call it "a millstone."

Mr. Brannan himself describes it as "a necessary effort to protect 30,000,000 farmers, and the rest of our population, from a possible disastrous recession threatened by bumper crops this year and in the future."

In essence, the Brannan plan would call for Uncle Sam's assuring co-operating farmers a minimum fair income, set by the Department of Agriculture on a new parity basis. Farmers would raise what the department wants them to raise, and sell their goods in a free market for any price they could get. If prices of perishable commodities fell below the level required to produce the "minimum income," the federal Treasury would pay farmers the difference. Prices of storable commodities, such as corn, cotton and wheat, would be supported the same way they are now, by loan and purchase agreements.

Presumably the farmers would step up production, at least as much as the Department of Agriculture allowed. Prices would then be pulled down by the law of supply and demand. Consumers would get the benefit of low market prices, and

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GRETCHEN VAN TASSEL

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farmers would reap the rewards of high support prices.

That's the theory. It's so boldly different that one shocked senator, when he first heard of it, blurted out, "Hot diggity, it is just Santa Claus!"

A Wall Street commentator headlined the Santa Claus reference, and then soberly inquired: "How can a program to assure high income stop at the farms? Can we deny the same guaranty to other groups?"

Santa Claus Brannan, faced with this double-barreled question, had a bold answer. "I think it is the function of government," he said, "to make it possible for every person to find a job, and get a fair return for his services, his capital, his time, effort and ingenuity."

That's a pretty broad platform, even for Santa Claus. In fact, it's so broad that Brannan will need a higher office than his present Cabinet position if he expects to carry it out. Some people think that's what he's aiming at.

On this subject Brannan maintains a dignified silence. He appears to have an astonishing immunity to the Presidential virus, but he continues to be extremely vocal about his farm plan. "It's not Socialism, and it's not Communism," he insists. "It's just good sound common sense."

Some of the congressmen, trying to comprehend the implications of the plan, shake their heads in honest doubt. "If this really is common sense," they suggest, "it's a new brand and will take a little time to digest. So we'd better postpone action a bit, maybe till the next session of Congress. But this fellow Brannan sure is a persistent cuss, and a hard one to hold in leash. How the dickens did he get that way?"

It's a question they're all asking. How did Brannan get that way?

Until a year or so ago, Congress had regarded him as a sort of efficient Mr. Milquetoast—a good routine public servant, who had risen step by step up the ladder of functional performance in the Department of Agriculture; a career man who had at last reached the top of the ladder.

Nobody knew much about his past, except that he came from Denver and had done an acceptable job out there in a number of work-horse positions for the Department of Agriculture. He was born in Denver, on August 23, 1903. An inquiring reporter for the Christian Herald found that his father was a Quaker and his mother a member of the Reformed Church of Latter-day Saints.

His father was a struggling electrician, whose most notable achievement was to install the first telephone in the Rocky Mountain area. As a boy, Charlie Brannan was hardly out of knee pants when he had to go to work to help keep the family afloat. He worked his way belatedly through near-by Regis College and took a law course at the University of Denver.

Admitted to the bar when he was twenty-six, he hung out his shingle in the midst of a depression. He was almost thirty before he had enough income to marry his college sweetheart, a Presbyterian schoolteacher named Eda Seltzer, a girl with a winning personality and a nimble mind. She grew more charming and clever as the years passed, and had a lot to do with her husband's rise.

For three years after their marriage, the Brannans got along on slim pickings. The area in which they lived was prostrated by the collapse of farm prices, especially wheat, beet sugar and cattle. Barely surviving this prolonged depression, they became convinced that the prosperity of the nation depended on the prosperity of its farms. That conviction has remained with them ever since.

At the end of the five-year struggle, Brannan gave up his effort to build a private law practice, and wangled an appointment to the legal department of the Resettlement Administration's Denver office.

The monthly pay check of $300 made life a lot easier for the Brannans. Gradually they paid off their debts, and the missis managed somehow to set aside a little every month for a nest egg—which they planned someday to invest in farm land. Both believed this would be an investment that would eventually pay off handsomely.

For two years Brannan had a Santa Claus role. His job was to help impoverished farmers move out of the dust bowl. He administered the law with notable consideration and sympathy for the distressed farmers. He showed them how to fill out the necessary papers, skillfully ironed away legal delays, got them relocated, and cheered them on their way. In 24 months he bought 1,000,000 acres of drought-stricken land for the government and helped the former owners to resettle in productive areas.

Then came a promotion. He was appointed regional attorney for the Department of Agriculture, with a Denver office and a monthly pay check of $425. Four years later he was boosted to $575 as regional director in Denver for the Farm Security Administration, serving Colorado, Wyoming and Montana.

Both he and the missis became close friends of James G. Patton, the aggressive young president of the National Farmers Union, and of Oscar Chapman, a prominent New Dealer who was rising to national importance in the Interior Department.

Patton and Chapman used their influence to push the Brannans on to Washington, where the Denver lawyer, then forty-one, became assistant administrator of Farm Security in 1944. His amiably efficient way of handling tough war problems attracted immediate attention, and within a few months he was being backed as the right man to become Assistant Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, under Claude Wickard.

His appointment came from F.D.R. who had already met the Brannans and learned about their long devotion to the Roosevelt cause. Few new arrivals in Washington bureaucracy had ever managed to make such rapid progress. Some people thought that Brannan's middle name, "Franklin," had helped him at the White House.

The new Assistant Secretary settled down to enjoy a job which he liked immensely. With his wife's help and drive, he studied the problems of the potato farmer in Maine, the citrus grower in Florida, the cotton farmer in Texas, the truck gardener in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

HOW BRANNAN SEES IT

Desirability of farm price support is no longer a question. Both parties admit that some kind of floor under farm prices is here to stay. Agricultural abundance and a reasonable level of farm income are essential. My program serves the whole people—farmers and consumers alike—in at least six different ways:

1. It helps prevent depression by stabilizing purchasing power.
2. It helps build firmer markets for industrial products and increases opportunities for steady employment.
3. It encourages abundant production by agriculture.
4. It aids conservation of our land resources by encouraging farmers to shift from soil-depleting crops to more grassland and livestock agriculture.
5. It tends to maintain reserves of grain and other commodities which might be urgently needed for national security and world trade.
6. It strengthens the rural community, the wellspring of our population resources.

—CHARLES F. BRANNAN
Secretary of Agriculture

Senator Clinton P. Anderson, who preceded Charlie Brannan as Secretary of Agriculture, is served tea by Mrs. Brannan. Friends say Brannan's wife is his No. 1 asset in Washington's politico-social life

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California

by WILLARD H. TEMPLE

Until he met Helen, Charlie was the world's nicest bum—a man who had retired at the ripe old age of 24

CALIFORNIA would have been wonderful if it hadn't been for Charlie. Back in Nebraska, Charlie had been all that Mr. and Mrs. Burton could ask of a son. Everyone in the old home town said the same thing: Any young man with Charlie's aggressiveness and dash couldn't miss. Going to be a pillar of society someday, Charlie was—a young man to make his parents proud.

That was before the family went West on the day that Mr. Burton got his gold watch and pension from the company. The winters had seemed colder for quite a spell now, and when the Burtons decided to go to California, Charlie quit his job and went along with them.

"I'll find a better job," Charlie declared, and his father agreed he could do just that. Leaving him behind had been the only obstacle to their going all along.

They started off on a summer morning and a month later they moved into a ranch-style house in a quiet little town southeast of Los Angeles. There were orange and lemon trees in the yard and on a clear day they could see Mount Baldy from the windows. Mr. Burton figured to spend his time with the lawn, the citrus trees, the roses and hibiscus. The transition had been smooth, and all that remained was for Charlie to find the right business opening.

The trouble was that Charlie hadn't even begun to look for a job. The main thing about Charlie had always been his hustle, but now all he did was sit. Whenever Mr. Burton or his wife looked out the back door the view was mainly one of Charlie, sitting in a chair, looking off at the mountains with a book or magazine in his lap. Back in Nebraska he had been first up in the morning. Now he was coming downstairs about nine o'clock, eating a leisurely breakfast and then going out to sit in the back yard.

After about two weeks of watching him, Charlie's father couldn't stand it any longer. "Well, Charlie," he said, "you like it out here?"

"Very nice place, California, very relaxing," Charlie said, and yawned and closed his eyes, folding his hands across his stomach.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)

With a sweep of her hand Helen sent the cards flying across the room. "Oh, you—you thing!" she said and with the cup of sugar in her hand she ran out the door

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR

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Francis Lesiowski, who fled Poland where freedom had the sound of heaven to it, stands in the cane fields, a man perplexed at the strange turn of great hope

Who Said PROMISED LAND?

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

On the bayous in the sugar land of Louisiana, transplanted Europeans, escaped from tyranny, found not hope but disillusionment. But through their tragedy, perhaps some Americans may one day live better

THIS spring an American dream went sour for several hundred displaced persons from Europe. After ten years of war and exile, they arrived last March in the land of hope and freedom and golden opportunity. They were resettled on the sugar cane plantations of Louisiana, but what happened next wasn't in the book. After only two months, large numbers of them, scared, debt-ridden and disillusioned, were begging pathetically to be moved.

"The Russians took my farm and sent my brother to Siberia," one DP wrote to a Polish-language newspaper in New York. "I escaped and thought I would make my way to a free country. But now, in these conditions, I wonder if my brother is any worse off than I am."

Another letter writer summed up the feelings of many when he said, "The last hope we had in the world was America. What will become of us?"

That question was answered instantly and vigorously by the National Catholic Welfare Conference and other national relief organizations. The DPs were assured that they would not be allowed to remain in any unwholesome situation, that if adjustments couldn't be made on the spot they would be moved elsewhere for a fresh start—and a number of them were.

So the dream was not a total failure after all—for the Europeans.

But what about the Americans who have lived under the same conditions for generations and were not moved out? If such a situation proved intolerable for refugees who have survived the ravages of war, why is it good enough for native-born citizens?

An attractive and well-educated young woman who has lived next door to these conditions said, "It's the blessing of God that the DPs came here. Now, perhaps something will be done for our own people."

The dissatisfaction in Louisiana is an exception in the generally happy DP picture. Twenty-seven thousand of these refugees have been resettled in the U.S. and all but a fractional per cent are satisfied and a huge success. Their employers are delighted with them. Their children are running off with prizes in American schools. So why should one area be having trouble?

The reason is personified by Stanley Leszinski, who landed in New Orleans with his wife and two children. Trained as a mechanic in Poland, he had worked ten years as a farmer in Germany, the first six as a slave laborer. He had been kicked around too much to believe in Santa Claus any more, and he knew very well that the streets of America weren't paved with gold. But as he watched the New Orleans sky line coming nearer,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEON TRICE, JR.

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The DPs, like these plodding along a plantation road in Louisiana, have brought their spirit of industry and enterprise to the South's neglected rural areas. In North Carolina, natives said that they had never seen anyone working in the fields on a Saturday afternoon until the ambitious displaced Europeans arrived

a hope glowed in him such as he had never before known.

Soon his soft-voiced, Louisiana neighbors were talking admiringly of Stanley's capacity for work. (In North Carolina, neighbors of other Stanleys observed that nobody had ever been seen working in the fields on a Saturday afternoon until the DPs came.) But work, it seemed, was not enough. Stanley wrote a despairing letter to New York. "With all my hard work," he said, "I can't get enough food for my family without going into debt."

A score of similar letters were received by Polish and Lithuanian newspapers in the U.S. and by the National Catholic Welfare Conference from DP families scattered over the Louisiana plantation country. The complaints were investigated, and the result was: (1) The United Lithuanian Relief Fund announced that it was moving 19 individual DPs to farms in other states, adding that the conditions these persons had been living under were "worse than in the DP camps of Germany," and (2) the National Catholic Welfare Conference transferred 50 displaced persons, out of 150 cases it had investigated in the New Orleans area, because it found them reduced to virtual peonage.

The other 100 decided to stay on, hoping that their situation would improve.

Promises of Improved Conditions

In the meantime, similar complaints from DPs on Mississippi and Alabama cotton plantations were checked, but nobody was moved from those states because of prompt assurances from the planters involved that the conditions would be corrected and all standards would be met.

The 20th century had never cast its critical eye on the Louisiana sugar plantations until the DPs came.

Then, after the letters to New York, the 20th century showed up in the person of the Rev. J. Stanley Ormsby of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, which was deeply concerned because the Louisiana DPs, as well as the French-speaking native workers and the plantation owners themselves, are nearly all Catholic. Father Ormsby drove up and down the clamshell roads along the bayous and saw the situation for himself. Father Ormsby was accompanied by the Rev. Carl Schutten, pastor of St. Patrick's Church in New Orleans who, in his next Sunday's sermon, commented in no uncertain terms on what they had seen.

Yet, there were those who were convinced that the Louisiana DPs were happy with their lot. The Rev. William J. Castel, diocesan director of the Christian Rural Overseas Program, in charge of DP resettlement in the New Orleans area, for example, called the rising protest the result of no more than "minor inequities."

The story of DP conditions, exploded by the particularly cautious New Orleans Times-Picayune, shook Louisiana from its complacency. Condemnation and praise poured in on Father Schutten. Many reminded him, somewhat naïvely, that "the DPs have just the same conditions as our American workers." One planter wrote: "How is it that the only trouble we have had with labor agitation in the sugar business has come from priests?"

But from one of the towns along the Bayou Lafourche another American wrote: "I know the kind of conditions you're talking about on the plantations. My father used to work on one of them from sunup to sundown for 90 cents a day; then he would have to pay $1.25 for a broom at the plantation store. Finally realizing that he was being made a slave, he decided to eat less until he could pay his debt and get away."

Today the wage is $2.90 a day, when the workers get it—which is when it doesn't rain, and it rains a lot in the bayou country. Tractor drivers get $3.65, but during the harvest, when the plantations have to lure extra help, this is raised to $4.50. These minimums, which producers must pay if they want to obtain benefits under the Sugar Act, are fixed at an annual hearing held by the Department of Agriculture. During the flurry of charges and countercharges over the DPs, Agriculture Department officials pointed out that the wage was "fair and reasonable," the "highest on record," and that "it afforded the low-cost producer a margin of profit."

Nothing was said about affording the workers a standard of living. A curious feature of these hearings is that the workers aren't represented. The department and the sugar producers simply get together and decide on the wages the latter can economically pay. The workers could legally be heard from, but are unorganized and mainly illiterate.

Last year the A.F. of L. National Farm Labor Union sent a representative to the hearing but, except for a few migrants who follow the harvests, he represented no sugar cane workers. His proposal for a 75-cent-an-hour wage almost broke up the meeting.

The $2.90-a-day wage is attributable to the low price of sugar—or the high cost of production in Louisiana, depending on which way you look at it.

The Sugar-Industry Dilemma

Behind the low-price–high-cost impasse lies an ailing industry; and behind the sickness of Louisiana sugar lies a dilemma which Americans must face. We believe in free, unsubsidized and unregulated (so far as possible) capitalism; we also believe in a decent standard of living for every man, woman and child. But when these two ideals conflict as violently as they do in Louisiana, what are we going to do?

I visited a number of plantations within a 60- to 75-mile radius of New Orleans and the net impression was that no matter what was the matter, it was not the fault of the DPs. Without exception they were cheerful, energetic and ambitious; and for cleanliness, they were scrubbing fools. The screening job in Germany had been too well done, if anything; these people had intelligence and ambition that was certainly not in keeping with their substandard surroundings. But by the same token, they were just the kind of people we want in the United States.

At the first house we found a wiry, middle-aged woman, barefooted, bending over a huge tub of clothes in the back yard. She straightened up with a flashing smile and invited us into her home. The little shack was bone-bare inside, but you could have eaten off the floor; and the old Army cots she and her husband had for the children were squared off like hospital beds. Out of their tiny earnings they had bought a bunch of artificial flowers.

The company had provided the house, such as it was, but the family had gone into debt for beds, mattresses and a stove. They had also had to buy all their food, and in the past two weeks they had earned only $21.

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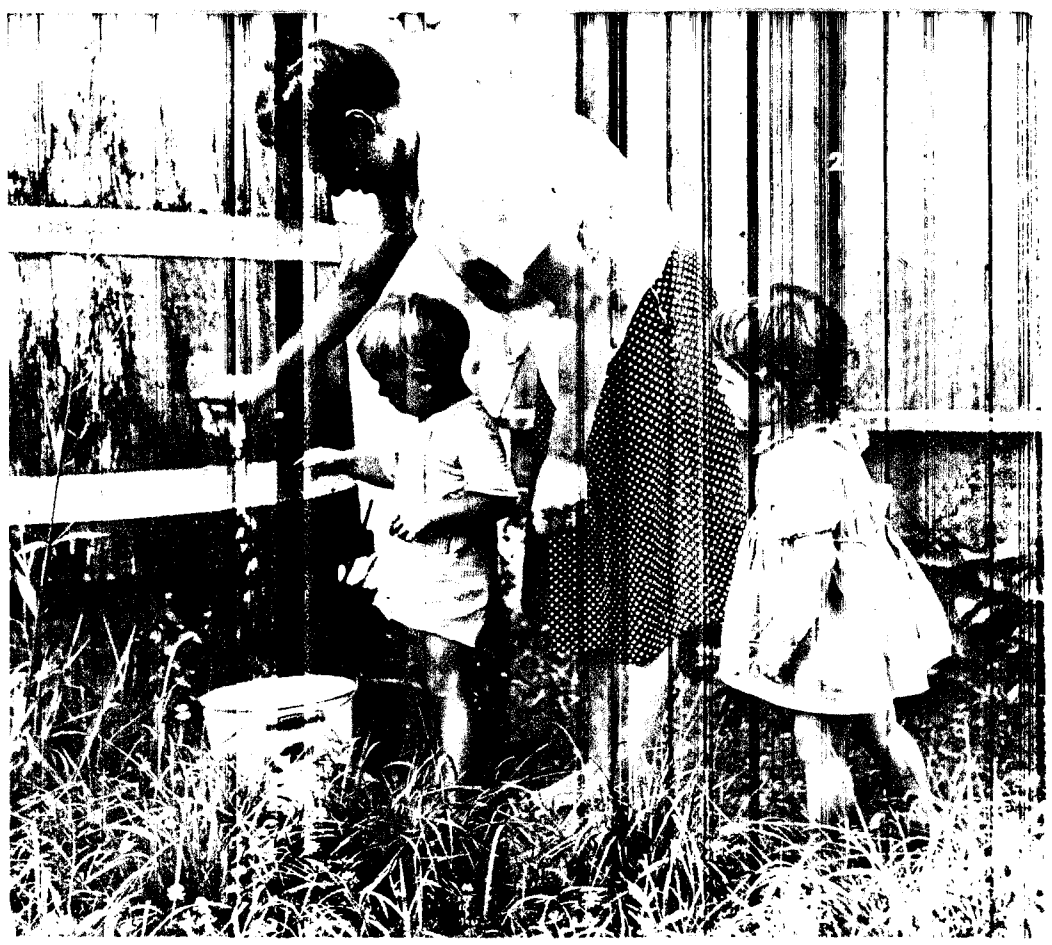
Despite a primitive and meager existence, Mrs. Bronislawa Lesiowski, shown here with her son Raman, keeps both her home and family immaculately clean



Mrs. Stefania Klydinski, her son Kazierniez and her neighbor's daughter draw water from a wooden cistern, which is a luxury many of the DPs do not have

The land of hope and promise puts its poorest foot forward for these women who came in search of a new and better life after escaping the terrors of the war

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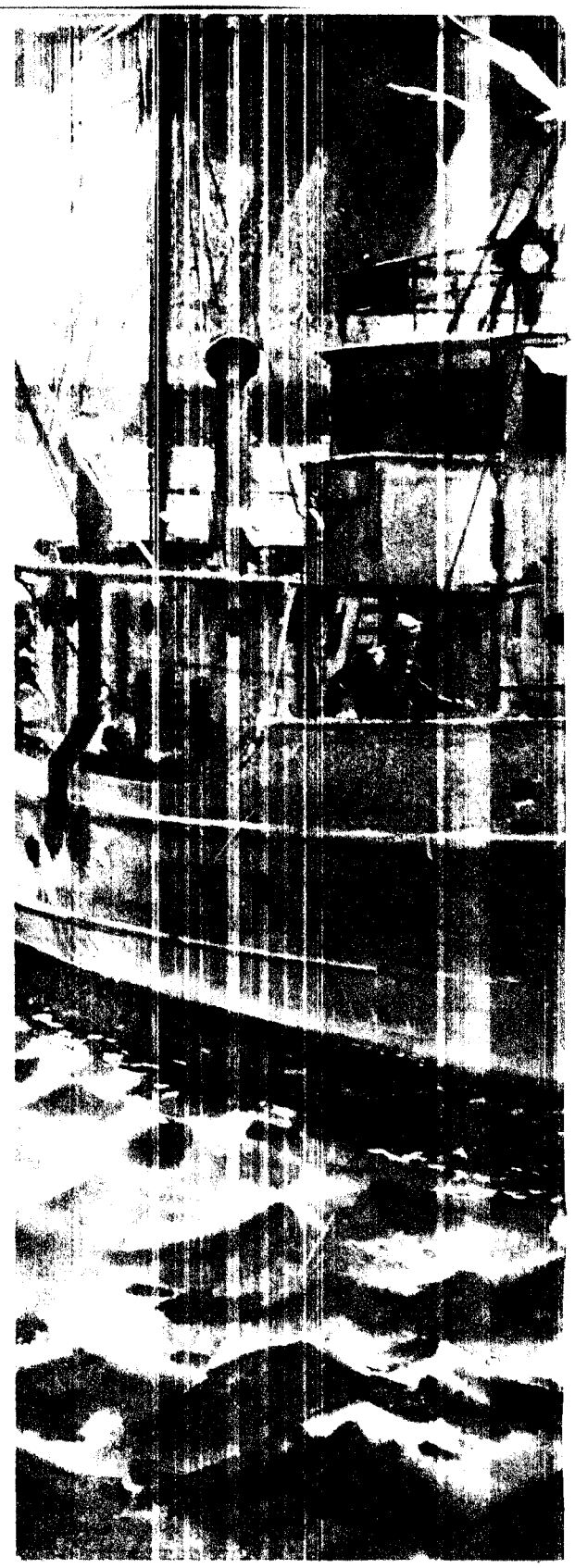
Freddy Fowler AND THE Ace

By MELVIN P. LEVY

Freddy was the kind of dope who would give anything he had if a friend asked for it. But Ace didn't bother to ask for the girl



FREDDY FOWLER came to work in the Waterfront Café when he got off the Canadian Pacific boat down from Vancouver and Victoria because the first thing he saw was a sign in the plate-glass front window that said, "Boy Wanted." He stayed because Jake Venning let him save up his days off and take four at the end of every month, so he could go home to see his girl Evangeline, to whom he'd been engaged since he was fifteen. Jake was fond of Freddy because he was good-natured about being kidded, and because he was a hero worshiper.

The café was a neutral ground where all kinds of people met. Customs men and sailors of all grades and races came because it was handy to the ships and docks and never closed its doors. Policemen frequented the café also—because there was always a chance of doing a little business. And Freddy was fair game for all of them.

Until Ace came along the only hero in the Waterfront Café who didn't act as if his manhood depended on belittling Freddy was Captain George Glidden, the master of The Bear.

In the old days Captain Glidden had spent every winter in the Arctic Ocean locked in the ice pack, taking notes on tide and wind and the habits of the Esquimaux. With the coming of prohibition, the government had found new duties for him and his ship. It was up to him to keep a strip of offshore water three miles wide purified of alcohol. He was in port a good deal of the time and spent his evenings in the Waterfront Café.

He always sat alone at a corner table looking out into the sound, and he would listen to them making fun of Freddy, his back getting stiffer and his lips tighter until suddenly he'd slap his big hand on the table and say in a ferocious voice, "Hush your chatter. Let the boy alone." The customers were afraid of the captain so they shut up. The captain really didn't like Freddy. It was the unseemly chatter that offended him. He thought Freddy was a fool. Which was the truth.

This doesn't mean that Freddy was altogether stupid, though. He had a fabulous memory. He could remember everyone he'd ever met, by name, and every telephone number on page 97 of the Seattle phone book, which he had memorized one night as a favor to one of the customs men who'd made a four-bit bet on him. He kept the Waterfront Café books on his own time and without being paid for it because Jake Venning, who had lost one leg to a walrus, roused his sympathy and admiration. He was a dope, and a worshiper of heroes; and there was no hero like Ace Sakarian from the first night he came into Freddy's life.

When Ace got off the Empress of China he was dressed in a uniform which could have been Montenegrin or Serbian, but which he said later was that of a captain in the Royal Italian air forces in the late war against Germany and Austria-Hungary. He had more medals than most pawnshops, though the year was 1921.

He'd never been in Seattle before, but he had a homing pigeon's instinct and he went straight to the Waterfront Café. He ordered a cup of black coffee and sat at the counter, drinking it and hearing everything that went on.

Freddy had just come back from one of his trips to British Columbia and had mentioned somewhat boastfully, that he always came through customs without having his bag checked. The inspector was Bill Grant, a friend of Freddy's. Some dead-pan kidder had pretended to be shocked and began to build up a lot of imaginary dangers to the Canadian and American governments from this laxness. Everybody also picked up the gag, picturing Freddy as a dangerous international spy and smuggler.

BILL GRANT, the customs official, made things worse for Freddy by saying that a fellow coming back from seeing his girl wouldn't have anything left to declare. And then everybody made crude jokes about Evangeline. The more Freddy protested about being kidded—especially being kidded about his girl—the more amused the folks in the café were.

Ace put his high, sky-blue cap on his head and slipped into the group and joined the laughing conversation. The way he talked at first made it sound as if he'd come just to add to Freddy's misery. But pretty soon he began to shift his line, asking questions and giving answers that made one after another of the kidders look ridiculous, until finally the only ones in the Waterfront Café who had anything to laugh about were Freddy and himself.

It was one of the few times in his life that Freddy'd been on the topside of the table. He was grateful to Ace. He loved Ace. Ace was his good friend. He would have done anything for him, and kept saying so.

After a couple of months, Ace did find a favor Freddy could do him. On his next trip to Canada, Ace wanted him to see a man in Vancouver and pick up a package and bring it down with him. Freddy did, of course, and brought it through customs in his big paper-leather suitcase, and tried to turn down the five dollars Ace insisted he must take.

After that, every month when Freddy came down from seeing his girl he picked up a package for Ace. Ace never told him not to mention them, but Freddy kept it to himself without being told. He figured Ace was having him bring in fancy English woolens to be made up by his own tailor, and he was glad to save Ace the duty.

Along about the first of the year, though, Freddy's friend Bill Grant caught a bad cold and was off duty when the C.P. boat came in. The man who took his place opened Freddy's suitcase, and the paper parcel he was bringing down to Ace, and found it full of unborn seal—an item of great cost much fancied by rich women—and about as illegal to smuggle into the United States as aigrettes or heroin.

Naturally Freddy didn't say where he'd got the seal or to whom he was taking it. He was loyal and he had faith, and his faith and loyalty were justified. A good lawyer turned up to defend him, and got him off with eight months on the county farm. The day he was sent up, his lawyer handed him with Ace's compliments a bankbook with a five-hundred-dollar deposit marked up in it. He told Freddy

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On a rainy day in spring The Bear knocked off The Evangeline. Ace, Freddy and the three members of the crew were transferred to the revenue cutter in irons

he was a good kid and when he got out next fall his worries would be over.

Ace was going into a new business. He had bought a surplus sub chaser from the government and was rebuilding it at a Lake Union yard to run liquor from British Columbia. Prohibition wasn't very popular or taken very seriously. To beat it was a game which Ace was playing the way another sportsman would play the horses.

ABOUT three months after Freddy went to jail a girl came in the Waterfront Café and asked for him. She was a pretty girl, dressed in country clothes, and she looked so worried and miserable that no one liked to say where Freddy was. Jake put it off by saying Freddy was a friend of Ace Sakarian, who would be along later. She sat down to wait.

Ace came in pretty soon and went to his table. Jake pointed him out and the girl went over and tapped him on the shoulder. Ace swung around. Their eyes met, and something happened between them. She had been a pretty girl before, but as that thing happened between her and Ace she suddenly got beautiful. Ace stared at her—like a man afire.

She said, "My name is Evangeline Swanson."

He nodded and got up and took her arm. The girl he had brought with him said, "Ace, where are you going?"

Ace gave Jake a five-dollar bill and said, "Jake, will you be good enough to call a cab?" He took Evangeline's arm again and everybody watched them out of sight.

After that wherever Ace was seen, Evangeline was with him. They always walked or sat as close as they could get, their bodies touching each other. But they never did talk much. What they had for each other didn't express itself in words. Ace named his ex-sub chaser Evangeline.

When Freddy came back from the farm, Ace wasn't in the Waterfront Café. Jake tried to get Freddy to wait, but he knew where Ace lived and guessed he might as well go there. When he insisted, a well-known joker handed him a gun. Freddy didn't want to take it, but the joker said Ace had left it there for him, and wanted him to have it. He had it in his hand when Ace and Evangeline walked in. For a minute he didn't recognize her. When he did, he went white. What had happened between his hero and his girl was plain enough to see, and if he had any doubts there were plenty in the room to whisper the details behind his back.

He lifted the gun as if it were the fist at the end of his arm, and started toward Ace and Evangeline.

Someone said, "Put that gun down, kid. Don't be a dope."

Freddy kept walking till he was so close he couldn't miss and just far enough away so Ace couldn't make a sudden grab and take the gun away from him. There he stopped.

Evangeline said, "For God's sake, Fred, listen to me. Fred, listen to what I've got to say."

ACE didn't say anything. He smiled. He looked at Evangeline. Then he looked at Freddy, still without saying anything; and the smile got wider and a little crooked at one corner of his mouth. Freddy followed his eye down across his own person and back to Evangeline. His eyes and Ace's met and Ace's mouth opened as if he were trying not to laugh.

Freddy looked down at himself once more, his shabby clothes, his thick Army shoes, his big hands at the end of his long arms. Then he looked up

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

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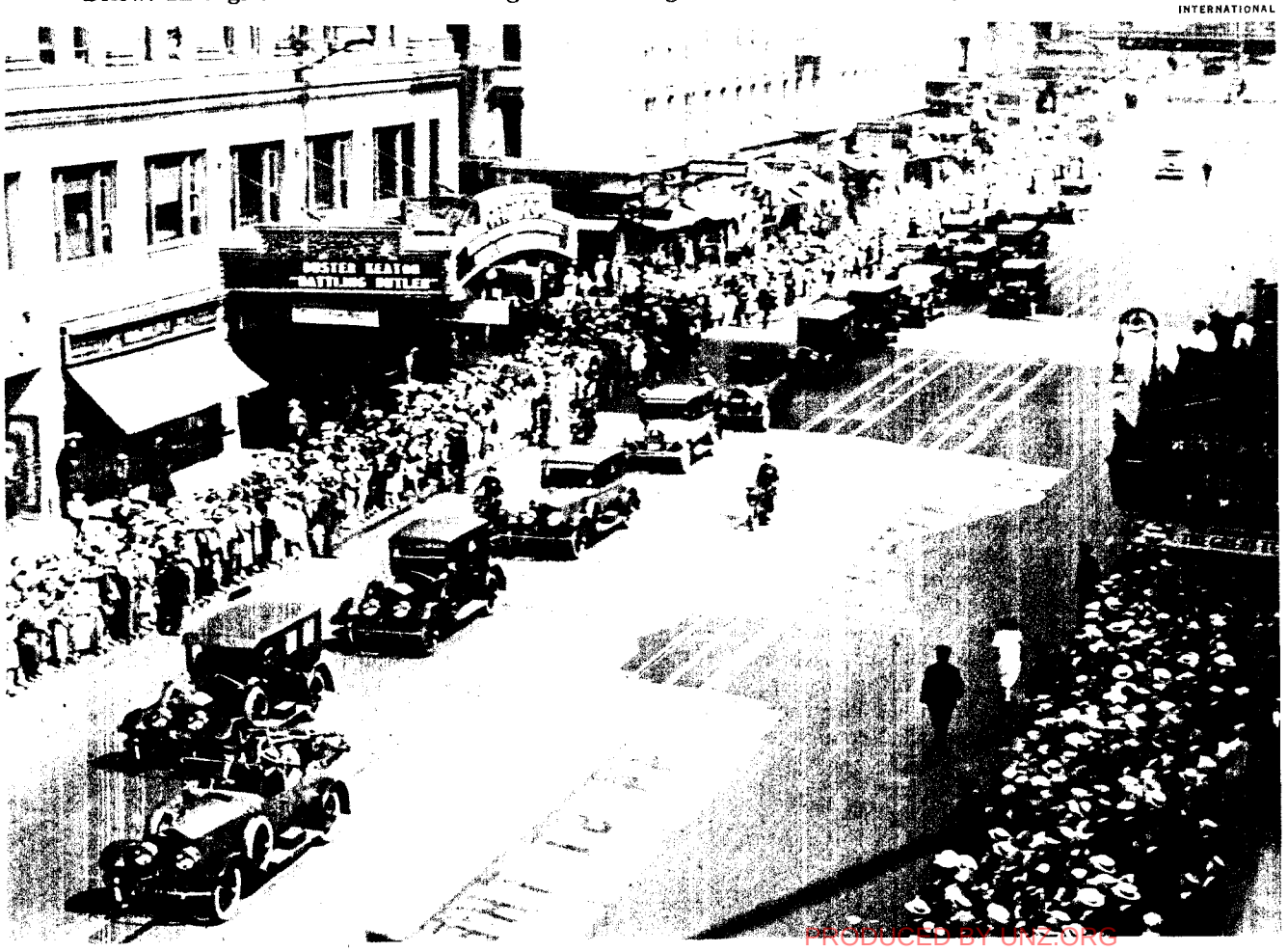
The Actor Who Won't Stay Dead

MURRAY GARRETT

Too young to remember Valentino, these girls look wonderingly at the statue erected to his memory in Hollywood

Below: Throngs of curious and sorrowing lined Los Angeles streets to watch Rudy's funeral procession in 1926

INTERNATIONAL



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By DEAN JENNINGS

Fans from California to London mob the theaters that show Rudolph Valentino's pictures again, and pilgrims pay homage to him each year at his tomb in Hollywood. Louella Parsons gives him frequent mention in her column. And yet Rudy died twenty-three years ago

AFTER what was probably the most maudlin funeral in the history of public idols, a Hollywood crypt was sealed twenty-three years ago, on the body of Rudolph Guglielmi Valentino, a brooding, feline young man who had been earning $1,000,000 a year as the cinematic symbol of primitive love.

Some editorial writers of the day, appalled by several token suicides, the mass hysteria and the lachrymose flood that swept the world when the young actor died, cynically mentioned Valentino's "fleeting fame and tinsel," predicted that he would soon be forgotten, and added that "next month there will be another to take his place."

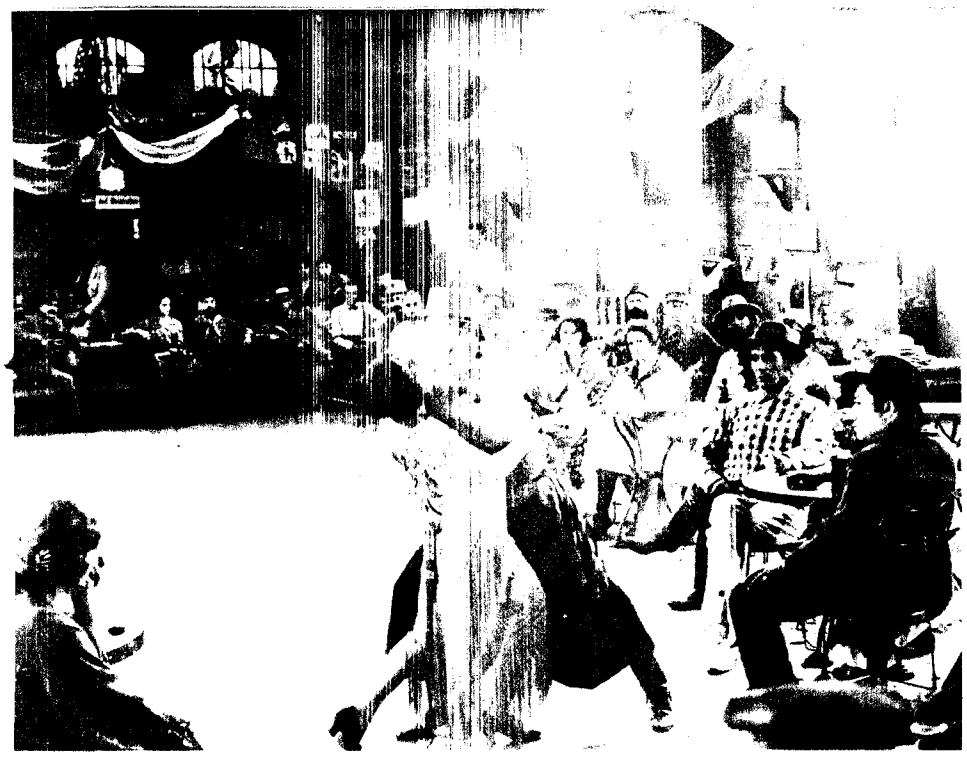
The rash prophets haven't mentioned their forecasts again because Rudolph Valentino is still very much alive, so to speak, and thus has become an object of wonder and mystery in the ephemeral celluloid world. At this moment, Valentino's modest tomb in Hollywood Memorial Park is one of the town's permanent tourist attractions, drawing some 4,000 visitors a year.

Unknown admirers have kept the crypt adorned with fresh flowers day after day all these years, but the wreaths are often stolen by misty-eyed souvenir hunters. The cemetery people are humbly aware of their main attraction and thoughtfully furnish neat, printed maps showing the location of Valentino's remains. The Valentino statue in near-by De-Longpré Park—the only public monument ever dedicated to an individual movie star—is gawked at daily by scores of visitors because, among other things, a lovelorn young woman ended her life at the feet of the bronze figure not many years ago.

Every week end, squads of hardy but uninvited sight-seers drive up or climb the rugged hills to Falcon Lair, Valentino's mansion in Beverly Hills, and clutter up the grounds with banana peels and sandwich crusts. There was a group of 20 which labored up the slopes one recent Sunday, bringing a complete barbecue dinner—uncooked. The present occupants of the house were invited to share the meal only after they had reluctantly agreed to let the Valentino cultists use their kitchen. Since then, the owners have announced that they intend to give the house to some deserving person who helps promote world peace in 1949.

Alberto Valentino, the late star's harassed brother, now has an unlisted telephone, to avoid the grimly curious people who flooded him with mail for some twelve years after Rudy died, including one character who still wears Valentino-style costumes and insists he is a reincarnation of the buried sheik. Elsewhere in Los Angeles there is a Valentino Memorial Guild, guided by a former violinist named Miss Ditra Flamé (pronounced flah-may), which plans a Valentino temple embracing the motto: "Life is short, art lives forever."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)



1921, The Four Horsemen. Rudy burst into fame as the dashing Julio

1921, The Sheik. Jadaan carried him across desert sands to greater glory

1924, Monsieur Beaucaire. The lucky lady was pretty Bebe Daniels

1924, A Sainted Devil. Rudy danced an exotic tango with Helen D'Algy

1925, The Eagle. Valentino's leading lady was the beautiful Vilma Banky

CULVER

1926, The Son of the Sheik. Public demand cast him as a sheik again

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Broadway Ticket Scandal

By ROBERT SYLVESTER

Clipped for as much as $60 for hard-to-get tickets to hit shows, out-of-town visitors to New York are getting a bitter taste of scalping. Police, reputable theater men and some brokers have declared war on the "ticket thieves" but the slippery gougers are hard to nail

IT'S summer again on Broadway, and showtown is flooded with vacationers who have a few brief days to see the sights, the wonders and, of course, the hit shows. Perhaps you are planning a jaunt to New York and will want to go to the theater. This may even be the primary reason for your trip. If so, here is a piece of sound advice.

Bring a lot of money. You are not going to get yourself and the missus into any of the real hits without spending just about an average week's salary on a pair of tickets for something you can write home about. Be prepared to pay up to $60 each—the exorbitancy of the price will depend on your luck, the day of the week (Saturday nights are the worst) and just how quickly you want in.

Ticket gouging reached such proportions recently that New York City is waging a new campaign to stamp it out. At the risk of sounding cynical the writer predicts this campaign will not be any more successful in rectifying the basic problem than were those of the past. Even New York's Commissioner of Investigation, John Murtagh, who is sponsoring the probe, doesn't sound too hopeful.

"It's always difficult to get evidence of this kind of overcharging," he admits.

And why is it difficult, if not actually impossible, to stop ticket scalping? Because you, dear reader, make it so. Every time you buy a pasteboard from a scalper you are not only aiding and abetting a malpractice, but you are also an accessory before the fact in breaking a state law. Ticket gouging is absolutely illegal, but it takes two to make it as popular as it is today—you and the scalper. If you want to see the best plays and musicals

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY DEVLIN

Ticket scalping didn't come in with the great surge for seats at South Pacific. It's an old, old problem that plagued even Mr. Charles Dickens during his second American tour in the sixties. Five-dollar seats for the Dickens readings were bringing $50. Scalping of tickets for popular Broadway shows has long been a New York headache and, as it has before, the city is again trying to put a stop to it

badly enough, you usually pay the prices demanded.

The simple truth is that, so far as offering reasonably quick entrance to the top Broadway shows is concerned, the box offices might just as well close their windows. The only way to get a ticket quickly is through the offices of a broker. It is only those who are willing to purchase months ahead who can gain admittance at list price, plus tax.

It is doubtful that $30, or even $40, would buy you a ticket for a Saturday night at Death of a Salesman, Detective Story, or the musicals, South Pacific and Kiss Me, Kate. There have been any number of $60 payments for South Pacific tickets which were supposed to retail at $6 each. A film producer got a pair for $200. But he was probably unusually impatient.

A ticket broker is licensed by the City of New York to provide additional service to the theatergoing public. He is allowed to charge 75 cents (plus tax) more than the box-office price on each orchestra ticket, and under the industry code 50 cents (plus tax) for balcony seats. There are 68 licensed ticket brokers in New York. Some of these were operating within the law when the investigation started. In fact, representatives of eleven of the largest agencies have declared at this time of writing, that they will take steps to organize and police the industry against scalping.

The inquiry got off to a flying start when the box-office treasurer of South Pacific was suspended by the Majestic Theater owners because he steadfastly refused to answer any questions about how and why Pacific tickets reached speculators—and hardly anybody else. This disciplinary move was followed by the Investigation Commissioner's temporary impounding for study of the books and records of Pacific and those of Kiss Me, Kate. The Kate treasurer was on the commissioner's carpet.

If theater books and records offer any information on ticket scalping, all Broadway will be greatly surprised. Ticket gouging is not a matter which is entered in the books.

Commissioner Murtagh called for the suspension of at least two licensed brokers, and said he expected to close ten agencies or more before he is through. He was also doing his best to catch and chastise unlicensed ticket peddlers. In this latter connection, he demanded the books and records of several of New York's most staid and substantial men's clubs. A ticket broker, licensed or unlicensed, is practically a member of the staff at many clubs and flossy restaurants in the city. Dealing with a wealthy class of patrons, these club and restaurant ticket peddlers demand and get some fairly frightening prices.

The theater owners and producers have also decided to do something about ticket scalping. But this coalition of showmen who think they can change the situation by making new rules is reminiscent of another coalition nine years ago, which thought that speculation could be outlawed by creating rules under which ticket thieves operate today.

That is why the more hard-headed showmen and observers in that business aren't very hopeful. Many ticket brokers, honest and otherwise, are laughing at the probe. While the city's investigation may nail and outlaw a few thieves in the end everybody expects that the theatergoing public, a

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July

By ROBERT MACLEOD

The adventures of Nancy, a small, pathetic heroine who lived dangerously in a world of beautiful lies

HE just walked in when I was doing the dishes and said, "Can I help you?" She was about six. Her eyes looked older, but I didn't catch that then. I just thought they looked big and brown.

"No, thanks," I said, wondering what she wanted. It gets pretty hot in Vets Village during the summer months, so we leave the door open.

"I could dry the dishes."

"We don't dry the dishes here. We just let them stand and let the water—" "Evaporate" was probably a little beyond her, so I said, "Dry up."

"Do you go to summer school, too?" she asked.

"Yes."

"So does my father."

"That's nice." The suds had all gone out of the water, so I turned the faucet on hard.

She waited until I had turned it off. "Are you married?"

"Sure. I wouldn't be living here if I weren't."

"Where would you live?"

"Oh, up in the dormitories. Excuse me." I put some dry dishes back on the shelf.

"Where's your wife?"

"Downtown shopping. And what's your name?"

"Nancy. My birthday's in July."

"That's nice. Mine's in April." When I turned around, she was already out the front door.

I mentioned the meeting with Nancy to my wife when she got home.

"Oh, Nancy," she said. "That's the Herrills. They live over in 28. Haven't you ever seen him in classes? No, I guess you wouldn't. He's taking pre-engineering. Can you imagine? He's thirty years old, and he's just a freshman. They've got three children. Nancy's the oldest."

"What's he doing in college?"

"I don't know. I heard he was a mechanic, and a very good one. Guess when the G.I. Bill came along he took advantage of it."

"Well," I said, "you can't blame him for that."

"No, but I wonder how they make it with three children. Look at all the time he has to go yet. But isn't Nancy pretty, though? She's very bright."

"Yeah, I guess so," I said. "What's for supper?"

Nancy came in the next morning when we were having breakfast. She had a magazine under her arm, and stood silent, bright-eyed, watching us eat. It made me feel uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

On Nancy's birthday it rained miserably. She stood outside, watching the drops fall into a puddle

ILLUSTRATED BY WESLEY SNYDER

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The Old Home Town Fights To Live

By ALFRED H. SINKS

"WHO WANTS TO LIVE in a dump like this?" A sentence like that, dropped by a restless small-town boy or girl, could be a sentence of death for the community—slow death by loss of population. If you live in a small town—one of the 13,000 in this country with a population of less than 2,500—you have probably heard a remark like that many times. It is a symptom of serious illness. Small centers in most parts of the country are dying.

But it is not the only symptom. Farmers, main support for small towns, now have automobiles and trucks to carry them and their products to bigger markets; and they can find their recreation and social life where they trade. So your Main Street merchant sees more and more of his old trade slipping past his door.

The village church finds it harder and harder to raise the money it needs. And, as every parent knows, a town must offer its young people opportunities for both fun and work, or lose them, and few towns can do it today.

If you are one of the 9,000,000 Americans living in such towns, what is happening may mean the end of the simple, wholesome, democratic way of living you and your parents loved. Do the rest of us—cityfolk and farmers—stand to lose anything if our small towns die? Yes, a great deal. For if the modern city is the flower of American culture, the small town is its root and stalk. The form and substance of democracy grew out of village life, and a large and vitally important part of our birthright is rooted there.

How, then, can our small centers be saved. Or *can* they be saved?

Five of them in central Illinois—Stanford, Colfax, Roanoke, Lexington and Minonk—have gone a long way in the past three years to prove that they *can*. Stanford, with less than 500 people, is the smallest of the group. Minonk, with just over 2,000, is the biggest. All are situated within a few miles of one another in one of the richest agricultural areas in the United States. Yet three years ago all of them saw the image of their own bleak future in the near-by town of Cardiff.

Cardiff used to be a thriving town of 1,500 people. Most of the men worked in a coal mine at the edge of town. There was no other industry of any size. The mine was "worked out" and as a result Cardiff became a ghost town, with the mine's great slag heap towering like a headstone over the ruins.

The five towns saw their main sources of revenue drying up as Cardiff's had. But they set their collective jaws and resolved to follow another road; so they became partners in a bold experiment launched in 1946 by H. Clay Tate, a pioneering newspaper editor in the near-by city of Bloomington.

In 1945, when Tate was appointed editor of the Bloomington Daily Pantagraph, he told his boss that one of the first things the Pantagraph must do was find a way to help neighboring small towns climb back on their feet.

"That's not just silly sentimentality or idealism," he pointed out. "It makes good sense from a business point of view. Two thirds of our readers live in the country districts outside the city. But people are drifting away from those little towns. A town can't live without people, and a newspaper can't live without readers. Those people have helped to build this paper. Now it's our turn to help them."

"How?" his boss inquired. "By starting another WPA or something?"

Tate shook his head. "By helping them to *help themselves*. That's the only kind of help that does anyone any good. We'll get them started, that's all. Show them that the outside world cares whether they live or die. Remind them that the small town *means* something to the rest of America. They'll do the rest."

Editor Tate spoke with the confidence of a small-town boy. He was born in a small town—Eldorado, Illinois—which he left after working his way through a small college, to settle in Bloomington, a city of 33,000.

In Bloomington his job—on the Pantagraph—had been gathering the news of the surrounding small towns. He knew their strong points and weaknesses. He knew some of the problems that had them backed against the wall. But he knew small-town people would fight to hold their own if given half a chance.

His first editorial on the subject, after he was made editor, brought a visit from a group of grim-faced Bloomington businessmen. "Look here!" they stormed. "You can't be crazy enough to think we'll advertise in the Pantagraph if you sit around here dreaming up schemes to snatch business away

Lexington is one of five smart Illinois towns that refuse

The people of Lexington, Illinois, were the first to follow the community-improvement program. Above is a view of their completely refurbished, modernized Main Street, one of the first things they tackled

The Bee Hive, built in 1850 with lumber hauled overland from Chicago, is still standing in Lexington. It will be demolished soon to make way for a farm-implement store and a farmers' service station

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR E. HAUG

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from us! You want farmers to go back to trading in the villages instead of coming into Bloomington, do you? That's a fine way to serve your community!"

Tate whipped open a file drawer and spread out a sheaf of reports.

"These," he said quietly, "are trade studies made by the School of Commerce of the University of Illinois. They show that people in rural communities tend to spend a *fixed proportion* of their income in the nearest city, another fixed proportion in Chicago, and so on. The economics of it is like a ladder. If one of the rungs down below you is broken, less of the business will reach you. But if these small rural centers can manage to increase their own incomes, yours will go up. You've got to learn to think of the small-town businessman not as a rival but as an ally!"

The Pantagraph has a 103-year record of uncompromising independence that suited Tate to a T, and there was a burning question to be answered: Can the small town survive? It could be answered only through action by small-town citizens themselves. And if they were set to work to strengthen their communities, they might need technical assistance, which a newspaper could not give.

So Tate jumped into his car and drove the 50 miles to Urbana, to the sprawling main campus of the University of Illinois. There in the president's office the outlines of the experiment took shape. Young in years but wise in the breadth of his experience, President George D. Stoddard saw Tate's idea as a bold, new venture in adult education. And so a new kind of alliance was cemented—a partnership consisting of a newspaper and a university, joined for the purpose of teaching people to help themselves.

Out of the central Illinois towns willing to act as guinea pigs, a limited number—say five—would be selected. If these five succeeded, others could join. Tall, graying, slow-speaking Alvin T. Anderson, of the university's extension service, was appointed liaison man between the school and the towns and the Pantagraph, and he and Tate became the amiable copilots of a smoothly working team.

They picked Stanford, Colfax, Roanoke, Lexington and Minonk because they were typical of all the towns in the vicinity, and because in each of them, people were conscious that the ground under their feet was slipping, and were looking for some way of setting things to rights. But in each of them something was needed to pull everybody together and to get them all moving in the same direction.

After the university was definitely lined up for the experiment, Tate and Anderson spent much of their time shuttling back and forth among the five towns, sounding out businessmen, housewives, farmers, churchmen, teachers and young people. In scores of interviews they won confidence for their basic ideas.

They were all entering a partnership, and the

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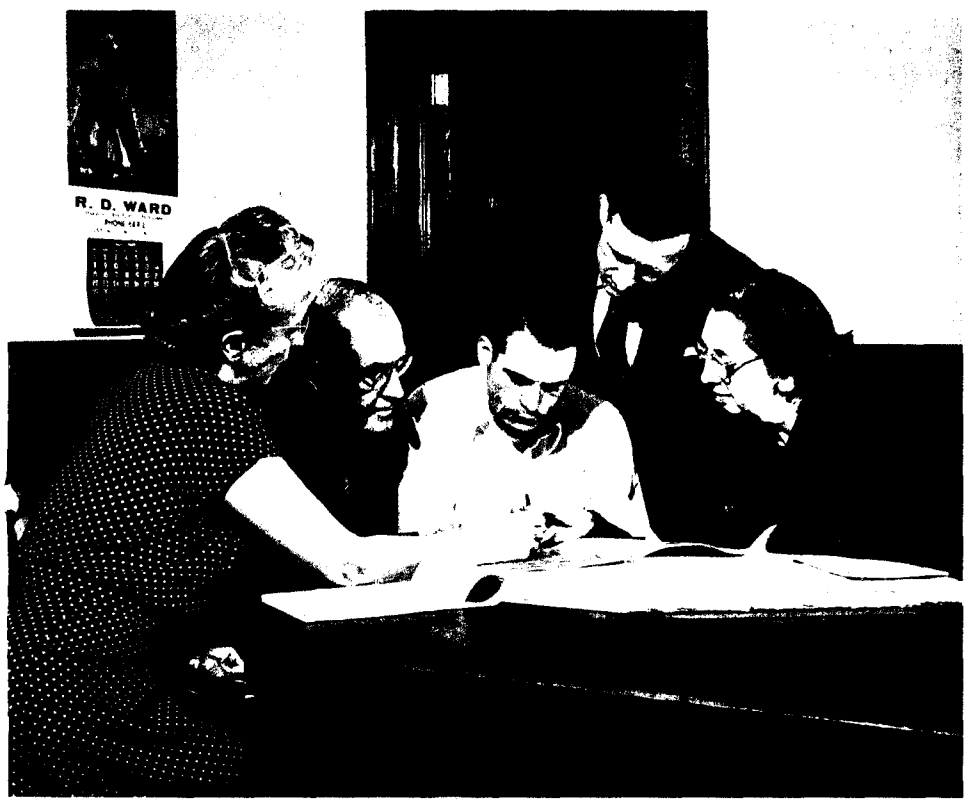

Among these members of the Community Council are a farmer, a veterinarian and a Methodist minister. Everybody in Lexington has pitched in to improve the town

R. P. Hilliard, Superintendent of Water Works and Streets, explains the fine new water-filtering plant to H. Clay Tate (right) and former mayor Gilbert Elsson

The front of Lindsay's Department Store in Lexington was recently remodeled, and the window-shoppers are delighted. So is the store—it's paying dividends!

Jive Junction is Lexington's answer to the young people's need for fun. Here children learn to play Old Maid from Mrs. Billie Hyneman and Mrs. Glen Beveridge

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The Golden Dart

By SELWYN JEPSON

CONCLUDING THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO DARED TO EXPLORE THE MYSTERY OF A DANGEROUS MAN

The Story: The morning we discovered LOUISE FREMPTON had supposedly committed suicide off our private beach SOPHIE, THE COUNTESS OF INDERSWICK, telephoned me. "EVE," she said, "you must come to dinner and meet JAMES BELSIN." At that time I did not realize there was a connection between the dead Louise and Belsin, a handsome and wealthy young electronics equipment manufacturer. But I soon discovered that Belsin's bodyguard HOOKER had thrown Louise Frempton's body into the sea. Belsin told me that he loved me and meant to marry me. When I went to visit Belsin's electronics plant he became aware of my suspicions about him and told me that Louise had cut her throat on his doorstep. He said she wanted to ruin him because she thought he had ruined her husband financially. With the help of a private investigator, GEORGE WICK, I discovered that Belsin had been carrying on an affair with Louise Frempton for two years. Unfortunately Father knew nothing of this and when Belsin asked for my hand Father promptly gave it, and announced our engagement at dinner. JONATHAN PENROSE, a young man who lived on our place and who was in love with me, was present. He swore he would use every weapon to prevent Belsin's marrying me. Belsin overheard this. Later when I went upstairs Jonathan was dead in my bedroom. JONES, another bodyguard of Belsin's, came to my room and took photographs of Jonathan lying dead there. They meant to blackmail me into keeping silent about Louise Frempton. I managed to trick Jones into getting Belsin to come to our house. When he arrived, Father, George Wick, an old friend of Father's named DI CALANCAR, and I took Belsin and Jones out to sea in our ketch. Out there we would find out the truth and decide what was to be done with Belsin. But he did not think we were serious. He said we had no evidence against him. Father said, "The hell with evidence!"

CONCLUSION

BELSIN was quiet. He looked round the table. No one would meet his eyes. Had he heard of the noticeable fact that in the criminal court a jury believing a prisoner guilty will, to a man and woman, avoid looking at him?

"No evidence. No facts. No witnesses," he repeated. "I wonder what you think you're doing. Punishing me, trying to bring home to me the error of my ways by forcing me to watch a burial at sea? Is that it? Am I to confess, overwhelmed by conscience and remorse?" His eyes flashed and held mine boldly. "My poor, deluded girl! Did you want perhaps to convince your father and your friends that you did not stick a knife in the sentimental heart of that bean pole who called himself a man? Are they convinced? Are they? I don't think they are. I think they're wondering how in hell to get themselves out of the mess you've put them in!"

"This talk of a knife is interesting," said George, drawing a small circle on the table with his forefinger. "Who first mentioned a knife? Jones? I don't think so. He has not spoken to you since he was ungagged a little while ago. The body was covered when I found it. I unwrapped it and took out the knife myself. It seemed more decent to bury him without it. How, Mr. Belsin, did you come to know anything about it?"

No one spoke.

"Shall I suggest, for instance, that you took it from the side table in the Long Room, where the Boy left it with the other five? And that you gave it to Jones before you sent him to do your killing for you?"

James Belsin's mouth was thin and angry, as he replied:

"You can't use anything like that. It's part and parcel of your most illegal act in helping to do away with the body

"But we *are* using it," I said. "We want to make sure absolutely and completely—*I* want to, for, as you keep pointing out, this *is* my idea. No one else's. Primarily, everything that has happened tonight is my responsibility. I am accusing you of two murders. The second you ordered, the first you did yourself. It is the first one I am mostly concerned with, because there may still be an element of doubt. That is why Jones is here now. He is going to tell me what he knows about it."

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ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

Before I had fully drawn, there was a flash of flame below me. I heard Gonzalez' voice

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A One-Shot Cure For SYPHILIS

By MORTON SONTHEIMER

IN THIS world of jet fighters, long-range bombers, guided missiles and atomic bombs, American ingenuity has produced a new weapon designed to overwhelm the most implacable foe this or any other country has ever known. Rolling off the production lines today in tightly sealed sterilized vials is a creamy liquid that in every test so far has proved itself more than a match for an enemy which for centuries has killed and maimed people of all nationalities, torturing innocent babies and literally devouring old men with cruel impartiality —an enemy called Spirochaeta pallida, the germ of syphilis!

One single shot of this fluid has destroyed the syphilis organism in the human body. Here at last, after many false promises and dashed hopes, scientists believe they have the weapon that may virtually exterminate the ancient scourge of humanity, a cure so simple that every doctor, not just expert specialists, can apply it; so quick that no hospitalization is necessary; so safe, cheap and painless that no patient will shy away from it—a treatment that can cure the victims of the disease faster than the germs can claim new ones.

The new drug, procaine penicillin in oil and aluminum monostearate, has been given to nearly 100 patients at the Venereal Disease Research Laboratory of the United States Public Health Service on Staten Island, and 12 different kinds of tests have shown it to be successful. It causes no discomfort, has no aftereffects, takes as little as three days to kill the germs, costs 48 cents, and can be administered in a moment. The same injection will cure gonorrhea, too.

The Staten Island Marine Hospital, where the Venereal Disease Laboratory is located, used to have 100 beds filled with gonorrhea patients and 50 with syphilitics. Today there are no gonorrhea patients and never more than two or three syphilitics. While Dr. John F. Mahoney, the director of the laboratory, wants to make further tests of the new treatment before it is approved for general use, it now takes a year or more to get as many patients for a study as the lab used to have in a month.

Although the campaigns of public education against V.D. have brought in 30 per cent more people for clinical examinations, the number of new cases has dropped 20 per cent. That denotes the first appreciable advance against the disease mankind has ever made, and it was accomplished not with the newest drug but with earlier penicillin products. The battle isn't over yet, but this generation may well see the pestilence that once claimed one in every 10 humans reduced to a minor malady.

One of the awesome possibilities of the one-shot drug was demonstrated recently in a small tropical port where a large contingent of armed forces is stationed. Prostitution was rife and the V.D. rate was sky-high. Unofficially, military doctors began injecting all brothel inmates, infected or not, with procaine penicillin in monostearate every week. The V.D. rate dropped like an express elevator.

Many doctors and social hygienists are alarmed at the moral implications of this latest conquest of science. "Our efforts to better the state of mankind seem, in the case of venereal disease, to have been working in reverse," says Dr. John H. Stokes, Professor of Syphilology at the University of Pennsylvania. "Just as contraception has freed the woman from one type of consequence of the sexual act, the miracle drug seems to have freed both sexes from the other—the fear of bodily harm. Mass information has it that gonorrhea is now no more troublesome than a cold, and syphilis likewise. And the sour part of it is, that is true."

Dr. Charles C. Noble, of Syracuse University, urges school, church, synagogue and home to combine efforts for instilling morality and self-control. "For a time," he says, "when the barriers to open discussion of venereal diseases first broke down, and we were throwing our main effort into giving the people knowledge they needed for protection against these infections, some of us spent little time in talking about the ultimate goals and objectives of social hygiene. Now the pendulum has swung."

For many years victims of syphilis could be cured only by enduring a long-drawn-out series of agonizing treatments. Penicillin put an end to that, but the "wonder drug" alone was not the final answer. Now, at last, we have that answer—a quick, painless, one-shot treatment which has cured the most serious test case of early syphilis in a matter of hours

Like the atom bomb, however, the new weapon against venereal disease is here, for better or worse. Whether it "puts the community in the position of subsidizing venery," as Dr. Stokes foresees, will depend upon the moral fiber of the people, and be a challenge to community and spiritual leaders. But it does promise all of us security from an unseen foe, comparative immunity for our children, longer life for many of our people, and eventual relief from the necessity of spending $31,500,000 a year for the relief of V.D. patients.

It is a far cry from the cumbersome cure that Paul Ehrlich developed in the early part of the century and that remains, to this day, the only one in general use outside of the United States. They called that preparation of arsenic The Magic Bullet. It could cure syphilis in the individual in time, if he took the full treatment, but it failed to stamp out the disease because it could not overcome a simple psychological obstacle.

The psychological factor lay buried in the difference between two words that sound alike but all too seldom go together—patients and patience. Before they completed the year or so of agonizing arsenic treatments, many patients would stop coming to the doctor. Because symptoms of the disease disappeared fairly early, they thought they were cured and went on spreading it. Even the quicker and easier penicillin treatments now in use require a number of injections and allow many to escape before they are cured.

Around Birmingham, Alabama, where a drive for blood tests a few years ago revealed to 33,000 people that they had syphilis, a doctor said, "The campaign was a great success, but if we could only have held all of those people long enough to cure them, we might not have had to face doing the whole job over again in the future."

All 48 states passed laws requiring syphilitics to continue with treatments, only to find that people too ignorant or careless to protect themselves often cannot be forced to protect others.

A treatment that would surmount all these difficulties was the dream of a forty-year-old doctor who started to work in the United States Venereal Disease Laboratory 20 years ago. His black hair and blue eyes bespoke his Irish ancestry and with it his right to such a fanciful idea as this one that had eluded many of the historic names of medicine —Wassermann, Hunter, Ricord, Hoffmann, Ehrlich himself.

The modern magic bullet, which seems to be the realization of this dream, has been the work of many men with the same idea, but it was John Friend Mahoney's privilege to be in command of the foremost forces in the field against the microscopic enemy throughout the development of it.

Mahoney started out in a little two-room laboratory to find something that might kill the spirochete of syphilis a little faster, a little more easily or more safely than the arsenic that also killed as many as one in every 300 patients. For 14 years every new drug that came into the laboratory he and his staff tried on the germ of syphilis. Sometimes hopes rose. There were dozens of pills for which great claims had been made. There were drugs that had been successful against other diseases. But always the results were disappointing. In the end, each time, the corkscrew-shaped spirochete continued to swim before the eye of the man at the microscope.

When the tide of battle turned, it was with breathtaking suddenness, considering the centuries of lost effort. Ironically, although syphilis has historically reached the heights of its epidemic power during war, it owes its present defeat, above anything else, to the last war.

At the beginning of the fighting, doctors thought they at least had a fairly efficient cure for gonorrhea in the sulfa drugs. But, although at first sulfa cured all but 20 per cent of the cases, soon the strain of the germs from that resistant 20 per cent—germs that sulfa could not kill—was spreading all over, and the remedy was becoming less and less effective.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)

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She leaned over to pour Hank's coffee; and her rich auburn hair brushed his cheek. "Anyhow," she said, "Mort's new girl is cute"

Morning After

By JAMES A. KIRCH

"BREAKFAST?" Hank asked, from the kitchenette doorway. Martha turned from the stove. She smoothed the patch of plastic apron over her sleek housecoat.

"In a minute," she said. There was a touch of frost on the words.

"Oh," Hank said. "Fine!" He sniffed appreciatively. "Coffee smells good."

"The coffee is *not on,*" Martha announced. The frost was definite. "What a sensitive nose you have, though—smelling coffee that isn't there! Or, possibly you're having hallucinations after your big night at the party."

Hank held down a shiver. "Oh," he said. He studied the clear water bubbling up in the glass coffee maker. He reached for the can on the shelf over the stove, but Martha's hand closed on it first. He watched while she measured out the coffee. He fumbled uncertainly. He adjusted the belt on his dressing gown. He turned the water on in the sink; then he turned it off. His eye caught the halved oranges on the drainboard.

"I'll squeeze the oranges," he offered. His voice was muted, as though he were a soldier volunteering for an especially dangerous mission. He smothered the half orange in his huge palm and plunked it into the squeezer. He pressed down the handle and watched the golden juice spurt into the cup. "Well," he said. He put heartiness into it. "It was quite a party."

Martha set the toaster on the table and dropped two slices of bread into it. "You seemed to think so," she said. She didn't look at Hank. "You were the life of it, if anyone was. The low-life of the party."

"Well, sure," Hank agreed. "It was quite a party." He kept his voice light, ignoring Martha's irony.

"Obviously," Martha said, "you enjoyed it. Anyone could see that. Playing the wolf."

Hank demolished the last half orange. "Wolf?" he repeated. "Me? I feel more like the grandmother."

The toast popped up and Martha put the slices on a plate and covered them with a napkin. "Funny," she said. "Very funny, lady killer."

"No kidding," Hank said. "Even my dancing is rusty."

Martha carefully reloaded the toaster. "Harriet didn't think so," she said.

"Harriet?" Hank repeated. He carried the big cup of juice to the table and filled the two glasses. "Oh. You mean Harriet Anderson."

"Yes," Martha said. "Harriet Anderson. The tall girl with—"

"With the skinny legs," Hank said. "I know the one you mean."

Martha sat down and began buttering the toast. "That's sort of mean," she said softly. "That sounds kind of mean, Hank. Harriet can't help it if she has skinny legs." She crossed her own legs and looked down at them.

"Well," Hank said. "*I* can't help it. And I didn't pay much attention. I guess they were all right."

Martha emptied and refilled the toaster. She got up and busied herself at the stove, turning down the flame under the coffee. "No," she said. "They *are* skinny. But I guess you wouldn't have noticed. Not with Sally there." Her voice lost its softness again.

"Sally?" Hank said, and he helped himself to buttered toast. "Oh, yeah. The blonde. Or half blonde."

"Why, she's blond," Martha said. "At least, I'm almost certain she is."

"Maybe," Hank said, skeptically. He munched his toast. "Maybe," he repeated. "You can't tell with blondes. What does it matter?"

Martha took the top off the coffee maker and set cups on the table. She leaned over to pour Hank's coffee; and her rich auburn hair brushed his cheek. "Anyhow," she said, "Mort's new girl is cute."

"Pretty," Hank admitted. There was just the right note of grudging doubt in his tone. "Quite pretty."

"I thought *you* found her cute," Martha said. "*Very* cute."

"Cute," Hank agreed. "That's it. Cute's the word. Like a mouse." He stirred sugar and cream into his coffee. "It's those little eyes of hers," he said. "I guess that's it. Those small eyes she has."

Martha's huge dark eyes widened. "Why, Hank!" She slipped off the plastic apron and sat down at the table. "I never thought of that. She does remind you of a mouse, sort of. But she was nice."

"Oh, sure," Hank said. "They were all nice." He shifted uneasily in his chair. He felt Martha's eyes on him. He took a long swallow of coffee. "Except—well, I don't know. The girl George brought. The dark one—"

"Ellen," Martha said quickly. She got up and turned the heat up under the coffee. She stayed up, standing near the stove. Her voice rose a little. "Her name was Ellen. The glamorous—"

"Glamorous?" Hank snorted it. "Well, anyhow, Ellen. The one George brought. Why any girl would get herself up like that—"

MARTHA'S voice was cool—but not terribly cool. "Get herself up?" she repeated. "Why, I thought she was very attractive. All the men seemed to think so."

"The men," Hank announced, "were trapped. Dead pigeons. There was no ducking the girl. And that dress—" He managed a shudder.

"It was a lovely dress," Martha said. "Very expensive. Very daring. An original."

"It was original," Hank said. "And it was all right, maybe. But not on her." He looked up and studied his wife's slim figure, as if he were a fastidious *couturier*. He let his eyes linger. "I see what you mean," he said. "It wasn't the dress. *You* could make something of it. But, on her—" He shrugged, lost for words.

"Hank!" Martha said. "You're *terrible!*" Her voice didn't go with the word. She hummed softly as she turned off the coffee.

"You'd think," Hank went on, "that a man in George's position could do better. A man in the State Department. In the diplomatic service."

"Oh, well," Martha said, lightly. "Tastes differ. And she wasn't so bad. She was really attractive."

"A man in the diplomatic service," Hank wondered, shaking his head. He felt Martha's fingers in his hair as she came around behind him to fill his cup.

"He's not so smart," Martha said. "I'll bet you could—" Hank closed his eyes as Martha's cool palm touched his cheek. He relaxed in his chair, his eyes still closed, as her warmth and nearness enveloped him.

"Anyway," Martha was saying— "Anyway, it was really a very nice party." THE END

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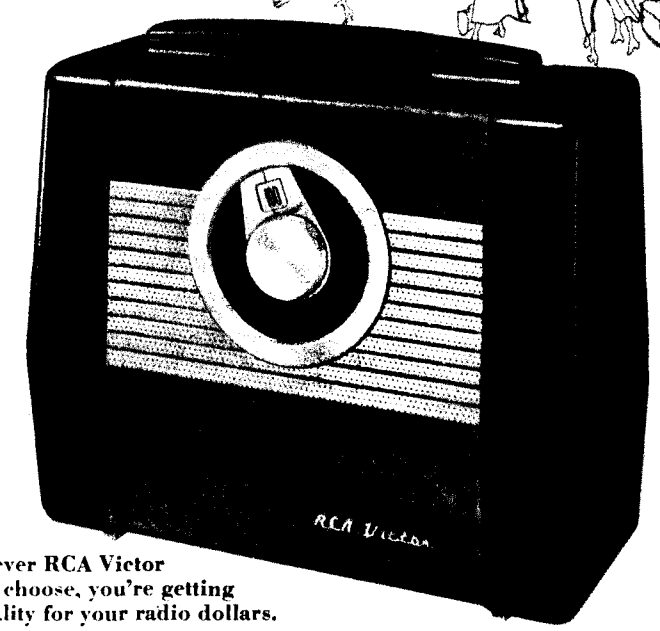

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VERY UNUSUAL IN CALIFORNIA

Continued from page 18

"What do you figure on doing?" his father said. "You're twenty-four, Charlie. What kind of a job are you planning to look for?"

"Job?" said Charlie, looking pained. "Feel that breeze. Every day at three o'clock a breeze. Sit down, Pop. Relax." And Charlie closed his eyes again.

"Have you thought of going into business for yourself?" Mr. Burton persisted.

"Well, I'll tell you, Pop," Charlie said; "I'm thinking of just sitting here the rest of my life." And he went to sleep in the chair with the sunlight shining across his recumbent form.

MR. BURTON went back into the house and he and his wife looked out the kitchen window at their son.

Mr. Burton said, "All he's done since we've been here is sit in that chair. His pants are shiny. I don't understand the boy. Come on, let's talk to him."

They started out the back, the door slammed, and Charlie roused up a little. "If you're coming out," he said sleepily. "bring me an orange, will you?"

They placed two chairs in front of him and Charlie peeled the orange in a tired sort of way and smiled at them.

"Want to ask you a direct question," his father said. "Charlie, when you starting out to find a job?"

Charlie ate a segment of orange. "Never," he said.

Mr. Burton turned white.

"You don't mean that, Charles," his mother said.

"Sure I do," said Charlie. "I'm happy. Why should I go to work?"

"Everyone goes to work," his father said heatedly. "Are you out of your mind? You've been sitting in the sun too long."

"Look," Charlie said, and sat up a little. "I'll tell you how it is. Every day here it's the same, blue skies and bright sun. All I want are three square meals a day and a place to sleep. What is money? Why should I knock myself out to make money when I can sit here in the sunshine and look at the hills?"

"You were never like this back in Nebraska," Mr. Burton said accusingly.

"Try sitting outdoors in Nebraska some winter," Charlie said. "You get a lot of mean weather, you feel like doing something, you run around selling people things they don't need. Out here you just relax. It's as simple as that."

"You'd live off me the rest of your life, you bum?" his father shouted.

"Look, Pop," Charlie said. "I've always been hard-working. Put away money back in Nebraska since I was ten years old delivering papers. In the bank downtown I got better than three thousand dollars cash money. I don't eat a lot, maybe ten dollars' worth a week. I'll pay you ten bucks a week—"

His father had been red in the face and sputtering, now he got a grip on himself. "Son," he said impressively, "I went to work when I was eighteen. I worked for one company for 42 years. All the time I was building a future, and for the last ten years I was making plans for my retirement. Where would I have been today if—"

"Sure," said his son, "you retired and came out here at sixty. That's the whole point. Only I'm retiring a little younger than you. I'm retiring at twenty-four, that's the difference."

"Nobody on God's green earth ever retired at twenty-four," Mr. Burton shouted.

"I did," said Charlie mildly, and ate the last of the orange.

"You'll get bored," his father said. "You'll get fat, you'll be a bum—"

"I've been figuring that out sitting here," Charlie said, "and I don't believe it. First of all I'll get enough exercise around the yard to keep in shape. Secondly, I've been doing a lot of reading I never had time for before. I decided that working is silly if you don't have to do it. Look at all the people all over the world, getting up early in the morning, rushing to go to work, pretending they're interested in their jobs. Knocking themselves out to make money, to get a better car, a bigger house, a lot of gadgets. I'm a simple man—"

"I'll say you're simple!" his father shouted, but Mrs. Burton kicked him in the shin and he subsided and followed her back into the house.

"Disgraced me," he said bitterly, inside. "My only son. Disgraced the family name. The shame of it. We get a letter today from Uncle George. What's Charlie doing, he wants to know. I got to write and tell him Charlie turns out to be a bum, a loafer, a no-good. We'll have to go back to Nebraska."

"It must be the climate," Mrs. Burton said. "Probably thinned out his blood."

"Just look at him," Mr. Burton said angrily, staring malignantly out the window at Charlie in his chair, surrounded by orange peels. "I'm going back out and tell him a thing—"

"No you don't," his wife said, hauling him back. "There's more ways to kill a cat than by screaming it to death. You let me handle this. You know the Chadwicks down the street in that pink-stucco house?"

"The folks from Kansas?" Mr. Burton said. "Lovely people. But what have they to do with Charlie—"

"Have you met their daughter? She works in L.A."

"No, and I don't see—"

"You will," his wife said. "Go down and buy a steak big enough for six. I'll call them up. We'll eat in the patio." She went to the back door. "Charlie! We're having company for dinner. Fix the fireplace and get cleaned up." . . .

The Chadwicks arrived on the dot of seven. Helen, the daughter, wore a white dress with a green belt tight around her slim waist. Her shoes were green and there was a green ribbon in her hair. Her skin was tanned, making her eyes a deep sparkling blue.

"Let's go out in the patio," Mr. Burton said. "My son's out there."

Charlie was sprawled on one of the lawn chairs. He had dressed up in white shoes, flannels and sport jacket.

"Charlie," his father said sharply, and Charlie struggled upright, smiled politely at Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick and then suddenly saw the girl. Instinctively one hand went to his tie, the other to his hair and in a moment he had become the old go-getter from Nebraska.

"Take this chair, Mrs. Chadwick," he said and dusted it off with his handkerchief. "I think you'll find this comfortable, Miss Chadwick."

He passed around cigarettes. He distributed ash trays. He talked wheat to Mr. Chadwick, California pottery to his wife, complimented Helen on her clothes, and supervised the broiling of the steak. When dinner was served he was everywhere at once, seeing they were all taken care of, and Mr. Burton began to relax. Though they were virtual strangers, they found plenty to talk about. There was only one bad moment.

"Charlie," said Mr. Chadwick—they were all on a first name basis by that time—"what's your line?"

"Nothing," Charlie replied. He was sitting on a footstool beside Helen's chair, grinning up at her.

"I beg your pardon?" Mr. Chadwick thought he hadn't heard correctly.

"I'm retired," Charlie said.

"Oh," said Mr. Chadwick doubtfully, and Mrs. Burton changed the subject. It was dark by then, but over in his corner Mr. Burton felt his face grow as red as the embers of the fireplace fire.

AT ELEVEN the Chadwicks rose to go, and when they left, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick were in front; Helen and Charlie walked behind them. From the steps Mr. and Mrs. Burton saw the Chadwicks go inside their house but dimly in the darkness they could make out Helen's white dress and Charlie's flannels as they lingered on the Chadwick porch.

"You see," Mrs. Burton said to her husband. "Charlie probably just needs an incentive. I think he's found it. Isn't she a charming girl?"

They relaxed in the living room. Mrs. Burton was knitting when Charlie came back inside.

"Well," she said casually, "how did you like them?"

"Fine," Charlie said heartily. "When I first saw Helen I thought she was cute but probably not too bright. I was wrong. That girl has brains. Sharp as a tack. It was a bang-up party, Mom." He bent over and kissed her forehead.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton exchanged significant looks and Mr. Burton said in an attempt at jovial heartiness, "Well, Charlie, I suppose one of these days you'll be leaving us. Yes, sir, I'm afraid so. Be going off somewhere to have a family of your own."

"You don't have to worry about that," Charlie said. "I'm not the marrying kind."

Mrs. Burton dropped her knitting, Mr. Burton, his pipe.

"For a moment there talking to Helen," Charlie said, "I got a kind of an urge to go back to work. But then I began thinking of that old sun and those brown peaceful hills and the blue sky. There's no percentage in a guy getting married. What happens? A fellow is getting along, he's happy, contented, and then he gets married. It's money, money, money all the time. He keeps his nose to the grindstone trying to get even. Then a couple of kids come along and he's back of the eight ball, knocking himself out. It doesn't make sense."

Mr. Burton said, "If I'd felt that way, young man, where do you think you'd be?"

"True enough," Charlie observed, "but maybe you'd have been out here at twenty-four. Well, folks, I'm sleepy. Think I'll turn in."

CHARLIE went to his room, and Mr. Burton turned to his wife. "Molly, you're sure that kid's ours? There wasn't any mix-up at the hospital?"

Mrs. Burton tossed her ball of yarn at him. "You remember Great-Uncle Dan who died in a saloon without having earned an honest dollar in his life? He was your great-uncle, not mine. Anyway, Charlie doesn't hang around poolrooms and bars; that's something."

"I wish he did," Mr. Burton snapped. "Then I wouldn't have to be seeing him every time I turn around." . . .

They had finished breakfast the next morning when Charlie strolled into the kitchen.

"You can see Mount Baldy," he said. "Every day like the day before. Perfect Saturday, isn't it? You suppose Helen has to work Saturdays?"

Two hours later Helen and Charlie had left for the beach. They came back at six and had dinner with the Chadwicks, then went off to the movies. On Sunday, Charlie took her to church, and thereafter Charlie wasn't sitting in the Burton back yard as much as formerly. He was sitting down at the Chadwicks', and three weeks later Mr. Chadwick ambled into the back yard one afternoon when Mr. Burton was spraying his roses.

They exchanged gardening notes for a few minutes. "Charlie down at your place?" Mr. Burton asked.

"They've gone for a walk."

"He's down there a lot," Mr. Burton said. "Hope he isn't making a pest of himself, Dave."

"Not at all," Mr. Chadwick said. "We like Charlie, Maud and I. Like him as well as though he were our son. Helps my wife with the dishes when he eats with us. Brings her flowers. Fine boy."

"Um," said Mr. Burton.

"And Helen," said Mr. Chadwick. "Well, I guess maybe Helen likes him even more than we do. Been turning

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down other dates, Helen has, hoping Charlie would be down. Just one thing I'd like to talk to you about, Fred. Don't mean to pry, but Charlie doesn't seem to do anything."

"He doesn't. You mean is he independently wealthy?"

"Well, I've wondered. None of my business but, as Helen's father—"

"Don't blame you," Mr. Burton said. "I may as well speak frankly. Charlie is a bum."

Mr. Chadwick laughed. "Now you don't mean that," he said. "I like Charlie. So does my wife. The better we get to know him the more we like him."

"Sure," Mr. Burton said. "He's a very likable guy. Charlie is probably the world's nicest bum. You ask me what Charlie does. The answer is nothing. My son is just a high-class, grade-A bum. He was different in Nebraska, but California sure ruined him. And let me tell you something, Dave. My wife and I think the world of Helen. And my advice to you is to tell her to give Charlie just what he deserves—the bum's rush."

He went back inside the house and broke the news to Mrs. Burton. "We could kick him out," Mr. Burton said wistfully. "Refuse to feed him."

"Your own son," his wife said.

"Sure he's my son," Mr. Burton said "And every time I see him the toe of my right foot itches. Someday I'll let go and boot him all the way to Mount Baldy."

CHARLIE came home a little later. He greeted his folks cheerfully. He had a box of candy for his mother, a new pipe for his father.

"Thanks," his father said. "But that three grand won't last forever. What are you going to do then?"

"Oh, I suppose I'll have to go to work eventually," Charlie said. "But not permanently. I can pick up a dollar here, a dollar there. Enough to live on."

Stifling thoughts of assault and battery, Mr. Burton changed the subject. "Going out with Helen tonight?"

Charlie shook his head. "She has a date."

"And how do you feel about that?"

"Well," said Charlie, "I was mad for a while, but I've decided it's all for the best. Helen's a swell kid but very conventional. She wants to get married and have a family." Charlie stretched his arms. "You through with the paper? Think I'll take it outside." He moved outdoors. He put a chair in the sunlight and sat down with the paper in his lap.

"Fine idea that was," Mr. Burton said. "All we've done is to jam up Helen's life. Look at him out there. Sitting in the sun. Bah!" . . .

The next morning Charlie made his usual nine-o'clock entrance into the kitchen. He went to the window and peered out. "No sun," he said finally.

"I guess that just about ruins your day," his father said sourly. "You can't sit outside. Maybe you'd better go back to bed."

Charlie ate breakfast and read the paper. He prowled around the house and finally settled down in the living room and played solitaire. There was a tap at the back door and Helen came in.

"Can Mom borrow a cup of brown sugar?" she said. She peeked into the living room and glimpsed Charlie sitting on the davenport laying out the cards on the coffee table.

"Go on in," Mr. Burton said. "If you can stand the sight of him."

She walked inside. "Hello, Helen," Charlie said, looking up. He put a black nine on a red ten. "What are you doing home today?"

"It happens to be Saturday," Helen said, tapping one foot on the carpet.

"Is that a fact," said Charlie. "Saturday used to be a big day for me, but not any more. I don't keep track any more, the days just flow by. I even quit wearing a watch. The simple life. I keep time by the sun. Except for today. Very unusual today."

He kept on playing solitaire. Helen stood there looking at him. "Want to play some double solitaire?" Charlie said.

"No, I don't," said Helen, and her foot was tapping faster and color blazed in her cheeks. "You know what I think of you, Charlie Burton?"

"No, what?" said Charlie. "Doggonit, if I could uncover that seven of clubs, I'd run this out. But after all, who cares? What difference does it make?"

"That's just it," Helen said. "What difference does anything make to you?"

"Wait a second," Charlie said. "I can put this six over here and—"

Wham! With a sweep of her hand Helen sent the cards flying across the room and Charlie was looking blankly at the empty coffee table. "Oh, you—you thing," Helen said, and with the cup of brown sugar in her hand she ran out the door and down the street.

Charlie sat there dazed, then automatically got down on his hands and knees and started picking up the cards.

"Now what do you suppose got into Helen?" he said. "Doing a thing like that. Calling me a thing."

"It ain't a patch on what I'd call you if it weren't for your mother," Mr. Burton said and strode outside.

It was gray all that day. Charlie didn't sit very much. He prowled from the rear windows to the front. He tried sitting outdoors but got cold and came back in and went to prowling again. And the next day was the same. Charlie wore a patch across the rug. That night he said, "I sure miss that old sun. Well, maybe tomorrow."

MR. BURTON, who had got up at six thirty every morning for forty years, had been unable to break the habit completely upon retirement although he did manage to lie awake in bed a few minutes in the morning. Consequently the next day he was bustling around the kitchen a little after seven and presently his wife, in a housecoat, joined him.

The gas heaters were going and there was a fire in the fireplace. A gust of wind rattled the windows in the frames and rain blew against the panes.

"Going to break Charlie's heart, this is," Mr. Burton said. "How is our dear boy? Sleeping comfortably?"

"His door was closed," his wife said. "But I thought I heard—"

Steps sounded in the living room, and Charlie came into the kitchen, blowing on his hands. "Cold," he said. They stared at him. He was dressed in a business suit, already shaved, hair combed.

"Seven twelve," his father said. "What miracle is this?"

"Huh?" Charlie stared at him. "I woke up. The rain on the roof."

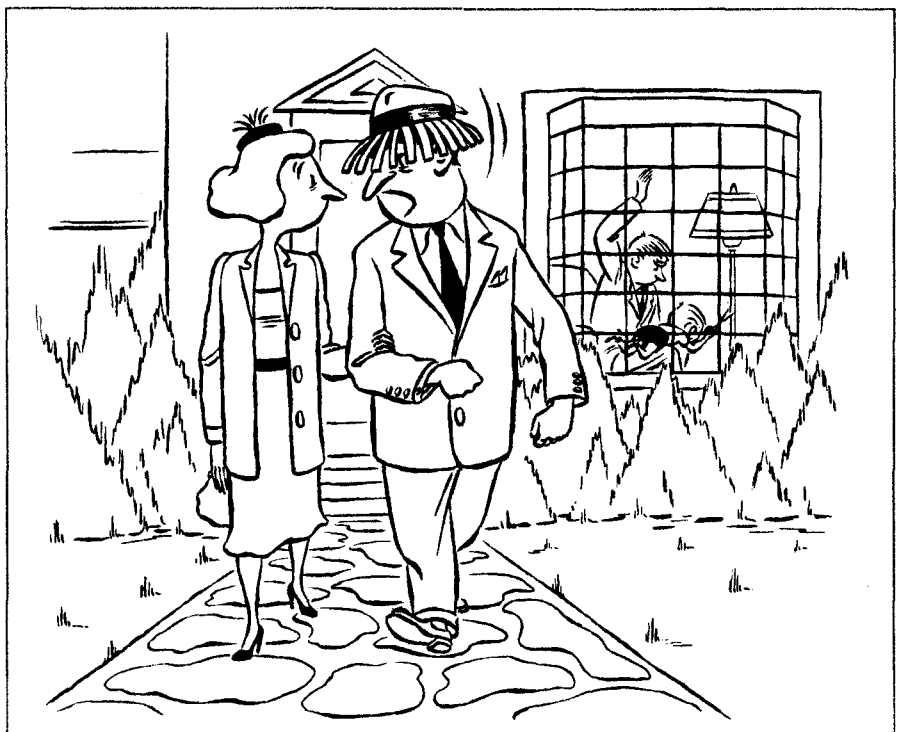
"How do you want your eggs?" his mother said.

"No eggs this morning," Charlie said. "I haven't time."

Mr. Burton choked over his coffee. "For what?" he said. "You haven't time. What a laugh that is."

"I can't sit around this place all day," Charlie said. "Look at that rain. All right if I borrow the car this morning, Pop?" He drained his orange juice and coffee, took the car keys his father tossed at him, and dashed out the back door. A moment later the car roared out of the driveway and down the road.

"Where do you suppose he's gone?" Mrs. Burton peered out of the window.



"'You wouldn't dare cut up my hat,' I said. 'You wouldn't dare'"

COLLIER'S TEMMES

"The farther, the better," Mr. Burton said. "Only he has my car."

They waited all through the morning. They had lunch and there was no Charlie. Mr. Chadwick ambled in and unburdened his soul.

"Helen's going around with someone from the office," he said. "I'm afraid he's going to break her down, but I don't think she really loves him. I think she really loves Charlie, and this other chap's getting her on the rebound. Where is Charlie?"

He looked out at the rain dripping on the lawn chairs. No one could enlighten him. Mr. Chadwick sloshed sadly back to the pink stucco, and Mr. and Mrs. Burton cleaned up the dishes and sat in the living room while the rain slanted against the picture window and raced in a river down the street.

The afternoon went by, no Charlie. It was getting dark and Mr. and Mrs. Burton were in the kitchen getting supper when they heard a musical tootling in the driveway. A gleaming wet cream-colored convertible shot across the gravel and into the garage. The next moment Charlie came to the back door and roared into the kitchen.

"Getting supper ready?" he said. "I'm hungry as a moose. Did you get a look at that car, Pop? Pretty flashy, huh? I left your heap in town. Suppose I drive you in tomorrow, and then you can drive yours back. All right?"

His father said, "You haven't much money left buying a chariot like that—"

"On time," Charlie said. "So much a month. I have to call Helen."

He dashed into the living room, they heard him dialing. "Helen?" he said. "How about tonight? You're busy. Tomorrow? Busy tomorrow? When aren't you busy? I have something to show you. I'll be down after supper, before this guy comes around."

Charlie came back into the kitchen. "Make it snappy, Mom," he said. "I'm in a hurry. You think Helen will like this?" He tossed a square little plush-covered box across the table.

THEY opened it and looked at the engagement ring sparkling inside. Mr. Burton said weakly, "A car and this? Where's the yacht?" He suddenly went white. He visualized a headline in the morning paper. JEWEL THIEF MAKES DARING ESCAPE IN CREAM-COLORED CONVERTIBLE. "Charlie," he said, "how come—"

"I got a job," Charlie said. "You think she'll like it?"

"Did you say job?" Mr. Burton braced himself against the table.

"What's wrong with that?" Charlie said, eating furiously.

"What's wrong? After the way you sat around?"

"I guess I did," Charlie said. "I'd kind of forgotten. But listen. This is a real outfit I'm with. Machinery, same kind of thing I sold back in Nebraska. But I'm going places with this outfit. California is the land of opportunity."

"You don't say," Mr. Burton gasped.

"I mean it," Charlie said. "New people pouring in, new business. You ought to get back into harness. You're only sixty, and with your experience you could get a good job. How can you stand it—just sitting around all day?"

His father stared at him, and Charlie pushed away his plate.

"I have to hurry. Some jerk coming to see Helen, been trying to beat my time. I'll have dessert later. Your alarm clock still work? I want to set it for six thirty in the morning. Have to be at work by eight thirty. See you later."

There was a blur and then the front door banged. Charlie was gone. Mr and Mrs. Burton sat there staring at each other until finally the doorbell rang, and together they moved into the living room

The Chadwicks were at the door.

"Thought we'd let the kids have the living room to themselves," Mr. Chadwick said. "That Charlie. Quite a boy. I knew he had something in mind. Yes, sir, just waiting for the right opportunity. And there's something else. I was worried about the boy, and now I owe him an apology. For a while there I thought Charlie wasn't treating Helen right. But I should have realized that Charlie just wouldn't say anything to Helen until he could afford to support her. A gentleman all the way, that's Charlie."

Mr. Burton was seized with a coughing spell and had to be thumped on the back "How long does the rainy season last?" he asked when the paroxysm was over.

Mrs. Burton was placidly knitting and rocking. "They'll be married before it's over," she said serenely, and then as if to herself she added, "When the children come along they'll be native Californians. Land sakes, think of that."

Across the room Mr. Burton and Mr. Chadwick discussed their flowers and finally Mr. Burton went across the room and opened the front door.

"How's the weather?" Mr. Chadwick called.

Mr. Burton flicked on the porch light The street gutter was a brown river, the rain spattered and splashed on the step "Very unusual for California," Mr. Burton said, and then added hastily "But, don't get me wrong—I like it this way."

THE END

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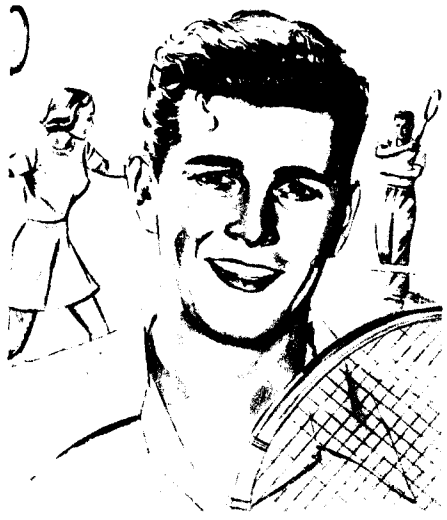

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FREDDY FOWLER AND THE ACE

Continued from page 23

again. He said in a flat voice, "Why should she want me? Why wouldn't she take you?" He dropped the gun.

Ace said, "Time to go, Evangeline." She looked back at Freddy before she put her hand on Ace's arm. In the doorway Ace paused and said over his shoulder, "Coming, Freddy?" Freddy went. He walked with them, but half a pace behind.

There wasn't a sound in the Waterfront Café till they were out of sight, then the practical joker began to scream with laughter. He said in a hysterical voice, "That gun was empty all the time. You don't think I'd give a dope like him a loaded gun, do you?"

Jake said, "Get out—and stay out."

The joker didn't argue. . . .

Evangeline was the only one who worried about anything Freddy might do after that. She wanted Ace to get rid of him, pay his fare to Nome or Tokyo, or set him up on a Saskatchewan homestead.

Ace said, "Don't worry. Love can make a person do things you'd never think they had in their make-up. Look at you." And Ace was right. As long as Freddy thought Ace was what his girl wanted he wouldn't have lifted a finger to harm him. And no matter what Evangeline's mind or heart or conscience said, her body wouldn't listen when Ace was holding it.

Ace wasn't keeping Freddy around just for fun. He had a use for Freddy's prodigious memory and his quick, easy, accurate way of ciphering. As soon as The Evangeline got out of the Lake Union yard, he signed Freddy as supercargo. The way the ship worked was this: She'd run up to Vancouver and take on a load of whisky and spirits quite openly; then she'd run out of the harbor and lose herself in the San Juans.

SOMETIME that night or the next, she'd start the southward run, playing tag through the islands with The Bear until she got to Puget Sound, where at spots off Everett, Tacoma, Bremerton or Port Orchard, the liquor would be tossed overboard wrapped up in waterproof canvas, each bag roped to a buoy. There it would be picked up by men in fishing smacks or motorboats too numerous and small for The Bear to keep track of.

There was a fortune in the trade. In a year Ace had money in a dozen towns and cities under half a dozen names. He became a public figure, written up in the newspapers, invited to banquets; and a lot of important people felt a glow of pride when he shook their hands and remembered them by their first names. He let it be understood that Freddy was a partner. It wasn't true, but it satisfied a lot of wondering. People could understand that a man could swallow a lot of pride and give up any number of women for a cut in a business like The Evangeline was doing.

About the only people who didn't admire Ace or get paid off by him were Captain Glidden and the crew of The Bear. They were sick and tired of following bootleggers instead of arctic currents and of being a laughingstock in the bargain. Captain Glidden thought of ways to put an end to the humiliation. He gave up chasing The Evangeline, though he still made a show of it so that Ace wouldn't get suspicious. He began to hunt him the way a good farm dog hunts a ground hog, cultivating a knowledge of his habits and then sitting with unbelievable patience at the mouth of a hole the varmint's got to come out of sooner or later.

On a rainy day in the spring of 1925 The Bear knocked off The Evangeline. Ace, Freddy and the three members of the crew were transferred to the revenue cutter in irons. Captain Glidden put some of his own men aboard the ex-subchaser and the two boats ran into Elliott Bay together.

Ace was out of jail an hour after he got in. Freddy and the rest stayed there. After a night in the tank without even a lawyer showing up to comfort them, they realized that Ace had run out on them, leaving them to hold the bag.

That went for everyone, including Evangeline. It was Ace's time to be alone. He didn't want anyone around whose presence might serve as an identification, or call attention to him. Of course giving up Evangeline was hard on Ace; it was hard, too, to lose his boat, but this was a time for sacrifice.

The crew of the Evangeline got various sentences, heavy or light, according to the degree of guilt the measured judgment of the law assigned to each of them. As a major partner in the enterprise, Freddy got ten years. He denied being a partner, but everyone expected that, and no one believed him.

"Now, madam, my experience has been that this sleazy gadget is apt to fall apart the first time it is used, and is not worth a dime, let alone the preposterous price of $1.50 I am asking. However, today I have been able to mulct seventeen gullible housewives, netting myself a cool seventeen bucks. Not bad, eh, dear? What's for dinner?"

COLLIER'S — LEW FOLLETTE

When the trials were over and the sentences passed and the men were being sent off to the penitentiary, they all made similar statements about Ace Sakarian.

Each of them, Freddy and the three others, said he'd kill Ace when he got out, if he never did another thing. The newspapers printed the statements, and Ace read them and believed the men meant what they said. They were the kind of men, Ace thought, who didn't use the word "kill" lightly.

DURING the next years Ace moved around a lot, drawing on the bank accounts and doing nothing that would bring him into prominence. But wherever he was, he kept an eye on things back home, through the Seattle newspapers and his own knowledge of prison affairs and of the workings of the law.

When each of the three crew members got out of jail, Ace managed to be not far away. They averaged something less than twenty-four hours of life apiece after he bumped into them.

The only one Ace had to worry about now was Freddy Fowler. Ace had let Freddy down hardest—not only personally but through Evangeline.

Ace was in Walla Walla, waiting, on the day in December of 1934 when Freddy was scheduled to get out of the penitentiary. Ace had a long, cold wait, and Freddy didn't come. Freddy had been out of jail almost a year.

There had been a prison fire. Freddy played a minor hero's part in putting it out, and his sentence had been commuted. Ace knew nothing of all this, and figured Freddy was still safe in jail. The prison chaplain was against publicity for rehabilitated convicts—even if the publicity was favorable.

When Ace found out what had happened, he was scared. As Ace saw it, he was a hunted man. When he walked down a quiet street now he could feel Freddy at his back, gun in hand. He changed his hotel room every night. Every time he opened a new door he broke into a cold sweat for fear Freddy would be waiting for him on the other side. Ace couldn't run away, because wherever he went, as easily as not, Freddy could be at his heels—unseen.

ACE couldn't make up his mind if Freddy had let him live so far because he hadn't found him or because he hadn't found the right opportunity to kill him, or just to torture him. But one thing he did know: He had to find and kill Freddy before Freddy got around to killing him, and hunting Freddy was like hunting for a shadow in a dark alley.

Ace figured Evangeline was his best bet for help and that if he could get his hands on her, she might act as bait. He went up to the little town outside of Vancouver, B.C., from which she had come. The family had moved away, but there were people who remembered her. They remembered that she had been a nice girl who had been engaged to a nice local boy, but had gone to the dogs with some fellow from the States.

Ace forced himself to go back to Seattle. He hung around the docks hoping somewhere to pick up the trail. And one day he found what he was looking for. At a big fish pier on the cove he saw a boat that looked familiar. It was untied and already sliding out of the dock when he saw it. When he got down close enough he saw she had a new name—but he could see the old one coming faintly through the paint: Evangeline. He was so excited he stepped without thinking to the edge of the pier, right out in plain sight. At that moment the wheelhouse door opened and Freddy Fowler came out of it and stepped onto the deck.

Freddy paused and for a minute Ace thought he had seen him. But he knew he was mistaken when Freddy, without hurrying, continued down the deck till he came to the rear companionway and went below. The old Evangeline, smelling of fish, slipped out into the stream and gathered speed.

Ace thought: What a sweet setup for smuggling. A fishing boat went every place and could hide anything. Who'd ever think of looking into tons of slimy fish? But he didn't waste much time in admiration. He had what he needed—the boat's home port was Aberdeen. Sooner or later that's where Freddy would have to go and when he got there Ace would be ahead of him, waiting.

He picked up a fast car and headed down the coast as fast as he could go. He knew that even if the boat were bound straight home, he'd have a little time before it could make port. But he knew, too, that every hour was an advantage when you were laying a trap.

There were a couple of things, though,

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that Ace didn't know The first was that Freddy had seen him. Freddy had paused when he stepped onto the deck because his rage was so blind and instantaneous that he couldn't move. He'd gone below and sat down in a bunk trembling with hate. But he didn't think of killing Ace. He had given up that thought a long time before, together with the profession of smuggling—and with the idea of being a dope in general.

He got up in a little while and went on top. He didn't realize how shaky he was till he came to the fish well and almost stumbled into it. It had been cut into the afterdeck after he bought the boat at the U.S. marshal's auction sale. The well was empty now because they had just unloaded. It was a fifteen-foot straight drop. The scare pulled him together, and set his mind to working. He went forward and ordered the boat to Aberdeen as fast as it could go. He felt that was where he ought to be. . . .

It didn't surprise Ace when he got into Aberdeen to find no one knew an F. Fowler. He'd expected Freddy to have taken a new name. So he asked about the captain of The Walrus, which was what the boat was called these days, figuring that, since she'd once been The Evangeline and Freddy was tied up with her, he would be in command. He was directed to a house a good way down the beach by someone who said Captain Apperson was still out on a fishing trip, but his wife was likely to be at home.

The house was on a narrow spit that jutted out into the sound, so Ace had to leave his car a quarter mile away and walk across the sand, covered with little pools the rising tide had not yet recaptured and filled with starfish and silver-dollar shells, and little crabs scurrying to get under rocks or into bits of kelp. He had to hurry to get onto the spit because its shore end was low and the now rising tide would soon altogether isolate it from the the rest of the land. As it was, he got his brown and white shoes wet. But he didn't mind. A place like this was just what he would have ordered.

When he got onto the spit he sat down on a log to wait until the tide was high enough. He found one of those round glass balls, purple with sun and sea water, that Japanese fishermen use instead of square cork floats. He pounded it to pieces with a stone, interested in the fractures as they appeared and spread on its surface, and in the glass splinters into which it broke, sharp enough to kill a man if they had been bigger. After a while the tide was high enough.

IT WAS already dusk. A light went on in an upstairs window of Freddy's house. Ace got up off his log and tossed the mutilated ball into the sand. He went first to the pier at the end of the spit, yards from the house. The only boat tied to it was a flat-bottom dory. He cast it loose and went up to the door and knocked.

A woman's voice from inside said she'd be right down. He could hear her footsteps on the stairs and running across the floors, alternately carpeted and bare. He worked his gun loose in his right pant pocket just in case. Another light went on behind the window and the woman opened the door a crack.

Ace said in a pleasant voice, "I'm looking for Captain Apperson." He put his foot in the crack, shoved the door with his shoulder, and stood inside the house, facing the woman.

It took a moment before he realized. Then he said, "Evangeline!"

"Ace! How did you find us?"

"You're Freddy's wife," Ace said.

Evangeline said, "You shouldn't have come after me."

That was the wrong thing for her to say. As soon as she said it Ace knew that if he put his hands on her it would be the way it had always been with them, and she knew it.

She saw what he was going to do and said, "No, Ace, don't. It isn't fair to him." When his arms went around her and he kissed her, she fought back fiercely and briefly. Then the fight went out of her. Her hands responded to his hands, her mouth to his mouth, and her body to his. They pulled apart and Ace laughed. But he stopped laughing when he saw his gun in her hands, the gun he'd had in his right-hand pant pocket, loose and easy for the draw. His lips went white, but he made himself laugh.

Evangeline said very quietly, "I'm going to kill you, Ace."

He shook his head and said, as he had once before, about Freddy, "No, you aren't. You love me too much."

"I don't love you," she said.

Ace really laughed at that, not just pretending any more. He said, "You put on a good imitation when I came in the door. Mighty good, honey."

Evangeline said, "That isn't love. I don't love you and never did. But I can't resist you, Ace, and I don't suppose I ever will." She raised the gun slowly and he knew that she meant it. He tensed. But when she saw him flex his shoulders under his coat she stepped back a pace or two to be out of reach so he couldn't take the gun from her or deflect her aim at the moment of firing.

But the moment never came. The door opened and Freddy's voice said, "Put it down, Evangeline."

THE gun dropped from the end of her arm. Ace swung toward the door and Freddy's big fist hit his face.

Ace was a strong, ruthless man, but he was no match for a man who had spent a year handling boatloads of fish. Outside the window Ace could see the old Evangeline riding at the pier. He knew Freddy must have dropped the crew on his way home. If there had been any crew members aboard they'd have heard the noise of the fight and run up to the house. Ace fought desperately—but what he was fighting for was time. He was fighting his way toward the door. He knew if he could reach it and get a minute's start, enough to get down to the boat, he would be safe. One man could run that boat, big as it was. That was one of the things Ace had taken care of, in case of need, when she was rebuilt on the yards at Lake Union.

He let Freddy batter him to the door and then stumbled as if he were about to drop. Freddy automatically stepped back. Ace grabbed a chair and smashed him hard across the head until he fell, first to his knees and then flat on his face. Ace slapped Evangeline across the room, lest she reach for the gun before he was away.

Ace closed the door behind him and ran down to the pier.

The boat was dark. Only its riding light at the top of the mast wove and bobbed with the gentle movement of the onshore waves.

A shot fired from the house—most likely by Evangeline—went wild and Ace heard the house door open. He heard Freddy floundering through the thick, dry sand high on the beach. Ace leaped onto the deck and ran for the wheelhouse. The dark didn't bother Ace. He knew every inch of the old Evangeline—every inch except the fish well that'd been built since his time. He was running at full speed when he hit the opening and went through it toward the steel deck below.

His body twisted in the air as it dropped, so that he fell face up. For a moment everything was blank. Then with great clarity, as if it had come bright day, he saw Freddy in sudden silhouette, leaning toward him from the hatch opening above. Freddy said something. There was concern in his voice. But Ace did not hear it, or see any more, or feel or taste the blood that filled his mouth. Ace was dead. THE END

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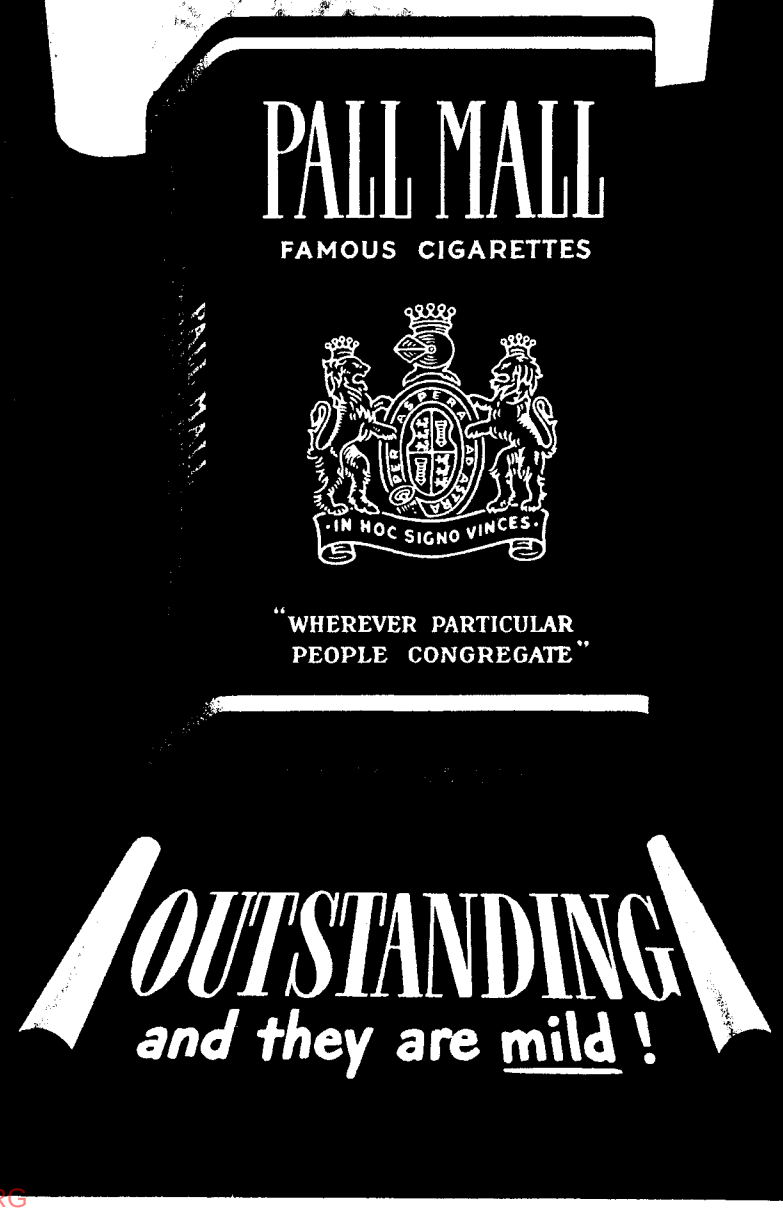

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Curt Simmons

Eddie Sawyer

Robin Roberts

Sawyer of the Phillies

By BILL FAY

Freshman Manager Eddie Sawyer is short on experience but long on memory—and he has a way with young players. He'll be rookie of the year if he breaks the Phils' 16-year grip on the second division

EDDIE SAWYER, the ex-instructor of zoology now managing the Philadelphia Phils, has a master's degree, a young ball club, and a photographic memory. Whatever happens, Eddie won't be able to forget it—as so many desperate Philadelphia managers have tried to do.

Economical Eddie never had to spend money on texts while studying Crustacea and Vertebrata. Instead, he read borrowed books, once—and remembered. Later, he taught (without notes) at Ithaca College. Amazingly enough, he's still able to run down the roster of 1,500 former students—first name, last name, home town—as glibly as he calls off the Phils' batting order.

The only thing Eddie couldn't remember was how to hit a curve ball. As a player, the closest he ever came to the majors was with Newark in the International League and Oakland in the Pacific Coast League. But since 1939, when he made his managerial debut at Amsterdam, New York, Eddie has been climbing steadily—thanks to that elephantine memory.

Example: After Sawyer took command of the Phils last July, rookie infielder Granny Hamner missed a signal. At breakfast next morning, Sawyer (who had managed Hamner at Utica the previous summer) said, "Granny, remember the time we had Wilkes-Barre beaten 2 to 1 in the seventh? You were up, the count was three balls and one strike, we had two men on, none out, and I signaled for you to take the next pitch. But you missed the signal and hit into a double play, and we lost the game. Well, the same thing happened again yesterday. Better keep an eye open for those signals, son."

Part of Sawyer's success can be attributed to the shrewd way he judges young players. Down on the Phils' farm club at Utica two years ago, he watched a rookie catcher beat out an infield hit. When the rookie came back to the dugout, Eddie declared, "From now on, kid, you're an outfielder. You can't squander that kind of speed squatting behind the plate." The displaced catcher was Richie Ashburn, who graduated to the majors last spring and became the Phils' "Rookie of the Year" center fielder.

The Phils are loaded with expensive youngsters —including bonus pitchers Curt Simmons and Robin Roberts. That's why owner Bob Carpenter picked the fatherly Sawyer to succeed blustering Ben Chapman. "Maybe Sawyer's never seen a big-league ball park," Carpenter commented, "but he knows how to get along with kids."

To offset Sawyer's inexperience, Carpenter employs Benny Bengough, Cy Perkins, Dusty Cooke and George Earnshaw, four veteran coaches who have forgotten more about the big leagues than even Eddie is likely to remember. Occasionally Earnshaw analyzes the work of the Phil pitchers via television. The main camera at Shibe Park is located directly behind home plate—a happy circumstance which permits George to log balls and strikes comfortably at his desk in the front office.

Carpenter believes in aggressive scouting and trading. Last winter, Carpenter and Brooklyn's Branch Rickey arrived simultaneously at the hotel suite of Jim Gallagher, the Chicago Cubs' general manager. Gallagher, anticipating Rickey (who wanted to trade for Cub first baseman Eddie Waitkus) had ordered a tray of sandwiches.

In this awkward situation, Carpenter suggested, "Let me talk to Jim for five minutes, Branch, and then you can have him the rest of the day."

"Go ahead, my boy," agreed Rickey, who was confident he had the players Gallagher wanted.

Gallagher and Carpenter went into the bedroom. When they came out three minutes later, Gallagher said, "We've traded Waitkus to the Phils."

Rickey sighed. "In that case, I'll be going."

"Good-by, Branch," Carpenter said. "Guess I'll stay around and eat the sandwiches."

For the first time within anybody's memory, things are looking up for the Phils. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

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☆ ☆ ☆ with the Stars

By ED DANFORTH
Sports Editor of The Atlanta Journal

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THE SQUIRE'S LEGERDEMAIN

IT WAS A STRUGGLE, but Gene Sarazen, the Connecticut squire, finally parted with his No. 4 wood that shot the double-eagle heard 'round the world. Gene gave it to the Augusta National Golf Club just before the 1949 Masters' Tournament, freshly polished. It has been put into the museum case along with sundry implements wielded by great men.

Sarazen always suspected that his No. 4 wood had eyes and perhaps ears. Those who followed him that murky spring day in 1935 would not argue the point, because some of them overheard one of the most remarkable lines in sports history just before the stunning 2 on a par-5 hole.

Gene was playing far back in the field the last day of the second Masters. His partner was his traditional rival, Walter Hagen. Blond Craig Wood was on ahead two strokes better than Sarazen on a basis of par.

As Gene and Walter stood on the fourteenth tee, word came back by underground that Wood was at the eighteenth with par for 283. And as the aging ex-champions started away they heard a throaty roar that indicated Wood had done something, probably a birdie 3. After their second shots, the grapevine brought in the news Wood had canned his 3 and 282 had been posted. Sarazen needed to pick up three strokes to tie and four to win.

"Well, Gene," Hagen croaked, "I guess that's it."

Sarazen was grinning but not smiling. He looked tough as he said:

"Oh, I don't know. They might go in from anywhere."

Sarazen got par at the fourteenth and as he drove a big one from the fifteenth tee, most of the slim gallery that had remained with the old soldiers melted away and headed for the clubhouse. One reporter at least had been unconsciously impressed by Gene's grim: "They might go in from anywhere."

The reporter was standing level with Gene's drive and 20 yards away on a knoll. Sarazen squinted through the gathering twilight, at the green 220 yards away that was guarded by a small water hazard. He took his No. 4 wood and hit a tremendous shot that sailed off into the mists and disappeared from view. It reappeared as it hit in front of the green beyond the water's edge and rolled yards into the cup. The scream that arose from the small gallery waiting at the back of the green carried all the way to the clubhouse where Wood was receiving congratulations and posing for the newsreel camera men.

In one shot Sarazen had picked up those three strokes . . . "they might go in from anywhere," he had said . . . and he finished carefully in par to tie Wood. Gene won the 36-hole play-off next day by five strokes.

★ ★ ★

Nap Rucker, the Georgia redhead, who dates back to the pre-Robby days of the Brooklyn Dodgers, is superintendent of the waterworks at Roswell, Ga., pop. 1,622.

Gene Sarazen

Back in 1916 when Nap's left, or pitching, arm began to lose its cunning, he asked to be transferred to the scouting staff rather than fizzle out in the minors. He earned in his entire career with the Dodgers about as much as the brash young stars of the present day collect in a season, but Nap was frugal by nature and could stretch those dollars a long way. For 20 years he combed the bushes for Dodger talent, but since Wilbert Robinson died, he has been out of baseball entirely.

Nap unlimbered his creaking arm about 10 years ago in a stunt that extended frugality almost to the point of moral turpitude.

An Atlanta sports editor in a puckish moment decided to observe Washington's birthday by having Rucker throw a silver dollar across the Chattahoochee. The idea was inspired by the fact that Walter Johnson, noted pitcher for the Washington Senators, had done it from the very spot of George's legendary throw, 277 feet, which presumably tied G.W.'s record.

Rucker agreed, provided the sports editor supplied the dollars. He would meet the sports ed. and a photographer at a spot marked "X" on the river bank, equipped with his trusty left arm and flaming spirit.

For ammunition, the sports editor figured five silver dollars should be enough, allowing for a few warm-up pitches. Convincing the managing editor was a job. He might okay $5 for "incidentals" on an expense account, but five bucks to throw away was screwy.

Finally, the voucher was signed and a five-dollar bill wrung from the reluctant cashier. It was exchanged at the bank for five new silver dollars.

Rucker was at the spot grinning. The photographer got his camera ready, everything was set. The sports editor handed the silver dollars to Rucker.

Nap hesitated and drew from his coat pocket a small brown paper sack.

"I don't see any sense in throwing those dollars away." he said. "Stopped at the hardware store and bought some iron washers. Same size and weight. Cost 15 cents. Got a dozen. Can't tell the difference in the picture."

The first washer Rucker sailed curved grandly and landed kerplunk in the muddy water. The next one flew over with plenty to spare. And the next one . . . it was easy for Nap.

The sports editor always had wanted to see how far he could throw a dollar, so he tried sailing one of the authentic coins. It landed in the water halfway across and Nap groaned.

"They don't sail like washers," Nap said. "I never would have made it with a dollar." *—Ed Danforth*

★ ★ ★

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THE GOLDEN DART

Continued from page 30

Jones made a sneering-laugh noise.

I took a matchbox from my coat pocket and put it on the table in front of him. He looked at it; everyone did.

"Jones," I said, "you and a man called 'Alfie' took Mrs. Frempton's body to Hooker, who was at Walerswick with the Nancy Jane. In what circumstances did you first see it, and where?"

He sat silent, his face twisted toward me, grinning. Belsin snorted with irritation: "Good God, do you think he'll tell you?"

"Then there is something to tell?" asked Gonzalez.

"Of course there isn't! This won't get you anywhere—any of you."

"Perhaps we could persuade him?"

"There isn't enough money in the world," said Jones.

Gonzalez considered him with half-closed eyes.

"I wasn't thinking of money."

Jones laughed.

"Loyalty," remarked George, "is about the only hope a man has when he's looking about in himself for courage to bear physical pain."

"Jones is loyal," Belsin agreed complacently. "Even if I were dead and every reason for holding his tongue had gone, he would still be silent about things he judged he shouldn't talk about."

"Where did you pick up the girl's body?" I said to Jones.

He grinned at me again. I turned the matchbox on its face. He looked at it again, but he did not understand it. "What's this? Mesmerism?"

"You don't have to look at it," I said. "You can close your eyes if you like, but you'll still be able to hear me open it. James Belsin sent for you sometime last Monday night. He had killed a woman by strangulation and her body had to be got rid of quickly and the murder made to look like suicide. Remember?"

In the dead silence which followed I put two fingers on the matchbox and my thumb against the little drawer. If I pushed it, the drawer would come out at the other end, but in effect the box would remain closed because the open top of the drawer was downward, flat against the surface of the table; it would remain closed, that is to say, until I chose to turn it right side up.

"Remember?" I said again. "Try hard, Jones."

The question which clamored in his mind came out against his will. That was most important to me, *against his will:*

"What—what's in that bloody box?"

"Guess," I said, and pushed with my thumb until a quarter of an inch of drawer showed at the other end.

THE sweat on Jones's forehead appeared so suddenly that a dozen miniature taps might have been turned on in the pores of his skin. Belsin had bent forward to look at him. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded.

"He doesn't feel well," I said. "His nerves. He has a lot on his conscience, of course, but it's not only that—"

"Take it away!" cried Jones. "For God's sake, take it away, you devil!"

James Belsin was probably more puzzled than frightened, but although he did not know what was going on, what the matchbox signified, he could see that something was happening to Jones which was as dangerous as it was strange, and he became almost as anxious as Jones to have the matchbox removed. Belsin reached out a hand, but Gonzalez caught his wrist and held it in a paralyzing grip. He exclaimed with the pain.

"Jones doesn't like them," I said. "He has a thing about them, haven't you, Jones? So let's get on with this. Where did you pick up the body?"

"No! No!" Jones strained backward. "For God's sake, *no!*"

I pushed out the drawer another half inch, slowly. "Where?" I asked.

Jones shouted, "Let me out!" in a scream of anguish.

Charlie caught hold of him. "You sit still!"

The man's eyes rolled and his jaw worked as the horror broke in and flooded his mind. Through the breach, words began to spill:

"The cottage! She—her cottage—on the floor—take it—that box away!"

Belsin's voice cracked like a whip.

"Jones!"

But Jones did not hear it. He had only one sense left to him, his sight, and that was concentrated in terrified fascination on the matchbox.

"Was James Belsin there?"

"Yes—oh! Shut that box—*shut it!*"

"He had killed her?"

"Yes—yes—of course he had!"

"Make it quick!" I said sharply. "I want it all! You've got thirty seconds. I shall either close or open it at the end of that time. It depends on you."

Partial sentences began to form in the babbling torrent his fear let loose. Their

COLLIER'S "There's <u>one</u> door that won't stick any more" NED HILTON

incompleteness did not rob them of meaning.

". . . he didn't know what to do—I found the sack in the scullery—he wouldn't touch her again—I put her in it—marks on her neck—no chance of anyone thinking she'd died naturally—fake a suicide—phoned Hooker—Alfie—the chief copied her handwriting for the note—had to burn all the papers, everything—forgery not too good—wouldn't bear comparison—then there was the kid—what to do with it? Draw the line somewhere, I said. Okay, use it to help the suicide story—take it along too. Alfie—came—lent a hand. Hooker had the boat ready—neither of 'em any use in the tricky stuff—I had to see it through—Hooker to navigate—Prawl Deep—Alfie took over the car—found his place on the map—just right—suited me too for dumping the clothes and the kid—but not so right in the end, you—you—oh, God! What's the matter with me—J.B., tell her to take it away—*she's going to let it out*—" The words were beginning to run together and in a moment they would be gibberish, and then he began to laugh and scream with a dreadful hysteria. I closed the box.

"That's enough," I said. "Charlie—get him out of here. And check that tape—he may have stretched it—"

Charlie lugged him out, dragged him down the passage and up to the deck.

Belsin sat hunched on the seat, motionless. He watched me put the matchbox in my pocket and he controlled his violent curiosity. Charlie came back and sat down again, breathing a little heavily.

"He says now that he made it all up," he remarked, "but when I said in that case he'd better come down again and look in the matchbox, he went off again. Point of interest, what is in it?"

"Nothing," I said, "but he thought there was something. Your psychological selection system let you down," I added to Belsin. "You missed his weakness. He doesn't like spiders."

"Spiders!" Belsin muttered, and then summoned the last of his forces. He straightened his shoulders, and if his voice was thick at first, it cleared as he warmed to the task in front of him. "Let's get down to business," he said.

"This Louise thing, for instance. She was the most obstinate, selfish woman I have ever known. She had every opportunity to see the reasonableness of my point of view, the *necessity* for it, but she could not or would not. She refused to believe it was dangerous to fight me, that I was in any way different, that I could not afford the price she expected me to pay. If it had been money, it would have been easy. But she wanted something I could not give her. She insisted. I refused and refused again, but she would not listen. The thing began to assume proportions out of all relation to its importance—impairing my efficiency, getting between me and my work—"

"You mean she got in your way?"

"She most certainly did! She—"

"Your motive was a personal one?"

"Personal? Of course it was. She might have undone my lifework! It was unthinkable, impossible—"

"Killing for gain, for the sake of respectability—a little of both, perhaps—but in any case, such killing for personal matters is always murder, isn't it?"

"Gain? Respectability? How can you put the need to preserve an empire in the category of profit, or compare the integrity of a king to the respectability of a suburban bank clerk? That wretched woman wanted me to bring our sordid love affair into the open, to acknowledge her as the woman I would marry when she divorced her husband. How could I marry a woman whose husband I had beaten in a business fight, who had gone mad because of some wrong he fancied he had suffered at my hands? Whose wife, they would also say, I had taken from him?

"Judged by ordinary standards, yes, people would say that. Unfortunately, even men like myself find now and again that we have to consider the opinions of the small-minded and ignorant who serve us and our purposes."

"Is that," I asked, "what you are doing now?"

"I am explaining as best I can why something had to be done, and why, as you were the first to see, Jonathan Penrose had to be prevented—"

"We all know," I agreed, "that one murder leads to another. It is almost an axiom. But that is not why you're here—why the rest of us are here. In our opinion, by our ordinary standards, murder is wrong. And you murdered."

He shrugged his shoulders.

I WAS silent for a moment. "We cannot bring the dead back to life," I said, "but we can make sure there are no more of them because of you—because of this divine right you have invented for yourself which gives you the power of life and death over other people. Little people, as you call them."

"And who are you to decide what I may and may not do?" Belsin asked.

"Little people who have caught up with you."

"Stuff!" said Belsin. "You don't know your own weakness! You people never do! Do you think your damned lawyers, your judges and juries could stand up to the power I can use to fight you? With money and influence you can buy anything—*anything!*"

Charlie said, "Except justice."

"Even justice!" Belsin looked round at us. "I can give you two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to divide—in cash—at noon tomorrow. For that, you would have to do absolutely nothing except hold your tongues—as I would mine."

I did not like the look on Father's face. He is an honest man, most of the time, but I could see him trying to divide a quarter of a million pounds by six.

Gonzalez spoke in his softest voice, "I would pay that sum myself to see you hanged, Mr. Belsin. You will have to go higher than that."

"How much?" snapped Belsin.

Gonzalez shook his head. "There isn't enough money in the world."

Belsin's jaw slackened, then tightened again; it was a slight thing, but it was the first real sign that he was beginning to understand. "I think," he said, "that I'm a little out of my depth."

"Seventy-five fathoms," George remarked. "And it's at least three miles if you're thinking of swimming home."

Belsin was looking at me. "I believe you'd do it—you'd hand me over to your policeman and to hell with what happened to you afterward. I don't understand this—at all," he said slowly.

"I also once found myself in the same predicament," Gonzalez murmured. "I also came up against one of them in this mood of doing something because of an idea, a conception. It was a long time ago. They are difficult, so difficult to convince when there is a principle involved."

"Who are 'they'?" Belsin asked in the dawning panic of his uncertainty.

"The Gills," said Gonzalez. "You were unlucky. This young one is all the old one was and more, I think."

Father could not bear it any longer.

"He's right, Eve! He'll pull us down with him! What a hell of a thing this is!"

In the instant Belsin saw division in our ranks and plunged for it.

"Thank God, someone's going to be practical! I still admire your daughter, Commodore, in spite of this. I'm willing to forget any of it ever happened, and furthermore, my offer—"

"You hold your damned tongue, you

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fool!" Father roared at him. "Killing people because they get in your way! That's all good and fine if you've got a job to do—war or revolution or the rights of man! But for *your* sort of reasons. Bah!" His scorn was not for murder but for stupidity. Not for killing but for selfishness.

Belsin looked about him a little wildly. He seemed smaller, and, for the first time, ordinary; Father's blazing wrath would have shaken anyone, even in full possession of self-confidence.

I realized Father's trouble: He neither doubted the man's guilt nor the need to see that he paid for his outrages on the defenseless, but he wanted to hear, and hear at once, if I had any idea how we were to escape the disasters which would follow for us.

"Eve!" Father said. "What are we going to do? We can't let him go free! We can't give him up to Bull! We can't hang him ourselves! We can't—"

"Why not?" I asked.

There was a moment's pin-dropping quiet. I felt the flame of Belsin's hatred as his incredulous eyes turned on me.

"You—you're out of your mind!" he flung at me. "You'd all of you hang too, with the full majesty and benefit of the law to show you and people like you—" His voice broke. "Good God! If I'm not at my desk tomorrow morning at half past nine, every policeman in England with your Mr. Bull in the van, would be wanting to know what had happened to me! And they'd find out! By God, they'd find out!"

"Nutshell," said George, "in a nutshell. That's exactly what's been bothering me all night," and he looked at me with concern in his blue eyes.

"*Well?*" Father stormed.

"If there's going to be a discussion on our side," I said, "it would be better without him. He can go on deck. He can't get away. Let him by, Charlie."

"I'm not sure—" Charlie began.

"I am," I said, and met his doubt with all the insistence I could summon. He hesitated and then moved off the seat to let Belsin out.

BELSIN also hesitated, but obeyed. At the door he addressed us. "Don't forget that several thousand people will starve without me. Don't forget, di Calancar, that you were going to do business with me—big business—"

"Don't forget," I interrupted him, "that the Belsin Corporation has a Committee of Management. It might be quite pleased to try its hand at managing."

He glared at me a moment as though he still found it difficult to understand about me. Then he went out. We heard his footsteps on the companionway and a moment later as he passed by the cabin skylight above us.

"Eve"—Father was more worried than I had ever seen him—"it's clear you've bitten off more than you can chew. The fact remains he's far too important."

"As important as Diana's mother? As important as Jonathan?" I went to the door. "I'll keep an eye on him while you talk it out. For Heaven's sake, talk it out at the top of your voices so that it sounds like the real thing."

"Real thing!" Father shouted, but I did not wait to explain.

I hurried down the passage quietly enough and climbed halfway up the companionway so that my head was at deck level and I could see most of the ship. After the light of the cabin it took me a moment to become accustomed to the gray darkness.

I thought I was beyond all further emotion, so spent was I, but a terrible sense of triumph came over me as I saw now what I had been so sure I would see.

Belsin was at work. Belsin was rolling the helpless Jones over and over across the deck, panting and grunting with the effort. He rolled him to the edge of the deck, he rolled him off it altogether into the sea, and then stood upright like a man who had put down a heavy burden. I could hear his thought: Another witness gone.

If I wondered why Jones had allowed himself to be drowned without protest, I had the answer in the same moment, for Belsin threw something into the sea after his late employee, and I guessed it to be a marlinespike. I climbed the rest of the companionway and stood where he could see me.

"Ah!" he said. He was fifteen or twenty feet away.

I said, "One murder becomes two, two becomes three. There's no end to it, is there, once you dictators begin?"

"I'm not a fool!" he snapped. "My instinct for survival is still functioning. Decided you're in a cleft stick? No way out? Poor little Eve! Listen to them arguing the toss. How clever you've been! How clever! All right, I'm ready to talk sense any time you are. I still want you, you know, and I'm going to have you in the end. But I'm damned if there was ever a harder wooing or a fiercer resistance—"

His voice changed to a pathetic ghost of charm: "It's so utterly *wrong* that two people like us—you and I—should be kept apart by this silly disagreement about principles. What are the deaths of two insignificant creatures against the wonder and magnificence of the life we two could have?"

"They're going to kill you," I said. "There's no question of that. There's a scheme already worked out. It's only a matter of who is to carry out the execution. There are rivals for the privilege."

He knew the truth when he heard it, for I was speaking it. I knew who was going to execute him even if the others did not. That was why I was here.

"Don't fool with me," he said. "I'm not in the mood."

"It's either our way, with a rope," I said, "or yours in your own time—but you haven't long."

I took Jones's ugly little pistol from my hip pocket and threw it along the deck so that it stopped at his feet, catching the feeble light with a gleam of metal.

He looked at it and then unhurriedly picked it up.

But he aimed it too fast and pulled the trigger too hard, for the bullet missed me by a yard. Again I could read his thought as the shot reverberated: The last witness.

He steadied himself, and this time he was going to make quite sure—as sure, I thought, as that short-barreled pistol would let him. With the .32 already in my hand, I had plenty of time, when fractions of a second can be so long.

But before I had fully drawn, there was a flash of flame about a foot long somewhere near my left knee, followed by a crack of sound that seemed to break my ears. Through the deafness I heard Gonzalez' voice from the companionway just below me.

"It was better I should do it," said Gonzalez. "Shooting mad dogs is not work for a girl."

Belsin fell so slowly that Gonzalez had finished speaking before the body spread-eagled on the deck.

"Quickly!" I said. "There must be no blood on his clothes—"

WE HAD done everything which had to be done. Hooker had been released from the back of the Lagonda and sent swearing but safe on his way into some remote obscurity of his own choosing. We made sure also that Jones had either come on foot last night or had been transported to within reach of Marsh House, for we found no trace of any other car than Belsin's parked on or near our road.

When I came at last to my rooms there was little time left except to prepare for Billy Bull's quarter-past-eight arrival.

He came punctually to the minute. A light tap at the sitting-room door, and there he was, spick-and-span and ready for the day in a well-cut, loose-jacketed blue flannel suit, his short gray hair still damp. His first action after greeting me was to show me that his shining brown shoes had red rubber soles.

"You look wonderful," he assured me.

Then Doris brought the tray and prepared the table in the window. I started on my coffee and for the last time rehearsed the story I had decided on.

"Now then," said Billy Bull.

The telephone rang suddenly. Nearly half past eight. Early, but not too early for the trouble to begin.

I did not close the communicating door, for I would not have liked Billy Bull to think I had any secrets from him. Not this morning of all mornings.

But somehow I had not expected to hear the smooth voice of the confidential Mr. Anderson.

"Oh, good morning, Miss Gill," said Anderson. "I do hope I am not calling you too soon in the day, but I have drafted the engagement announcement for The Times in accordance with the instructions the chief gave me yesterday afternoon. He—"

"Just a moment, Mr. Anderson." I raised my voice to reach Billy Bull in the next room. "I think that it would be a little premature to send off an announcement of our engagement before you've seen Mr. Belsin again. I had a talk with him late last night and there has been a change of plan. He will, I'm sure, confirm when you see him that I shall not be marrying him."

"Oh—ah—er—" Mr. Anderson was extremely confused. He was so sorry . . . He had no idea . . . He would take it up with Mr. Belsin immediately he reached the office . . .

"No one is more sorry than I am," I said. "Good-by, Mr. Anderson."

Billy Bull was watching the door for my return. He had stopped eating.

"Oh, dear," he said. "A fly in the ointment?"

"Yes, Billy Bull," I said. "More fly, in fact, than ointment. It is what I wanted to tell you about yesterday, but couldn't on the telephone."

I had no sooner said the word "telephone" than it rang again.

"I am sorry," I said, "but this is inevitable. It's just as well, though, that you're here before the real trouble begins."

He stared at me and put down his cup. I went back to the bedroom, again leaving the door open.

It was Sophie.

"Darling! I knew you'd be awake—if you've slept at all. Jimmy rang me last night—got me out of bed at midnight—said he wanted me to be the first to know the good news because it was all through me! Darling! How wonderful! Tell me quickly. The ring? What sort of a ring is it? A diamond?"

"No, Sophie," I said. "A ruby. There were some diamonds round it."

She hesitated. "What do you mean, *were* diamonds round it?"

"I gave it back to him."

Billy Bull was at the open door, napkin in one hand, watching me and listening intently to my end of the conversation.

"Eve! What are you saying!" Sophie shrilled. "I am so upset!"

I said, "I'm a little out of my mind myself, with disappointment and fury and half a dozen other emotions. But I had to say good-by to him. Sophie, you remember that poor girl I was telling you all about the other night? The one who committed suicide? James Belsin was there, wasn't he, when I was telling you? I told you her name and everything, didn't I? Well, did he say a word about knowing her, or even mention that he'd heard of her?"

"What *is* this?" Sophie asked.

"She was his mistress," I said, watching Billy Bull's face, "for two years."

Billy Bull's expression froze into a mask of consternation.

As for Sophie, I heard her gasp, "Oh, my God!" and she added, "I suppose that does rather tear it."

"Wide open," I said. "And no one is more sorry than I am. I came near falling in love with him, Sophie. There were moments when I was, I think. I can't talk much about it now. It's too close. We'll meet soon, and—"

"But all the same," she came back fighting, "men *are* like that—"

"Not my sort of men," I said. "And it's cost me a Jonathan too."

"Jonathan? But you didn't—"

"I didn't and I don't," I agreed. "But he was tremendously devoted, and it hurt him very badly when he thought it was all settled with Belsin and me—and now he's gone."

"He'll come back."

"No. He won't come back. He's gone and I don't know where he is."

"What's going to happen *now?*" Sophie cried.

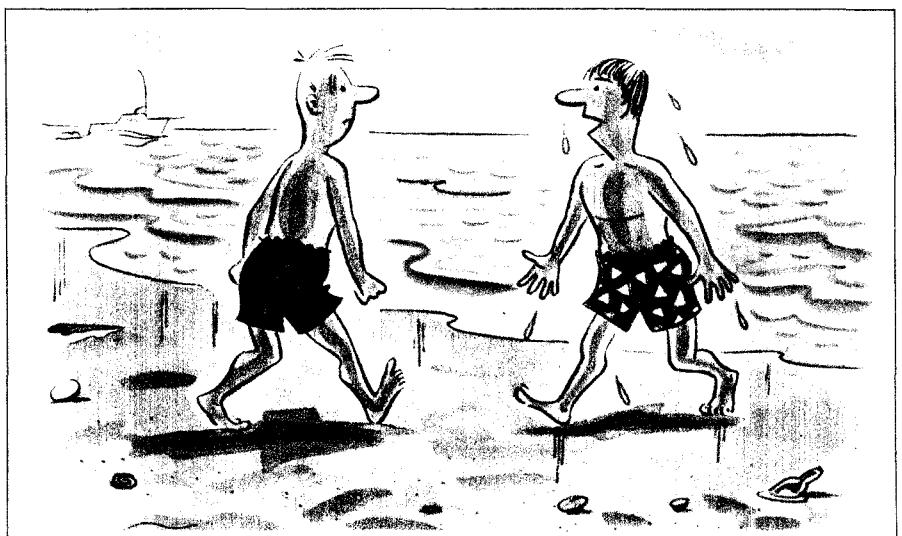
"God knows," I said, "but it's up to Billy Bull now. Good-by. I'll ring you very soon."

BILLY BULL had come right into the room to stand over me, fidgeting with impatience. "Is this true—about Belsin and Mrs. Frempton?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "Two years. He had a place in London specially for meeting her. Number 10, Cork House, Cork Street. He must have got tired of her and she couldn't take it."

Billy Bull rubbed his neck with the napkin.

I reminded him: "You know how



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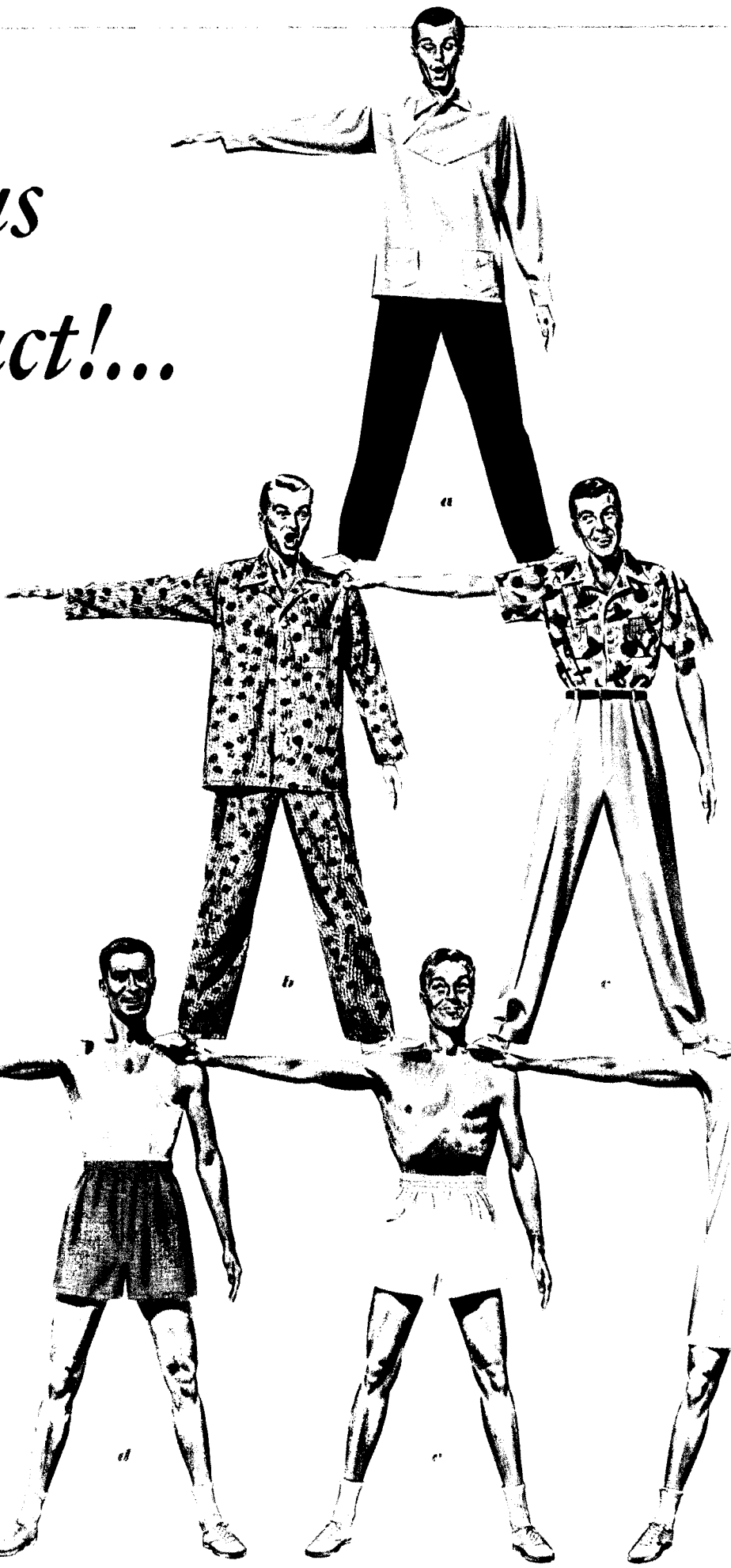

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doubtful I was about the motive for suicide. This makes it obvious. If it *was* suicide—"

"No! Murder is unthinkable! No reason, no evidence. This is quite bad enough—"

I thought of Louise's telephone list in the dower chest which could prove her suicide note a forgery. But it would be better not to use it unless Belsin's people wanted to go on with the war, Billy Bull had recovered a little. "All right," he said. "How did you find out?"

"They used the name of Morgan. Mr. and Mrs. Hilary Morgan. When I taxed him with it he didn't deny it. Only tried to explain it away—said it was 'just one of those things.' Even if he hadn't been responsible for her death, that would have been enough. He couldn't see that, as a woman, I was bound to put myself in her place. I wasn't another man, able to understand how some men look at that kind of thing."

"I'd still like to know how you found out." He'd miss nothing from now on.

"I guessed," I said.

"Guessed? *Guessed* that it lasted two years? And the exact address in Cork Street? The name he used? Try again."

"Of course I didn't guess the details. George looked into it for me. I gave him the telephone number Louise had given to Mrs. Garseed in case Diana was ill or anything while she was in town. George—"

"Who's George?"

"He's staying here. He'll tell you all about it."

THE BOY shot into the room, saw Billy Bull, said, "Oh, gosh, I didn't know old Bull was here," in a voice of great suspicion, and then announced: "Eve—there's a man downstairs who says he must see you at once. His name's Randall. I think he's a crook."

"And who is Randall?" Billy Bull demanded as I took him along the passage. "This is all too damn' fast!"

"This man is chief bottle washer for the Belsin Corporation. Dirty bottles in particular. I don't want to have anything to do with any of them, from Belsin downward, without a witness present. You're the witness. You may even pick up something useful."

Randall was highly polished everywhere, even to his hair, which was plastered close to a thin, small head.

"Mr. Randall? I am Eve Gill. This is Mr. Bull. What can I do for you?"

"Miss Gill—" He hesitated, decided that he knew what he wanted to say, even if I had with me a Mr. Bull, who he knew was the county's chief criminal investigation officer.

"I think I should tell you," I said quickly, before he could begin, "that if you've come here to ask me to reconsider my decision, you are wasting both your time and mine. I have quite made up my mind. I will not change it. Ever."

"Decision—about what?" he asked.

"About what, Mr. Randall? Why, about *not* marrying Mr. Belsin because of his wicked and deceitful ways—"

"I *beg* your pardon!" His eyes seemed to fuse together.

"Please don't ask me to believe," I said, "that you don't know. You, the man responsible for Mr. Belsin's protection from anything which might damage his valuable person and the importance of his good name?" I turned to Billy Bull. "Mr. Randall will be able to tell you much more about this sordid business than I can. That poor, poor girl! How dared he come here with his proposals of marriage within a few hours of her death on his account!"

Mr. Randall had taken a step backward. I pointed at him.

"Ask *him* about it!" I cried. "He knows!"

"Miss Gill," said Randall, "I came here to find Mr. Belsin. He left his house late last night to see you, and—"

"If you knew a little detail like that about his movements, Mr. Randall, you knew about his affair with Louise Frempton!" I said with indignant accusation. "Two whole years!"

"I'm afraid," said Randall, recovering himself somewhat, "I have to admit that this unlikely suggestion has taken me by surprise. I doubt its truth. Indeed, a more outrageous story—really! A man of Mr. Belsin's known integrity!" He made a fair show of loyal anger. "There is such a thing as slander, Miss Gill—actionable at law—"

"There are also other things, even more seriously regarded by the law," said Billy Bull, who, I was glad to see, was not showing any disposition to be fooled by Mr. Randall's indignation. He said carefully, "Miss Gill is informed by a substantial source, I understand, that there was in fact a liaison between Mr. Belsin and the late Mrs. Frempton."

"I cannot believe it!"

"That there is an address in London, a flat in Cork Street, which they used in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Hilary Morgan. You say you did not know this?"

Randall dared do no more than shake his head.

"We, the police, also represent large interests," said Billy Bull.

"Of course! Please don't misunderstand me."

"There is no chance of that," said Billy Bull comfortably.

This seemed the moment at last to put up a small signpost. I said slowly, doubtfully, hesitantly, "I hope—oh, dear—it did not occur to me—oh, God! That would be *awful!*"

Billy Bull looked at me closely. "What would?"

"Heaven knows I feel badly toward him—very, very angry and in fact I hate him—but all the same I wouldn't like to think that he—" I stopped and looked worriedly from Billy Bull to Randall and then turned and made for the door saying that I must talk to Father.

THEY came with me. Nothing would have stopped them. Father was sitting up in his bunk with his breakfast bed table, yesterday's Times propped up against the coffeepot, looking as fresh as a daisy.

He scowled at us, not at all like a daisy. Particularly he scowled at Billy Bull and then favored Randall, hovering a little

Billy Bull no doubt took note of this attempt at denial, but he remained unimpressed.

Now it came:

"Were you about to tell us just now," he said, "that Mr. Belsin did not return home last night?"

Mr. Randall visibly swallowed. This was an indisputable, discoverable fact, and he had to say yes, it was true. That was why he was here. It had never happened before. Never. He always knew Mr. Belsin's plans at least twenty-four hours in advance and was invariably notified of any change in them.

"Had any explanation occurred to you, Mr. Randall, apart from his—er—absence being possibly connected with Mrs. Frempton's suicide and the fact that his relationship with her was known to Miss Gill? Miss Gill tells me that she—er—ah—took it up with Mr. Belsin."

"I am absolutely convinced that if such a relationship existed," Mr. Randall said, "Mr. Belsin would not seek to avoid giving any assistance to the authorities which was in his power."

"He has avoided such a course so far." Billy Bull's tone was dry. "I cannot believe that the report of Mrs. Frempton's suicide in the local papers escaped his notice. Or yours, Mr. Randall, when it would have been your duty to bring it to his attention, perhaps? This is all extremely awkward," he added.

"Yes, indeed." Randall grasped at this straw. "For a man in his position, the scandal would mean untold harm. Apart from any personal question, he represents large interests. Very large."

in the background, with a suspicious glance. "Who's that man?"

"Father, this is Mr. Randall. You know I asked Billy Bull to come this morning to tell him about—about the Mr. and Mrs. Morgan thing? Well, now Mr. Randall, who works for James Belsin, says he has disappeared—"

"Only that he did not come home last night," Randall amended.

"What the hell do I care?" asked Father. "The man's a scoundrel. You're not to see him again, understand?"

"Yes, Father. It's the last thing I want to do. But the trouble is, I'm frightened he may have—have done something to himself—he was upset and talking very wildly—you see—it's *possible*—"

"Steady," Billy Bull put in. "Eve, what time did you see him?"

"It must have been about half past one—that was after I called at your home. I met him outside because I didn't want to wake up everybody."

"You rang him up and asked him to come?" Randall inquired, eyes sharply on me. "The call can be traced—"

"How dare you—" Father began.

"Oh, let him be suspicious!" I said furiously. "I was in too much of a state to do it myself. George Wick did it for me."

I had not ignored the detail that the telephone call could be checked; the most they would find out was that a man had made it.

"I see." Randall was still fighting and braving the Commodore's thunder and lightning. "You aren't trying to forget, are you, Miss Gill, that Mr. Belsin dined at this house last night?"

"Of course, I'm not! Everyone knows he did—and that it became a celebration party for our engagement—that he gave me a ring. All this was afterward—"

"You sent for him?" Billy Bull reiterated. "He came. You talked. He went?"

"He certainly went," I said.

"Well," Billy Bull remarked, "I can understand he might regard himself as being in a considerable spot of bother. Apart from his natural feelings of remorse for his responsibility—shall we say?—for Mrs. Frempton's suicide."

"*Remorse!*" Randall said.

"We're wasting time," Billy Bull said briskly. "I'll start from this end. Presumably he came by car? All right. Where's the car? Not in its garage? Right. D'you think I could have a little help, Commodore? I'll telephone for my chaps at once, if I may."

"I will go to Leiston immediately—" began Randall, but his plan was swept away by a glance of some sternness.

"I would be glad if you would remain with me," said Billy Bull. "I may need your assistance."

"Charlie might be useful," I said, and reached for the house telephone.

Gonzalez provided a slight diversion of which I made the most. He appeared at the nearest French window, a massive and imposing figure, apologized for intruding, and went away. I said, "I hope this doesn't involve us, if only for his sake. That's Señor di Calancar. He represents a foreign government—he's here on a trade mission—and unfortunately he met James Belsin here last night." I worked the telephone handle vigorously. "They began a preliminary business talk, I believe—"

"Yes?" said Charlie's voice in the telephone.

I told him briefly what was happening.

"Well, I never!" he said. "I'll come up to the house."

I put down the receiver. Billy Bull was looking at me. A shadow moved over his keen eyes; it might not have been as clearly defined as actual suspicion, but it could have been a twinge of telepathic contact with the dark secrets I could not hide deeply enough in my mind.

"Don't jump to the conclusion," he said, "that he *has* killed himself."

"I feel it in my bones," I said and shivered. "But I dare say it will turn out I'm being quite silly—and Mr. Randall right. After all, he is such a very important man, with so much at stake in life. Why should he give it up—even for Louise Frempton—or because he had lost me?"

"Why, indeed!" said Mr. Randall.

But was he too emphatic? Maybe he guessed. I did not know then, and do not to this day.

"I know I'm right!" he added.

But he was wrong, of course.

AN HOUR later the black Bentley was found parked behind a clump of gorse bushes a hundred yards down the road, and at eleven fifteen Sergeant Fenny came upon something which settled once and for all the question of what had happened to James Belsin.

Scarcely a dozen yards from where we had found Diana and Louise's clothes the sergeant discovered a man's dinner jacket and a pair of shoes. The jacket had been folded and the shoes placed on top of it, in typical neatness of the suicide in his last moment.

James Belsin's wallet was in the breast pocket. There was no shadow of doubt whose jacket and shoes they were. In the other pockets were various personal objects he usually had on him, although, of course, the large ruby engagement ring was exceptional amongst them.

They never found his body, but they were not unduly surprised, nor thought it suggested more than they already had reason to believe: that the undertow of the tide was quite strong enough to take a body out to sea beyond much hope of recovery. THE END

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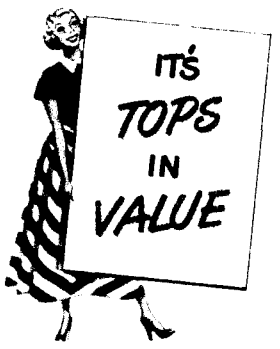

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A ONE-SHOT CURE FOR SYPHILIS

Continued from page 31

Meanwhile, gonorrhea was disabling thousands of men in the armed forces.

Searching for new agents to combat general infections, American and British scientists remembered some revelations by Sir Alexander Fleming, in 1929, of how the mold, penicillin, destroyed bacteria. Early in 1943 they sent a small quantity of the then rare and precious stuff to Mahoney for experiments against gonorrhea.

Doctors at the V.D. lab selected for injections of the new drug five patients whose gonorrhea had persisted despite sulfa. Three days later Dr. Maurice Bucholtz, ward surgeon of the Marine Hospital, came into Mahoney's office. He looked like a man who had just seen the sun rise in the west.

"We've made careful microscopic examination of smears from those gonorrhea patients," he said, "and in three of them there isn't a sign of gonorrhea!"

Mahoney ordered the treatment for 70 more patients. Soon the doctors discovered that even the only two original cases which had resisted the new treatment could be cured with heavier doses, and that penicillin could actually destroy the germ not in three days, but in from four to six hours! From that day on, gonorrhea was, clinically, a dead cinch.

During this time Mahoney was not losing sight of the deadlier enemy, *syphilis.* As a matter of course, he had saved some of the penicillin for experiments with the Spirochaeta pallida. He turned a quantity of it over to his young, reddish-haired assistant, Dr. R. C. Arnold, who has spent all his professional life as a fighter against syphilis.

When Arnold reported back, it was with the same resigned look of disappointment that both men had come to know well. "It didn't work," he said. "I tried it on bacteria from a syphilitic rabbit in the laboratory. The spirochetes were as active as ever."

"Do you want to try shooting it into the rabbit itself, just to be sure?" Mahoney phrases his orders, such as they are, in that way. Arnold shrugged and returned to the animal lab.

More Tests on the Rabbit

Forty-eight hours after injecting the rabbit, Arnold took a smear from its syphilitic sore and put it under the microscope. For a long time he remained glued to the eyepiece, twisting the knobs. Then he discarded the plate, went back to the rabbit's cage and took a new smear, very carefully repeating the whole process. At last, he hurried down to Mahoney's office.

"I can't find a living spirochete left in that rabbit's lesion after the penicillin injection!" he announced. Both men stared at each other. The sun was not only coming up in the west, it was doing loops and sideslips!

More rabbits were injected—with the same results. In ordinary experimental procedure the animal tests would have continued for months, a year, more than that, before the drug would be tried on a human. But penicillin had had no poisonous effects when used to treat other diseases. Besides, we were at war. Human risks were less important against that background. And the stakes were greater. With its usual wartime fervor, syphilis was striking down soldiers and sailors faster at times than the enemy, depriving the draft of 5 per cent of our potential man power, crippling industry with absenteeism.

On May 25, 1943, Arnold had a talk with a young Coast Guardsman, a harum-scarum kid of twenty-five. The Coast Guardsman and his wife both had syphilis, and neither one, it was later established, had acquired it from the other but rather through extramarital contacts.

"Sure," said the youngster. "You can try the stuff on me."

About this time, however, the laboratory's meager allotment of the rare drug was nearly exhausted. Mahoney requisitioned more. The trickle of penicillin this country could produce in those days was rigidly rationed. To say that it was more precious than gold would be a ridiculous understatement. By actual price it was exactly 18 times as precious as gold, but it couldn't be bought. The answer to Mahoney's requisition was, in effect: "Stop using that rare stuff for syphilis. You don't even know whether it will help syphilitics."

"But how can we know," Mahoney argued, "if we don't experiment?" And the reply came back, "Penicillin is for the wounded, not syphilitics."

So Mahoney set his Irish jaw, called in his bacteriologist, Dr. J. D. Thayer, and his chemist, Dr. Stacey Howell, and soon had a special room reeking with moldy vegetation. He was growing his own penicillin! Today that setup is one of the finest small antibiotics plants in the country, but Mahoney admits it would never have produced enough of the drug for the early experiments. About that time, Dr. Thomas Parran, then Surgeon General—the man who is credited with forcing America to realize the seriousness of the V.D. problem—heard of Mahoney's plight. Soon a shipment of 5,000,000 units of penicillin arrived at the laboratory. Its worth was estimated at a quarter of a million dollars.

Every four hours, night and day, the young Coast Guardsman was given 25,000 units of the drug. After eight hours the microscope revealed that the number of spirochetes had been reduced to one fourth of their original number. After 12 hours, they were all gone. The doctors conferred. The evidence was laid before them.

"It's impossible," said one.

"Must be a freak," said another.

Three more patients were selected—a Negro, a Chinese, another white man. Public health doctors don't go in for symbolism. It was mere accident that these men typified the syphilis germ's impartiality to race and color.

In October of 1943, graying Dr. Mahoney stood before a jammed audience of scientists, health officers, physicians and nurses, at the annual meeting of the American Public Health Association. In prosaic, almost inaudible tones, he read a report "recording, in a preliminary way, certain observations" about penicillin treatment of those four patients.

"After the 16th hour," he said, using his most conservative figure, "no spirochetes were observed." The dignified audience broke into applause.

As Dr. Mahoney had said, though, this was preliminary. Before the medical profession would consider penicillin a cure a large number of experimental cases had to be followed up, with blood tests, at regular intervals for years. At first, this was easy. All the patients were seafaring men, and in wartime it was only necessary to get their services or ship lines to give them shore jobs near by and send them in for checkups.

But, as the war drew to a close, patients began to disperse. Sailors are by profession wanderers and by tradition irresponsible. Besides, as the studies continued with different dosages, the follow-up task multiplied, until today the lab is trying to keep track of 5,000 ex-patients. Mahoney's staff found they had a super Dick Tracy job on their hands.

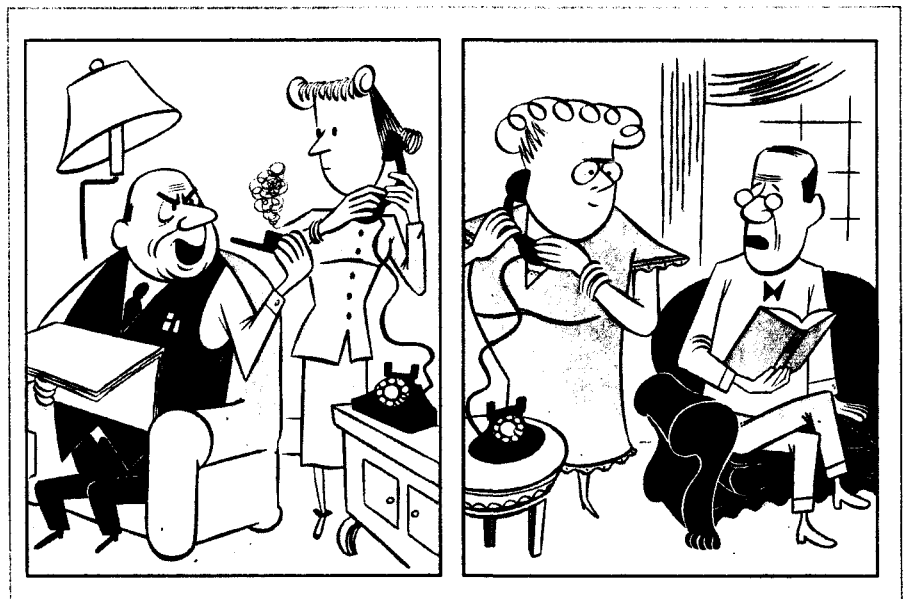
A Lost Patient Turns Up

Tracing their scattered test patients, they wrote thousands of letters, enlisted the willing aid of maritime unions, canvassed sailors' clubs, havens and retreats. After a nine-month search, the original Negro patient was found living in the deep South and brought back with the help of the Red Cross. That was a good thing, because he was found to be in the full bloom of a brand-new case of syphilis! The laboratory cured him again, got him a new job and resettled him close by.

One of the original white men went to sea and was lost to the laboratory despite every effort to trace him. It became a routine to question all new patients about the whereabouts of missing former patients, just on the off-chance they might know them. One day a newcomer said yes, he knew the fellow who had gone to sea and disappeared. He had settled down and had been living for months only 10 miles from the lab.

Locating the patients was not enough. They had to be induced to come in or submit blood samples. Letters to them had to be discreetly worded on stationery that did not contain the stigmatic words, Venereal Disease Laboratory. Many of them came from as far as California, and are still doing it, twice a year.

But many did not respond. They were



"I can't stand those nickel-nursing tightwads but we'll go out to dinner with them just for the fun of outfumbling them when the waiter brings the check"

COLLIER'S CHARLES STRAUSS

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cured, weren't they? They felt fine and showed no signs of the disease. Why bother?

Dr. Arnold and other physicians at the Marine Hospital went after them. Arnold traveled thousands of miles tracking and developed a salesman's approach. Most of the ex-patients were married and settled down. Arriving at a town, Arnold would telephone his man, "I'm coming around to your house. Don't worry, I won't come in. I'll blow my horn out front."

The man would come out, get into the car, and Arnold would drive him to a lonely spot, put together his hypodermic needle and take a blood sample, right in the car. Then he would say, "You can tell the wife I'm a friend from out of town who wanted you to show me a place where I could get my car fixed."

Results of the penicillin treatments were not always encouraging. Dramatic results somehow frighten research men —they're not used to them—and the fear of every doctor in the field was that the germ might develop a strain that could resist the new medicine. They remembered the high hopes for sulfa as a cure for gonorrhea and how the original strain of gonorrhea that resisted sulfa had spread so fast that it nullified the drug.

The failure rate among the first large group of patients to receive the penicillin treatment for syphilis was 20 per cent. As Mahoney says, "Nothing in medicine is 100 per cent," but that 20 per cent figure was dangerously reminiscent of the 20 per cent of gonorrhea cases that defied, and defeated, sulfa.

All calculations on the efficacy of the penicillin treatment might have been thrown off were it not for a medical cross-examination that the laboratory developed in conjunction with its test tube work. Every patient was painstakingly questioned about the origins of his case and fieldworkers were dispatched to follow up clues. This questioning soon revealed a condition the doctors termed "Ping-pong syphilis."

A patient would come in with syphilis and be treated. A few weeks after his discharge he would come in again, still infected, and the case would be considered a treatment failure. But—as investigation of many such cases finally proved —the patient had merely been reinfected by some woman, usually his wife, to whom he had given the disease before treatment. The bulk of the early "failures" were found to be of this type.

Drug Doesn't Cure Quickly

Penicillin is powerful, but it cannot quickly kill all of the spirochetes in a victim's blood stream. So the real problem in using it against syphilis was to keep a concentration of the drug in the blood stream for a long enough time to do the job.

The first penicillin doses were prepared in water. Dr. Chester Keefer, of Boston, found that penicillin in water remained in the blood stream only from one to three hours before the body eliminated it through the urine. That meant that to maintain penicillin in the patient it had to be administered every two hours, a trying schedule and certainly far from the goal of a quick, easy treatment. Dr. Mahoney wrote to other researchers, "We need a penicillin preparation that will produce constant blood concentrations for from 72 to 96 hours for an effective cure."

Laboratories all over the country went to work on the problem. At the Army's Walter Reed Hospital, Captain M. J. Romansky mixed the drug with peanut oil and beeswax—the famous POB preparation—and found that it would remain in the blood from 7 to 10 hours. That was better, but not good enough.

Then came procaine penicillin. Who discovered this is still a matter of litigation among the drug companies, but one story has it that when patients complained that the first penicillin injections were painful, doctors tried mixing the dose with procaine, a local anesthetic. Soon the drug companies were supplying it ready-mixed. But physicians wrote critical letters about the mixture, saying it wasn't pure—sometimes a sediment appeared at the bottom.

One company turned over the "impure" procaine and penicillin mixture to its laboratory for study. This led technicians to the discovery of a salt of penicillin and procaine that dissolved much more slowly than other solubles, according to the story, and gave them a preparation that would remain in the blood-stream 24 hours. That was better, but still not good enough for syphilis.

The Missing Ingredient

During the war, the experimenters recalled, the Navy needed a water repellent that could be applied to the feet of shipwrecked seamen to prevent "immersion foot," a painfully dangerous condition resulting from long exposure to salt water. They found it in aluminum monostearate. Seeking some nonpoisonous compound that would coat the crystals of penicillin and allow them to dissolve still more slowly in the human body, Frank H. Buckwalter, chemist for the Bristol Laboratories, came upon this wartime chemical. He found a way to prepare it with oil and procaine penicillin, and the result was a penicillin product that would remain in the blood stream for four days.

That was it—procaine penicillin in oil and aluminum monostearate, the stuff that would allow Mahoney and his staff to begin the one-shot treatment, with every evidence of success!

At Bellevue Hospital, New York, Drs. Evan Thomas, Charles Rein and D. K. Kitchen have tried the single injection on 41 other patients, with equal success. Additional injections will destroy the germ even in the once hopeless late stages of the disease, where arsenic failed, although they will not cure the damage the germs have done.

Today the little two-room V.D. Laboratory that Mahoney entered 20 years ago has grown to occupy the whole building of what was once the entire Marine Hospital. Mahoney sits at the big director's desk, his hair quite gray now at sixty, and disclaims credit for what the laboratory has done.

"I've just been the administrator, the arbiter," he says. "The staff accomplished the results."

Of the new magic bullet, he says, "We think this is it, all right, but to be absolutely sure we must watch the test cases for a much longer period and try it on many more."

For that reason it will be some time before patients can expect to receive the one-shot treatment from a physician. They can, however, avail themselves of the penicillin cure which is both rapid and simple.

After the new weapon has passed every test, it must still be brought to the field of battle before it can vanquish syphilis. The Public Health Service has a big education job ahead. It must make people realize that they should have blood tests, that syphilis cannot be treated unless it is discovered, and that treatment is not only simple but imperative. Even with the remarkable progress penicillin has already made against V.D. there were 372,167 cases of gonorrhea and 353,394 cases of syphilis reported last year.

In the meantime, Mahoney is taking advantage of his antibiotics plant for further experiments with soil molds, seeking cures for other medical riddles —cancer, influenza, tuberculosis. The same old laboratory program of trial and failure and trial again is under way anew, in different fields. THE END

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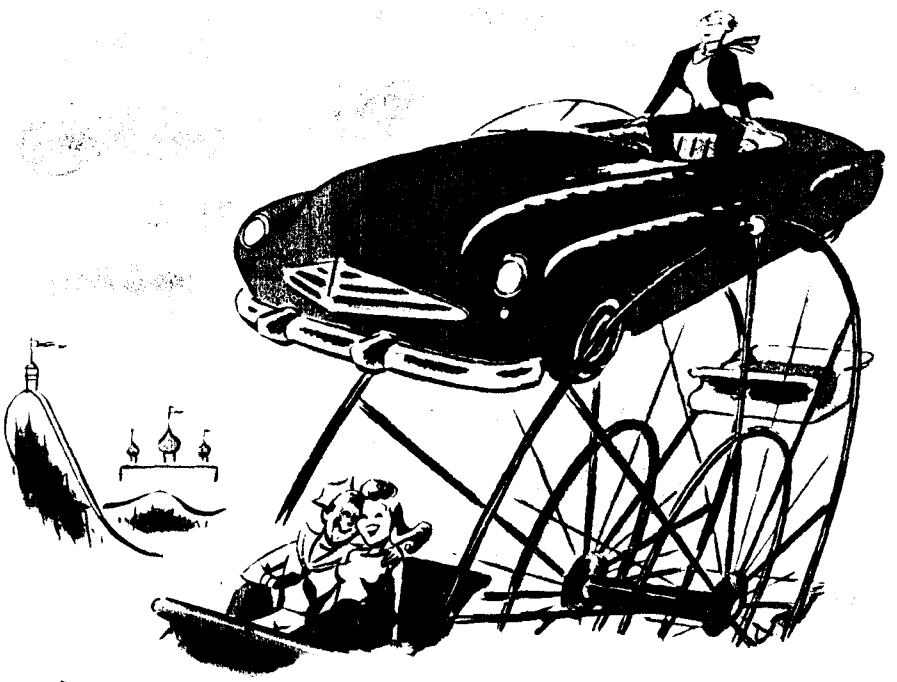

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THE IRON BUTTERFLY

Continued from page 14

The coffee was good and the racing results were apparently rewarding to his cool professional eye. Then abruptly his head swung toward the open porch; he had heard an odd, small sound. But the screen of flowering, tropic vines looked beautiful as usual through the wide windows of bulletproof plate glass. It occurred to Mr. April that he was getting jumpy. After all, the outside stair to the porch was secured by a heavy steel door from the little greenhouse below.

AGAIN Mr. April thought he heard a sound on the porch. He turned his head to find himself in the direct line of fire from a gun in the hand of a moldy, muscular little man. April was startled, but he kept a poker face. "Hello, Al," he said. "What the hell do you want?"

"My ten grand. I want that first. Then I'll take what else you got I can carry."

"You musta been hitting that bottle again, Al. I've got no ten grand of yours."

"You know Cooley's horse room in Detroit? You ought to—your syndicate owns it. Well, I play a grand there last Tuesday on Gallant Rusty. Ten to one he comes in at. I ain't been paid, Jack."

"Oh, that!" April said, his voice relieved and careless. "My collector in Detroit got shot last week and lost his black bag. Lots of guys didn't get paid. I'll call Cooley right now." He reached toward the telephone on a low table.

"Get away from that phone!" Al leaned down and grasped the phone cord and yanked it out of the wall. "The safe's in the wall, there, behind that mirror. Open it. This is me, Jack—Al Conejo. Remember?"

"Sure, I remember." April stared at him a long moment. "What's eating you, Al? I don't get it. We were pals! With your record, you can get ten years for carrying a rod."

"Yeah. You can get ten grand, too—and a lot more," Al advised. "Now git off your bump and open that safe."

April shrugged his heavy shoulders and rose deliberately. He crossed to the mirror and touched a concealed release in the frame. The mirror swung outward, revealing a round door of blued steel. But April didn't open it. "Damn it, Al, I still don't get it," he said irritably. "You'll never get out of here alive."

"Quit stalling," Al snarled. "Mr. Big sleeps all morning; sometimes all afternoon. The whole hotel knows better than to disturb him. Nobody won't come bustin' in here till tonight sometime—without you give a signal. And you ain't going near no buzzers!"

Mr. April began to sweat. "Going to let me have it, Al?"

"Now you got it," Al said.

"But for God's sake, Al, what for? I've always treated you right."

"Sure," Al said with heavy sarcasm. "Like you treated your dandruff. You got everything—and I'm on the skids."

There was a loud rap on the door of Suite Five, and Al spun, caught himself, spun back, the gun held again on April. "Stand still!"

The banging was repeated. Then Bob Charles's voice called imperatively, "Mr. April! Wake up in there! I've got to see you. It's important. Hey, wake up!"

"You don't wake up easy," Al muttered. "And don't start forgettin' it!"

The banging ceased. "Hey, chambermaid!" Bob's voice called. "Come here and open this door, please."

"I wouldn't dare, sir! That's Mr. April's suite, sir."

There was a jingle of keys. "Oh, sir, please! You must be crazy drunk!" the girl wailed. "Please don't open the door!"

There was a grating sound in the lock.

"Get rid of him," Al snarled, backing toward the balcony. "I'll plug you, Jack, for one wrong move."

The door swung open. Somehow the frightened chambermaid managed to get her face inside first. "He pinched 'em, Mr. April!" she bleated. "Honest, he pinched 'em right off my person!" She retrieved her key ring and ran.

Bob closed the door. He grinned at Jack April. "I did, too," he said. "But I had to see you and I've got a train to catch. My name's Bob Charles, Mr. April. Sorry to bust in like this—"

"My friend," Jack April said fervently, "you couldn't have picked a more ideal moment. Sit down." His voice was unsteady. "Have some coffee with brandy—or maybe just some straight brandy?"

"Just coffee, thanks—with sugar and cream." Bob sat down, eying April curiously. "What's the matter? Hard night?"

"No, no," muttered April. "I'm okay." He mopped his wet forehead with his napkin. "It—it's going to be a hot day."

"Nevada's got 'em." Bob grinned.

"Well. What can I do for you, Mr. Charles?" April tried to make his voice natural and friendly.

"You can take these, Mr. April." Bob laid an Air Medal, a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart on the coffee table. "Bill gave them to me the last day in the hospital. He asked me to keep them until someday I came through Las Vegas and could give them to you."

"So—you knew him?" April's tone had changed. For a moment he almost forgot all about the moldy little man behind the curtains. "You knew the kid?"

BOB fingered the Air Medal, a little embarrassed all at once, at a loss for words. "I was his skipper," he said.

April reached for the medal. "A damn' good one—the kid." There was a loneliness, a kind of reverence in April's voice. "Yeah, he was real people." He reached for the other bits of metal dangling from their bright-barred ribbons. There was a silence. Then April said—and now he had entirely forgotten the little man behind the curtain: "Mind if I call you 'Skipper'? That's what the kid called you in his letters. Tell me everything you can remember—"

"I'll do my best—may have to hurry some," Bob said. "Train leaves in about forty minutes, and my mother's waiting for me down in the lobby." . . .

As a matter of fact, Bob's mother wasn't anywhere near the lobby. She was in Jack April's greenhouse directly below the vine-covered balcony, talking to Jack April's gardener about fertilizer.

She had arrived there by a peculiar method entirely her own. Her intentions had been good. She had really meant to stay put when Bob left her. But, sitting in the lobby, she had suddenly begun to sniff the air. The fragrance was faint but unmistakable. Southern Cape jasmines were blooming somewhere, growing and blooming in this hot desert town.

"Impossible!" Mrs. Charles told herself. "Positively impossible! They'd never on earth stand up under this heat." She arose purposefully and set forth to solve the mystery.

Louise Jones's mood had not changed by the time Mrs. Charles fluttered up to her and murmured, bright-eyed, "I just know I smell Cape jasmines!"

"I want to forget business, but I keep thinking about my nice cool office"

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Louise said, a little on the short side, "You probably smell these godforsaken gardenias, madam." She lifted one of the dewy corsages that had just arrived from the florist and slapped it down on top of a tray of candy bars.

"They are not gardenias, my dear," Mrs. Charles's voice was gently courteous, but very firm. "They are Cape jasmines. I smelled Cape jasmines *growing*. Where is the garden?"

Louise knew when she was licked. In response to Mrs. Charles's next statement—"I have a remarkably sensitive nose"—she could only wave toward the patio and say weakly, "Well, follow it."

"Thank you," Mrs. Charles said with dignity. She moved toward the patio, feeling very elated about things. Her purse was richer by a chocolate bar and two packages of clove mints which she had managed to extract from the showcase tray while talking to Louise.

The garden stretched the whole block length of the great sprawling hotel. It was an Arabian Nights dream of exotic perfumed loveliness.

Directly in front of Mrs. Charles was a tall signboard which stated that guests were not to pick the flowers.

"Roger Lambelins," Mrs. Charles breathed. "A whole cloudburst of Roger Lambelins in full bloom!" She walked around the sign and right into the middle of a small sea of roses.

Their stems were tough. Not for worlds would she have rudely torn or jerked them loose. However, Mrs. Charles's handbag was not voluminous for nothing. Down in the very bottom was a pair of scissors which she had unobtrusively removed from a drugstore counter two days before.

She was snipping away with a will when a freckled young man in overalls, trundling a loaded wheelbarrow, rounded the path from the left.

"Hey, lady!" he gasped. "Hey! Can't you read English?"

"Of course I can!" Mrs. Charles said brightly over the top of her Roger Lambelin bouquet. "Also French and some German. What is your problem, young man?"

"That sign, there at the front," he said hoarsely. "It says don't pick! It says plain—"

"I didn't pick!" Mrs. Charles said. "I snipped—at the proper angle and always just above a bud."

"I don't care how you did it, lady!" the gardener said. "Drop 'em, won't you, for the love of Pete? Get 'em out of sight before the boss sees you!"

"The boss?"

"Mr. April. He'll bounce me right out of here."

"Oh, for pity's sake!" Mrs. Charles laughed. "Mr. April is a kind and generous gentleman. He is completely above such petty behavior. Stop worrying!"

"You—you a friend of his?"

"He and my son are very close." Mrs. Charles was rearranging her roses. "My son is with him now—talking over old times in Europe. Mr. April said while I was waiting to make myself completely at home in his garden."

THE gardener picked up the barrow handles. "Oh," he said, with obvious relief. "Oh, well, that's different, then. I can work down here now, seeing he's already awake." He turned on the path, and Mrs. Charles tripped along beside him on her high heels, eying the contents of the barrow.

"What's that—in that can?" she asked.

"Liquid fertilizer," the gardener said. "Mr. April's special formula. Powerful stuff. Two drops in a quart of water does it for a whole month."

"My, my!" Mrs. Charles marveled. "What I wouldn't give to have some."

"I'll give you a sample, seeing you're Mr. April's friend—if I can find an empty bottle in here." They were at the greenhouse now, just below Jack April's vine-covered balcony. The gardener dropped the barrow handles and went into its lush, cool, earthy-smelling dimness. Mrs. Charles followed.

He had found an empty bottle; he was pouring in some of the special formula. "Ants!" Mrs. Charles said suddenly, bending down beside a flat of plants. "You've got ants in here!"

"Here you are," the gardener said. "Careful with it—it's plenty powerful."

"Oh, thank you—thank you so much!" Mrs. Charles took the bottle and put it on top of the candy bars, and a couple of bulbs she had purloined.

"Whatever do you do for your ants?"

"Try everything," he said. "We just got in a new sample job over there—guaranteed, it is." He waved toward a long wooden table, and Mrs. Charles moved over and picked up the bottle. It was two-thirds full.

"You've tried this, too?" she asked.

"Yep," the young man agreed. "And it lays 'em out—for a while. Then they

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get up and walk right off again. Well, I left my spray back there in the damask rose bed."

The gardener went out. Mrs. Charles tripped back to the table and filched the sample bottle. Then she went exploring into the greenhouse, and found the Cape jasmines there.

Having solved the mystery, further hothouse exploration seemed pointless. Mrs. Charles made her way back to the entrance. The door was closed—and locked!

"That stupid young man!" Mrs. Charles seethed. She rapped imperatively on the latticed panel, then peeked through. The garden, or what she could see of it, was deserted. She stopped rapping and began to reconnoiter.

THUS it was that she came upon the steel door which Al Conejo had left off the latch for a quick getaway. She gave it a polite push, and when it opened, she went through it and mounted the stairs to the vine-covered balcony.

Al was crouched, profile to her, just outside the opened balcony door, holding a blue-nosed automatic on Jack April. At least, Mrs. Charles assumed the man in the yellow dressing gown was Jack April, since he was chatting with her son inside—as though neither had a care in the world.

The crouching gunman looked deadly—obviously planning to shoot someone.

Mrs. Charles dropped the roses and snatched off a high-heeled shoe. With the slipper poised she looked again.

The gunman was still crouching behind the curtain but, inside, Bobby was on his feet and shaking hands with the gentleman in the yellow dressing gown. Apparently nobody had been shot. Bobby completed his good-bys, crossed to the hall door and left the suite.

On his exit, the fires of Mrs. Charles's maternal fury cooled abruptly. Who was going to kill whom was strictly a matter between the gunman and the yellow dressing gown, and no concern of hers. Carefully she leaned over to remove the other shoe, hoping to leave without disturbing the man with the gun.

Unfortunately, the slipper stuck. As Mrs. Charles, standing storklike on one foot, yanked at it she lost her balance and crashed to the porch floor.

Al whirled like a ferret. Seeing that the intruder was female and a total stranger, he rammed his gun out of sight in his coat pocket. "Who's the frill? What the hell's going on here?"

"I never saw her before in my life," said April. He took a step forward, scenting a new reprieve. "But she can have the joint for her birthday."

"I am *not* a frill," said Mrs. Charles rather irritably from behind the blue hat, which had got mashed over her eyes. She scrambled to her feet. "Please excuse me. I'm really nobody. I—I just took the wrong turn is all."

"Yeah?" grated Al skeptically. "Then how come you land up here in your sock feet? Wadda ya nosin' around for?"

"You are very rude and vulgar," Mrs. Charles said regally, "and I mean to go right downstairs and report you to the hotel manager."

Al could feel sweat starting on his upper lip. News of his presence on the porch was the last thing he wanted. "Okay, lady," he said. He jerked his head toward April's figure, motionless in the doorway. "This here's the boss, Mr. Jack April. He owns this hotel. Go on—report me!"

Mrs. Charles turned. "I am Mrs. Robert Lee Charles II, of Baltimore. How do you do, Mr. April."

"Pleasure, Mrs. Charles—unexpected one, too. I met your son for the first time a few minutes ago."

"Robert, oh, yes—a dear boy." She bent down, putting on her slippers. "Impulsive, but so sweet, so—"

"The hell with that, lady!" Al muttered. "Tell her who I am, Jack. Your bodyguard."

"A bodyguard?" said Mrs. Charles, straightening up. "How utterly fantastic! Whatever does a strong, tanned, wonderfully set-up man like Mr. April need a bodyguard for?"

"He needs one to keep daffy dames off his balcony," Al said. "He gets tanned taking sun baths right here on this porch. He's coming out to take one right now, lady—buck naked. So git back down them steps."

"The male form is no news to me," replied Mrs. Charles with crushing dignity. "I was married at seventeen, and I have been twice married since, Mr.—er—I beg your pardon, but I don't think I quite caught your name."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Charles," interrupted Mr. April. "This is Mr. Conejo, Mr. Al Conejo."

"Interesting name—foreign flavor, quite romantic," mused Mrs. Charles. "As I was saying, Mr. Conejo, I have been married three times, and if we can keep it a secret just between the three of us—"

"There's only one secret between us three, lady; that's my being here!" Al jerked out his automatic. "And you ain't going anywhere shooting your yap off. Now git inside and over against that wall—with your hands up."

"Dear me!" gasped Mrs. Charles. "A gun! I had no *idea!* Is that loaded, Mr. Conejo?"

"Please do as he says, Mrs. Charles." April's voice was tense. "The gun is loaded, all right."

"All right, Mr. Conejo, of course," she said soothingly. She raised her hands and moved over against the wall. "I knew all along you weren't Mr. April's bodyguard. Are you a professional criminal or just a poor, hungry unfortunate?"

Al shifted his eyes to the gambler, jerked his head toward the wall safe. "Okay, Jack!" he ordered sharply. "Spin the latch on that locker!"

Again April hesitated.

"G'wan, Jack," growled Conejo. He raked the muzzle of the automatic across the lapel of the dressing gown, jerking it open and exposing the upper portion of April's bushy chest. "You ain't wearing no bulletproof vest."

"Bulletproof vest!" Mrs. Charles gasped. "Do you sometimes *really* wear one, Mr. April?"

April moved slowly over to the opened mirror. He opened up the safe and reached for two small steel dials.

"A hidden safe!" Mrs. Charles cried.

"Okay, Jack, put 'em up and move over. Keep your face to the wall." As April complied Al crossed warily, holding his gun on the yellow back. He reached up and dug a grimy hand into the mouth of the safe. It came out full of bills. Al's beady little eyes widened at the denominations. He stuffed the bills into his coat pocket and reached into the safe for a second helping, then a third.

In his haste he overstuffed his left pocket; two crisp hundred-dollar bills fluttered to the floor. He started to reach for them, cast quick, apprehensive glances at April and Mrs. Charles, and then decided against it.

"I'll fetch them for you," offered Mrs. Charles helpfully, starting away from the wall.

"Git back in your box," snorted Al. Then he dropped a whole fistful of bills. He knelt down, eyes still on April, and felt around feverishly on the floor for them. He stretched and fumbled, sweat dripping from his chin.

"You poor man!" Mrs. Charles cooed. "You're nervous as a cat. You've missed one—there, under the chair, to the left. There! No, that was the last one."

The bill that Al was stuffing into his pocket was *not* the last one. There was another, with $100 clearly engraved on it, which had slipped under the chair. Al, his eyes on April's back, had overlooked it. April, his eyes on the wall, hadn't seen it at all. But Mrs. Charles knew where the bill lay almost as though she could see clear through the chair that concealed it. Al scrambled to his feet and felt around in the safe. It was empty.

"Now, you mustn't go down in the garden shaking like you've got the ague," Mrs. Charles said gently. "It's full of people. They'll just *know* you've been into mischief. What you need is a nice, cool drink."

Al's eyes slid away from Mrs. Charles's animated, dimpled face and fastened on April's back with a calculating look. He couldn't plug April with her staring at him. She'd scream or start having hysterics and he'd have to let the air out of her, too. Al wasn't squeamish, but shooting little gray-haired old ladies wasn't smart. No, he'd better get rid of Father Rat first, then tape the dame up and be on his way.

"Okay, lady," said Al. "Open the bar. Jack and me have got a little business in the bedroom."

"Now, that's what I call being real friendly and sensible." Mrs. Charles was already halfway to the bar. "Bitters?"

"Naw," said Al. "Git going, Jack."

Slowly April backed away from the wall.

"I think we all need a nice, cool drink," Mrs. Charles was chattering cheerfully. "It's so warm this morning. What would you like, Mr. April? I'm having brandy."

"Don't bother with me this round, Mrs. Charles. I'm passing."

MRS. CHARLES turned, wondering at Mr. April's odd tone. She watched the two men stop at the closed bedroom door. She saw Al jab at the back of the yellow dressing gown savagely with the gun.

"Mr. Conejo!" she called sharply. "Stop that this moment! For goodness' sake, can't you let him have his drink *first?*"

Al jumped at her words. "Shut your trap! Or I'll plug you full of holes!"

"When I'm fixing you a drink? That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of," Mrs. Charles stated flatly. "It's absolutely idiotic, Mr. Conejo, and you are not an idiot. You are a very smart man. You've handled all this very cleverly. You've got Mr. April's money, so there's simply no sense in plugging anybody. Mr. April can't call anybody if you just tie him up and stuff a towel in his mouth."

"Sure," snorted Al. "With one hand. And what'll you be doing?"

"Oh, I'll help you," Mrs. Charles said eagerly. "I'm quite good at it. I had to tie up my second husband to keep him from running away with a grass widow. You stuff and I'll tie." She squirted seltzer into the glasses. "This one's for you, Mr. Conejo—the double." She held out the tall, cool glass invitingly in front of him.

Al could see the little bubbles rising around the ice. He needed the drink now, in the worst way. He seized the glass and gulped like a thirsty dog.

"And the single ones are for Mr. April and me." Mrs. Charles fluttered her eyelashes at April. "Goodness me now, that might be symbolic. Are you single, Mr. April?"

"Yes," said April.

"You *are!* Well, I'm not sure I want to be left alone in a penthouse with a single man. Even if he's tied up." She darted a roguish, sidelong glance at Al. "Would I be safe, Mr. Conejo?"

Al's face was white. "Safe—like in—cemetery," he said slowly. The words

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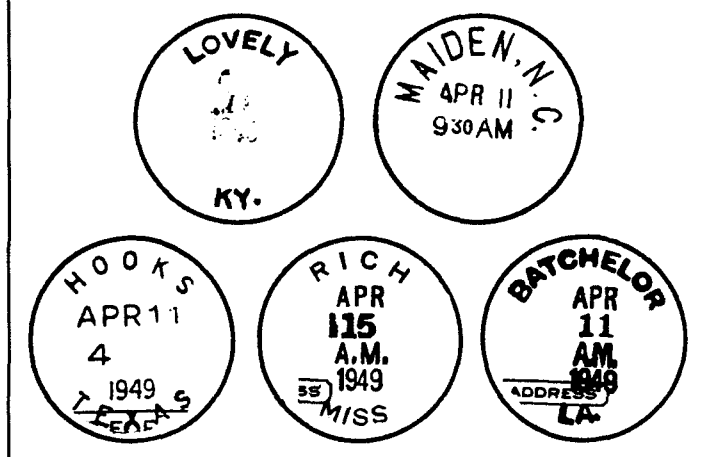

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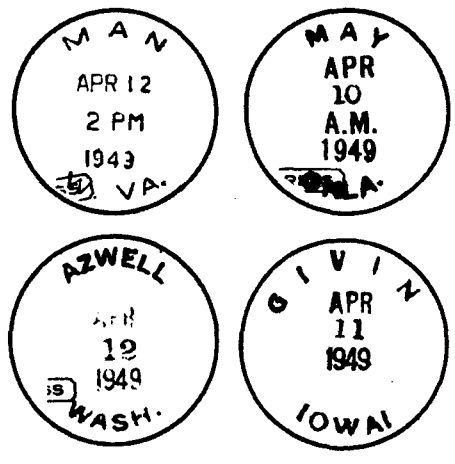

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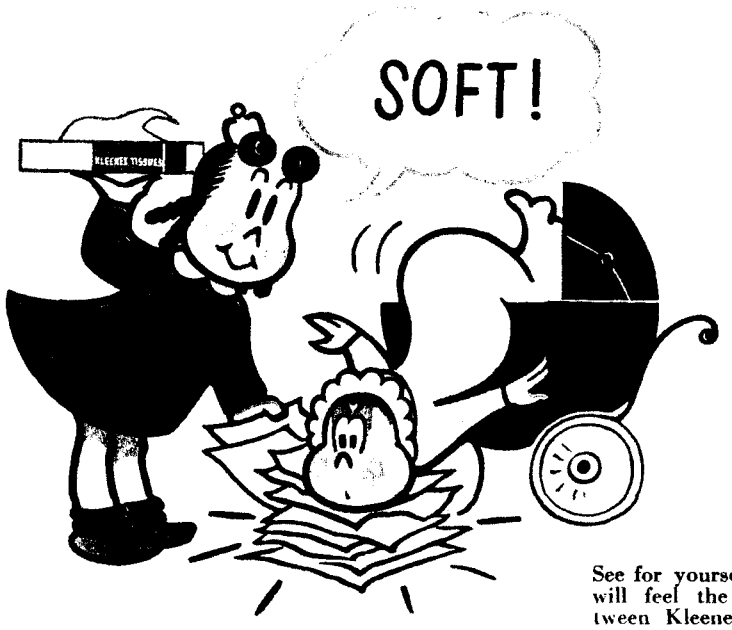

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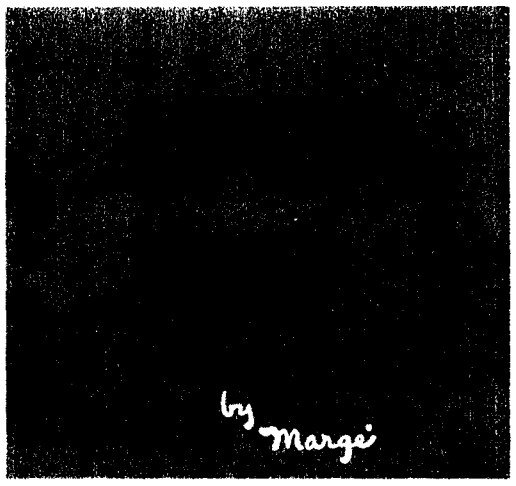

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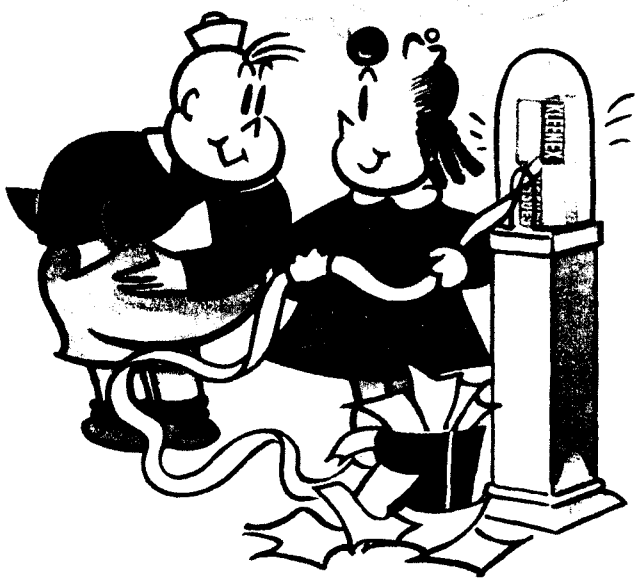

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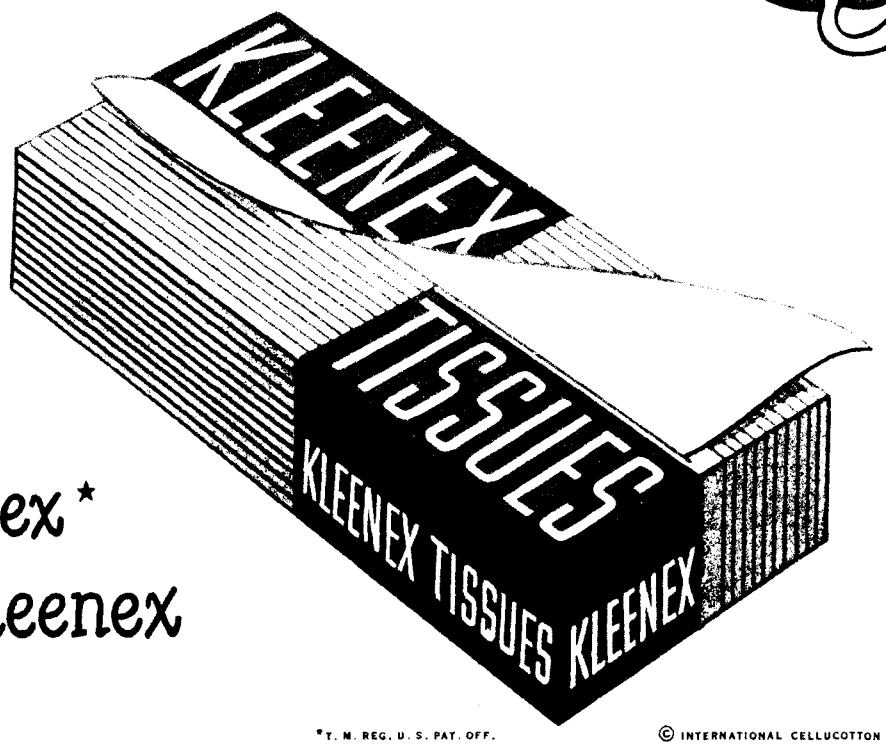

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slurred. He tried to steady the gun. "Why—you—you," he gasped. The glass fell from his left hand, smashing on the carpet. And then he crumpled like an empty sack and flopped to the floor.

Instantly, Jack April seized the gun. "Get back of the bar—on the floor!"

"Oh, for pity's sake!" Mrs. Charles said. "He's not going to get up for a while and start shooting. You have plenty of time to get your money."

"Why won't he? Did you slip a Mickey in that drink?"

"Of course not." Mrs. Charles laughed. She lifted a bottle from her bag. It was empty. "I just poured some little old ant control in it. It doesn't kill people; not even ants. They just get up and walk off after a little while. The gardener said so!"

April dropped to the floor beside the gunman. He felt for a pulse. "It did more than that to our friend," he said. "It killed him."

"Forevermore!" Mrs. Charles gasped, properly shocked. She lifted the bottle and started to read the directions to herself, her small red mouth forming the phrases carefully, as if to be certain of their meaning. "Forevermore!" she gasped again. *"Forevermore,* Mr. April! *I should have sprayed!"*

The stillness that followed was pierced by a bellboy's voice: "Mrs. Charles. Mrs. Robert Charles. Mrs. Charles, please!"

Mrs. Charles seemed not to hear it. She backed carefully to a chair and sat down, staring at the inert form on the floor. Her fingers fluttered against her side; her lips paled and trembled ever so little; the pink drained from her cheeks.

She's going to have hysterics on me, April thought. He didn't want the whole hotel rushing up here to find a screaming dame and a recently deceased hoodlum.

"What happened was just an accident, Mrs. Charles," he said tensely. "Now, we've got to pull ourselves together. All I know is you dropped in out of nowhere and did me a big favor."

"Please, Mr. April—don't mention it!" Mrs. Charles shuddered.

"Mention it? Are you kidding? Al's our little secret." April was talking fast, in a steady reassuring voice, fighting to snap her out of it. "Now, let's go out on the porch and get some air."

Obediently, Mrs. Charles leaned forward, bracing her hands on the chair arms. She seemed to stick there. "I—I can't get up," she said helplessly. "Perhaps something to brace my nerves—"

APRIL almost tripped over Al in his hospitable haste to get to the bar. He picked up the glasses and presented one to Mrs. Charles, still talking fast. "Here's to my pardner. A lovely little lady; a *quick-thinking and courageous little* lady."

He knelt down to rescue his money. Al's automatic tumbled from his dressing gown pocket and slid out of reach under the couch. April gave it a dirty look and went on retrieving his currency.

"Was little Mr. Conejo a really bad man?" asked Mrs. Charles. Her voice sounded as if she had a catch in her *throat.*

"Now, don't you go getting upset, Mrs. Charles."

"Upset? Why should I be upset?" Plainly, she was bolstering her morale. "A man who goes around threatening folks with guns is better off—"

"Dead!" April finished for her.

"And besides . . . there's a very strict law against . . . what Mr. Conejo was doing." Mrs. Charles spoke slowly, trying to talk down the lump in her throat. "If he had shot you, I should have had him arrested immediately."

April got to his feet, dressing gown pockets bulging with bills.

"Strange, unhappy little man," Mrs. Charles said sadly. "I'm sure he had a bitter childhood, undernourished, probably beaten. If he *was* a bad man, it was only because he bore a grudge. Poor twisted, tortured creature. Well—he's beyond all earthly trouble now."

"Sure." April nodded piously. "Like I said—you did him a real favor."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Charles, "I suppose I did. And now, couldn't you cover him up or something?"

"Of course!" April jumped to oblige her. He peered about for a suitable covering, and his eye caught the crap table. He strode over, snaked off the leatherette cover, strode back, knelt and fitted it as neatly as possible over Mr. Conejo. As he did, he shot a couple of quick, appraising glances at Mrs. Charles. She was absorbing another brandy and had ceased fluttering. April decided that the time had come to talk business.

"Mind if I make a suggestion?" he began affably, rising and joining her at the bar.

"That depends," she said demurely. "I don't really know you very well, Mr. April."

"How'd it be if you don't know me from Adam? If you never came up here this morning; and you never heard of Al Conejo? How about me putting Al in a bag of cement and dropping him in Lake Mead?"

Mrs. Charles shuddered. "Oh, well, it *would* be more convenient if you managed the cement. But you *must* let me attend to the flowers."

"Promise me," April continued, "that you'll never breathe a word of what happened up here this morning—not even to your son."

"Never?"

"*Never*—to anybody."

"Mother! Mother, where are you?" There was a banging below, loud and demanding. It was Bob Charles. "Damn it, the greenhouse is locked. Got the key, Miss Jones?"

A female answer floated up from below. "Certainly not. Joe's got the key. Your mother couldn't be locked up in the greenhouse, Mr. Charles."

"You don't know my mother. Is that Joe with the wheelbarrow? Hey, Joe!"

"Oh, my gracious!" Mrs. Charles turned frightened eyes to April. "Bobby will be furious when he finds out—simply wild." She was fishing desperately in her bag for some cloves. "He's so fussy about brandy on my breath." She popped a clove into her mouth with a shaking hand. "Especially in the morning."

"How's he going to like ant poison on Al's breath?"

"He won't like that, either," Mrs. Charles squeaked around the clove. "He's *so* conventional."

"We won't tell him. Not a word—*nothing!* I'll stash Conejo. You get out on the porch and stall 'em." He snatched up his coffee cup, and thrust it into her hand. "Here, we were having coffee."

Mrs. Charles felt herself abruptly propelled toward the porch by a short push. She hated being pushed. But protest died on her lips as she saw Mr. April bend down and scoop up the shrouded figure on the floor and cross to the crap table. She fled to the porch.

April dumped the body in the crap table. The green baize sides were a foot high, to keep dice from falling out. Hastily he fitted the snug leatherette cover over the big table. It stretched taut from side to side, no bumps showing. April slammed the safe shut and swung the wall mirror in place.

On the porch, Mrs. Charles settled comfortably back on a chaise longue. She took a sip of coffee, wrinkled her nose a little because the coffee was stone cold, and peered down through the vine-grown railing.

She could see the gardener unlocking the greenhouse door. Bob and the girl in linen disappeared inside. Mrs. Charles heard a mumble of muted voices, growing nearer.

"Why, it's unlocked!" It was the girl's voice at the steel door at the foot of the stairs.

Mrs. Charles heard Bob's firm step on the narrow stairs, and then came Bob's voice:

"How on earth did she manage to get herself up here?"

"She has a remarkably sensitive nose," the girl said. "She followed it."

"If you are trying to be funny about my mother—"

"But I wasn't being funny," the girl was protesting. "She went looking for Cape jasmines—"

"Yes, Bobby dear, that's just what I did!" exclaimed Mrs. Charles, rising to meet them. "You see it was such a beautiful day and the gardens were simply dazzling and everybody was so terribly kind to me—everybody except you, that is, because you wanted to make me wait all by my lonesome in that enameled barn of a lobby. So I just stepped out into the sunshine for a moment and found myself in an absolutely enchanted garden, and a wonderfully friendly young man appeared and simply forced me to take a sample of fertilizer and a new absolutely guaranteed sirup for—"

"Well, well, well!" April stepped out on the porch, buttoning a sport jacket. "So you two found each other. I said to Mrs. Charles that if she would just relax for a moment here on the balcony—"

"That's just what I've been doing, Bobby dear! Relaxing and having a cup—"

"And we've missed our train!" Bob exploded.

"But, Major—didn't your mother tell you?" April cried heartily. "You're not taking the train. You're having a ranch brunch with me, and flying—"

"Are we?" said Bob, a little bleakly.

"Yes, Bobby—we're *flying* back," Mrs. Charles chimed in on cue. "We're not taking the train. We're having brunch. I said to Mr. April I can't stand another meal on that train—"

"What are we flying in?" Bob's voice was on the caustic side. "And who's paying for it?"

"Bobby!" said Mrs. Charles, shocked.

BOB knew his question was not tactful. But he wasn't the tactful type—and he didn't like Jack April much. Bob knew, as did anybody who read the papers, that April had started out as a triggerman in Detroit; that he had been indicted, though not convicted, for traffic in narcotics; and that he ran a national and thoroughly illegal racing syndicate. Bob didn't want any favors from him.

"You can go commercial air lines, as my guests," offered April smoothly, "or pilot the hotel's plane yourself. Ever fly a UC-78, Major?"

"Yes." He looked at April. "I don't get the angle. When I was up here thirty minutes ago, you didn't offer *me* any airplanes."

"Thirty minutes ago, Major, I hadn't met your mother."

Mrs. Charles dropped her eyes and blushed prettily.

Louise Jones stood on the stairway watching her. What's cooking this morning? she thought. April is up to something.

"Really, Bobby dear," Mrs. Charles twittered at her son's stone face, "can't you smile or something? I think you're being terribly stuffy this morning."

"Major, how'd you like to go to work for me here at the Jacaranda?" said April unexpectedly.

"Thanks. I've got a job," Bob said briefly.

"Bobby!" Mrs. Charles scolded. "You know what I've told you—you must never lie."

"Then he doesn't have a job?" April asked.

"Of course not," Mrs. Charles said. "As a matter of fact, we are temporarily without funds. All we have is our train ticket back East. You see, after our trouble with Cousin Bartholomew—"

"Mother!" Bob said. "Please. I'm sure that Mr. April isn't the least bit interested."

"No?" April pulled out of his pocket the three medals that Bob had given him earlier. "I was kind of bowled over when you gave me the kid's medals. And I had something else on my mind. But you were a friend of his and if you need a job, then you've got one. That's all there is to it."

"But—" Bob started.

"Brunch, boss," a rasping voice announced. A thickset figure with pendulous arms was glaring at them from the doorway. He was impeccably dressed as a waiter.

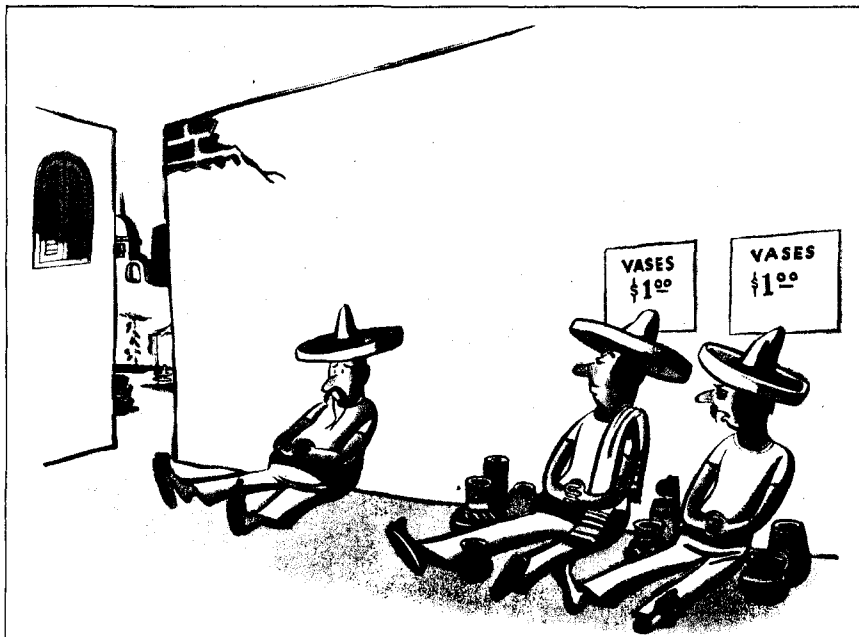
"Okay, Goldie," said April cheerfully. "Serve it out here on the porch."

"But that—why, that's miraculous," gasped Mrs. Charles. "However did it get up here so soon, Mr. April? And who ordered it?"

"There's a room service phone in my bedroom," explained April. "And I hope you'll excuse Goldie's manner. He's only half housebroken." He snapped at the waiter, "Close your yap, you big ape, and give us some service!"

Goldie grunted and turned back into the inner room.

"No!" Mrs. Charles gasped suddenly,



"Poor Miguel—he doesn't know what to do with himself since he retired from business"

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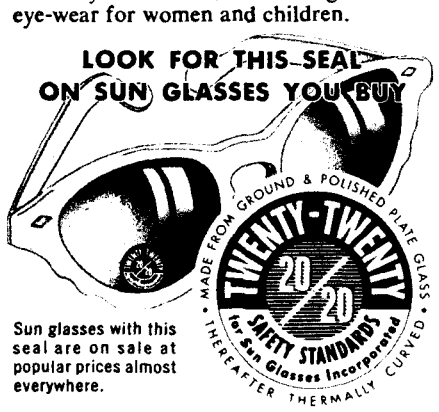

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her hands fluttering wildly. "No —not on that!"

Everybody swung around. Goldie had set a thin fiberboard cover over the leatherette crap-table top, spread a red-checked tablecloth on it, and now he was trundling it out toward the porch, laden with brunch.

"I—I won't eat on th—that table," stuttered Mrs. Charles.

"Where do you wanna eat, lady?" demanded Goldie, coming to a stop right in front of her. "Off the floor?"

"Goldie, mind your manners!" snapped April.

"Nothing wrong with this table, boss," Goldie said truculently. "I served on it before. That's what we got the lid for, ain't it?"

"Oh, dear—oh, dear!" Mrs. Charles put her handkerchief to her mouth. She was quite blue about the chin, Louise noted, and it was really something the way she was staring at the food-laden table—as if she suffered from internal rising.

Mrs. Charles said in a weak voice, "I—I don't think I want any brunch. I—I'm not hungry. If you'll excuse me—" She turned and disappeared hurriedly into the living room.

Inside, she pattered directly across to the bar and poured herself a pony of brandy. Its fragrant fire restored her shattered nerves to a point where she felt she wasn't going to faint. She peered out on the porch through the plate-glass windows and noticed that Mr. April was seating his guests.

Sternly, she corked the brandy bottle and moved away from the bar. She sat in one of the low comfortable chairs, dropped an arm negligently over the side, and groped underneath it. There it was —the bill that Mr. Conejo had overlooked in his haste. She felt its crispness in her fingers, and hastily pulled it to her.

"My," said Mrs. Charles to herself, "men are careless." She stuffed the bill in her handbag and started to get up; then her eye caught the glint of an object under the couch. It was Mr. Conejo's automatic.

What a lovely gift for Bobby's Christmas, she thought; *much* more practical than neckties!

The gun lay in a difficult position. But Mrs. Charles estimated that if she got down very low, she could crawl behind the couch and collect the gun without being seen.

MISS JONES, out on the porch, selected that moment to be helpful. "Don't you think I'd better look in on your mother and see if I can do anything?" she inquired.

"Well, thanks," Bob replied, viewing Miss Jones with an appreciative eye. "It's not really necessary. She's emotional, but she gets right over it."

April smiled doubtfully. What worried him was the bottle of brandy open on the bar. Three more slugs and the old bag might come out on skates. "Better go in and take a look anyway, Miss Jones," he suggested.

"Certainly, Mr. April," agreed Miss Jones courteously. She rose and crossed to the door. Just inside the voluminous curtains, she stopped dead in her tracks. "Is anything wrong, Mrs. Charles?" she asked mildly.

"Oh!" Mrs. Charles crawled from behind the couch. "It's you, Miss Jones! I—I was looking for something."

"Four-leaf clover?" suggested Louise.

"I have never known a four-leaf clover to grow in a Navajo rug," said Mrs. Charles severely. "I was looking for my teeth."

GOBY

Much Ado About Nodding

I've seen the stars reflected
In a lovely woman's eyes.
My heart has been subjected
To the sunset-gloried skies.
The quiet beauty of a dawn
Has made me want to weep;
But, as the years go rolling on,
What I like best is sleep.

—ROD MACLEAN

"Did you find them?" Louise asked.

"I believe so," said Mrs. Charles. "They fit beautifully."

A moment later, Miss Jones reappeared on the porch and reported that Mrs. Charles did not seem to need anything. Miss Jones looked a bit preoccupied. In the living room she had noticed the telephone cord pulled out by the roots.

Brunch proceeded to an orderly conclusion; Goldie replenished their coffee, and passed cigars and cigarettes. Bob was beginning to relax now, and take an interest in things about him, particularly the crap table.

"Say, Mr. April," he said, "is it okay if the waiter leaves that table out here?"

April jumped. "Why?"

"Well, I've shot a lot of craps on Army blankets," Bob chuckled, "but I've never yet tried my luck on one of these professional plush jobs."

"Bobby!" Mrs. Charles's cry echoed from the inner room like an exploding light bulb. In a flash, she was out on the porch. "I won't hear of it!" she cried indignantly. "I absolutely won't hear of your gambling!"

"But why not, Mother?" Bob said, surprise on his face. "I'm usually lucky—"

"Nobody's lucky enough to beat this table, Major." April put his arm around Bob's shoulder.

"Aw, let him have some fun, boss," growled Goldie, sliding the fiber lid off the tabletop. "He was a friend of the kid's."

"Don't touch that cover!" April snapped.

"There's nothing wrong with this table," roared Goldie. "I tend to it."

"Take it inside!"

"What am I—a baby or something?" Bob snapped. "Can't I even *see* it?"

BEFORE April could stop him, he had reached down and snatched off the leatherette cover. The inside of the crap table was lined in soft green felt. It was quite empty.

At this point Mrs. Charles fainted. Miss Jones and Bob carried her inside, leaving April alone with Goldie.

"I thought it felt sorta heavy, boss," explained Goldie, *sotto voce*. "So I cleaned it out for you."

"Thanks, pal," said April, his voice slightly strained. He pulled a fifty-dollar bill out of his pocket and threw it to Goldie. "Buy yourself a cigar." He felt a lot better about everything. But he wouldn't have if he had known what Louise Jones was thinking.

When Bob and Louise had carried his stepmother into April's spare room in a dead faint, he had asked her to look through his stepmother's handbag for smelling salts. Miss Jones had found the salts—and she had found, also, one partly empty bottle of ant sirup, loudly labeled "Poison," and one thirty-eight-caliber automatic.

(To be continued next week)

Clancy

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"'The State versus Trixie La-Rue'? I demand star billing!"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

WHO SAID PROMISED LAND?

Continued from page 20

All this was typical of every family I visited, and it checked with the much wider investigations of Father Ormsby. Out of 15 plantations he found five where everything was satisfactory—good, solid houses, enough work, and in one case even chickens that had been given to the newcomers.

But the others were bad. Many of the families were cutting down to meat once a week and were going without milk for the children. Father Ormsby discovered one head of a family who had had only two days' work in a week. This man, his wife and small boy and bright-faced thirteen-year-old girl had eaten meat once in the past month. When the priest found them they were making soup out of greens and lard boiled in water. This was the man who was beginning to envy his brother in Siberia. But everything is all right now. They are off to a fresh start elsewhere.

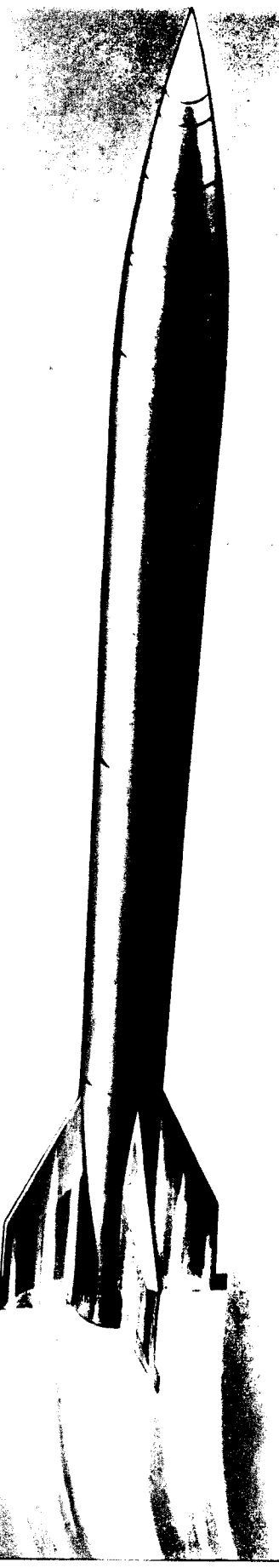
The houses I saw ranged from good or fair to terrible. Most of them had new wire screens and electric lights, but when the lights were lighted the mosquitoes flew in the cracks and knotholes until the chinks were pasted up with newspapers. Also, several of the plantations charged five dollars for a meter deposit. New outdoor toilets had been built to government specifications for the DPs, because government rules required them, but the American plantation workers seldom had such luxuries.

One big company, Godchaux Sugars, had put bathtubs in most of its plantation houses—but this was a decided exception. Wells were exceptional too, and the newcomers joked valiantly in Polish and Lithuanian about the bugs in their cisterns, when they were lucky enough to have cisterns. Some of them had to walk great distances just to get a bucket of stale water from a neighbor's barrel.

But they made it plain that it wasn't the housing that bothered them. They would put up with anything if they could make a living. Most of them had been forced into a hopeless indebtedness to the company store anywhere up to $125. Some were misled by plantation managers into believing that they were under contract and couldn't leave—though actually they were free to go any time they wanted to. Others were told, "If you don't stay here you'll have to go back to Germany."

None of these people were complaining. They praised the kindness of their neighbors and expressed gratitude for the clothes collections that some of the planters' wives had made for them. They wanted to fulfill their obligation to the employers who had spent money to bring them here. But they were desperately worried. Over and over they said, "All we want is a chance to get ahead"—an American idea in any language.

Why was it that the American plantation workers, white and black, could get along where the DPs couldn't? For one thing, they already had their pigs,



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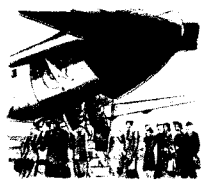

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chickens and gardens. And as one of them explained, "We here knows where to find turtles and catch fish." But above all, it depends on what you mean by "getting along."

At one of the plantations we stopped at a house to ask where we could find the "stranger people," as the natives call the DPs. A young, greasy-looking white woman who was pregnant came to the door, followed by two toddlers. She was barefooted like the DPs, but a thousand per cent dirtier; and all her front teeth were missing. Here, due to diet deficiencies, young adults and even teen agers lose their teeth. When we spoke to her she smiled and shook her head. After two hundred years in Louisiana some of the Cajuns, who are descended from the Acadian French settlers of Evangeline fame, have had so little schooling that they are still barely able to speak English.

Opinion of a Labor Leader

H. L. Mitchell, president of the National Farm Labor Union, says, "I thought I'd seen some bad conditions in the cotton fields, but I never knew what bad was until I saw the Louisiana sugar plantations."

When you mosey around the bayou country talking to people, you see what he means.

Sixty per cent of the year-around workers on these plantations are white and 40 per cent colored. Townspeople, who should know, estimate that more than half of the white people over the age of twenty-five are functionally illiterate, just barely able to write their names. In the western half of the sugar belt they put the percentage even higher.

In the past 100 years virtually nothing has been done to improve the conditions of these people except by the limited action of the federal government. The most important milestone was the Federal Sugar Act of 1937. This brought about improvements for the workers by providing for complying producers a subsidy in the form of a refund of the processing tax. The result is a mild, half-a-loaf sort of optimism: "Conditions on this bayou have improved a lot"; "The present $2.90 minimum wage for nonharvest workers is the highest ever paid," and so on.

Before the act was passed, the cane-field workers were receiving 80, 90 and 95 cents for a day of labor that lasted "from can to can't"—from when you can see in the morning till you can't see at night.

Right after the act the wage went up to $1.17 for nine hours, and has climbed gradually ever since.

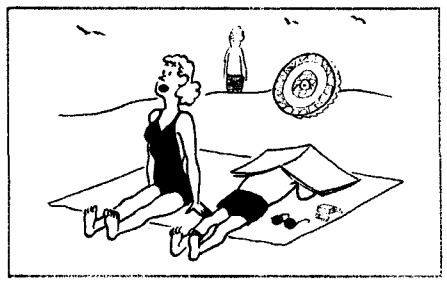
But even at the present rate, Louisiana cane-field hands get the next to lowest sugar pay under the American flag; only in Puerto Rico is the pay worse. The $5.40 a day paid in the sugar-beet areas and the $4.05 a day paid on the Florida cane plantations, which are much more efficient than Louisiana's—are magnificent sums compared with Louisiana wages. The 78½ cents an hour for Hawaii's highly unionized cane workers seems stratospheric.

The Sugar Act put a stop to child labor in Louisiana. It also ended the direct peonage system. Up to 1937 it was customary on the plantations to pay the workers in company drafts which could be cashed only at the plantation store. When a worker presented his draft, the manager would hand him just enough U.S. dollars to pay his light bill, giving him his change in chips. The chips, known as "monkey money," were also good only at the store.

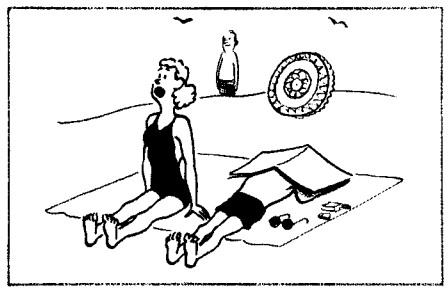
It was a nice little system and the Sugar Act, by requiring payment in real money, has succeeded in bending but not breaking it. The companies now pay the workers only every two weeks, and many of them are consequently still bound hand and foot to the plantation store and its easy credit.

Because they can't read, half of them don't even know how much they owe or the cost of the things they buy. One woman, asked how much she paid for a can of milk, said she didn't know but she guessed it was about three dollars. Customers like this are at the mercy of the store manager. But when this system started to suck the DPs under, they hollered.

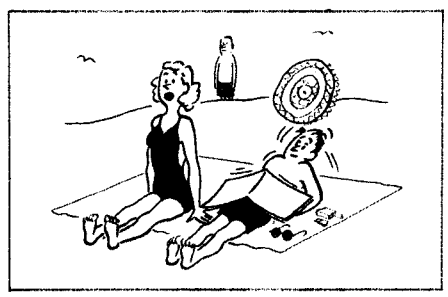
All the holler had gone out of the plantation workers long ago. When you look



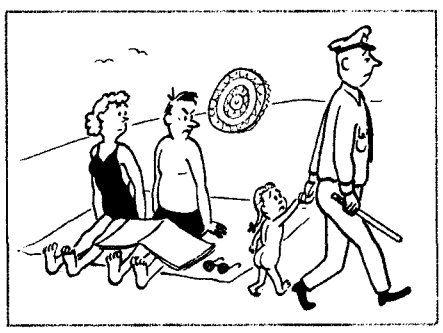
"My! Look at that crowd! I wonder what's going on?"



"Oh, I see. It's that blond girl—there's a policeman after her . . ."



"He's got her . . . and they're coming this way. Well, she shouldn't be parading around the beach without her suit on!"



for the reasons for their abject resignation to this system, you wander off into a weird borderland between the medical, the social and psychological. No one seems to know what is the matter with them, partly because no one has ever taken the trouble to find out. There is no evidence of widespread hookworm any more, but the symptoms are the same—an apathy and listlessness which in other parts of the South are sometimes referred to as "the big lazy."

There is some suggestion that "the big lazy" may be the result of malnutrition brought on by a diet so deficient in vitamins that it is slow starvation. Mainly, the workers live on starches swimming in grease, with an occasional mess of cooked-to-death greens. Fried potatoes, creamed potatoes, boiled potatoes and baked potatoes, all on the table at one meal, plus some fat back or beans, form a not uncommon menu.

A child will eat a slab of bread and molasses for breakfast or just chew some sugar cane.

Malaria, according to the U.S. Public Health Service, is not nearly as common in the South as was once supposed. And even today what is frequently diagnosed as malaria is really something else, such as undulant fever. But all too often, in this undoctored territory, nothing is diagnosed at all.

The few outside people who come into contact with this suffering, such as an occasional doctor or the sympathetic wife of a plantation executive, say the hardest part of it to take is the condition of the children. A doctor in the New Orleans Charity Hospital estimates that "a conservative 60 per cent" of the plantation children admitted to the hospital are infested with roundworms, pinworms, hookworms or a combination. Actually, though, the children come to the hospital for other reasons, because no one bothers to report a case of worms, which are taken for granted.

This condition results from a total absence of sanitation and the near saturation of everything, indoors and out, in filth. For stark, revolting irony, consider the fact that in this modern, skyscraper hospital in the heart of New Orleans, two or three times a year a small child dies of an intestinal obstruction caused by a huge mass of worms.

It is not unusual for infested children to pass full-grown roundworms six and seven inches long.

Some things are getting slowly better. School busses run up the plantation roads now to collect the white children, though the Negro children, in some places at least, still have to trudge out to the highway. On the whole, the prospects for reading and writing in this generation look brighter than ever before. Medical care is improving, too; some of the plantation people get into a hospital for emergencies, including childbirth.

Organizing Is Handicapped

But in the matter of organizing laborers, the 20th century simply hasn't reached the plantation dwellers. The refineries are something else. The C.I.O. has organized locals in a number of these processing plants, which tower above the flat cane fields, and has brought about normally decent labor-management relations in several. But even in the refineries, organization is slowed up by the difficulty of finding workers who can read and write well enough to staff the locals. Among the field hands such individualists are nonexistent.

The explanation frankly given by national union officials for their failure to help these workers is that the situation is so hopeless it baffles them. The unions are stalemated partly because of the low literacy of the workers, but more because of the marginal, uneconomic status of the Louisiana sugar-growing industry. The unions would rather apply their efforts elsewhere.

But the fact remains that for the really big Louisiana sugar operators, their plantations, which drag along just this side of the red, are only a side line. These men do very well with their refineries, which process millions of pounds of Cuban sugar every year and do not have to depend on the domestic output. Such companies could afford to pay higher wages to their plantation hands out of refinery profits, but for the most part they don't.

Some of the sugar growers make no attempt to minimize the backward conditions in their industry. They even use that ugly word peonage, off the record. Among the growers with a modern viewpoint are Charles and Evans Farwell, two brothers who operate large plantations near Baton Rouge. Charles is also an official of the American Sugar Cane League. They place the blame for substandard wages on the Department of Agriculture, which insists on holding down sugar prices to a level well below that authorized by the Sugar Act. And, on the face of it, these plantation owners make out a pretty good case.

A Problem in Ratios

Under the Sugar Act the wholesale price of refined sugar is supposed to be geared to the consumer price index, subject to some discretion on the part of the Secretary of Agriculture. In 1937 the price index was 157.8, and the wholesale sugar price was $8.27 a hundred pounds. This ratio is taken as the base. In March of this year the index was up to 169.5, but the price had fallen below the base to $8 a hundred. If the Department of Agriculture had kept up the price level as the law prescribes—so say the Farwells—it would now be $8.88 instead of $8, and the cane-field workers would be receiving $5 a day instead of $2.90.

Since one purpose of the Sugar Act was clearly to protect the worker, it looks as if the Farwells had something.

But how much would this cost the housewife? Again quoting Evans Farwell: "If the consumer would pay $1.75 more per year for his sugar at retail, or about two cents a pound additional, we could have American standards of living down here."

A Department of Agriculture spokesman recently said, "The Louisiana sugar crop is worth around $50,000,000 a year, or about one tenth of our domestic sugar production, counting Puerto Rico and Hawaii. Are we supposed to add upward of $150,000,000 to the consumers' annual sugar bill just to solve the problems of that fraction?"

But there are consumers and consumers, and the question is: Which ones are we worrying about? Does the housewife object to the increase, and if not, who does? A clue can be found in the record of the sugar price hearings—not to be confused with the wage hearings—which are also held annually by the Department of Agriculture. Housewives haven't shown up at these hearings to protest an increase; on the contrary, the one consumers' organization to turn up at a recent hearing took just the opposite stand. The lady representing the organization said housewives didn't want cheap sugar at the expense of people's standards of living.

But there is plenty of opposition to a price rise from industrial sugar users. And the Cuban sugar growers, with their American associates, naturally don't want their quotas cut.

It is all very complicated and there is a problem behind the problem which is not limited to the sugar belt. It is the problem of substandard areas generally. Getting back to the DPs, most of them were brought to this country to fill a shortage of farm labor in all sections; and why does this shortage exist? Because, by and large, living conditions and opportunities in rural parts of this country are disgracefully far behind those of urban industrial areas; and as soon as the DPs become Americanized, they are going to leave the farms just the way the Americans do.

Look at the wage picture all over the rural South. In Louisiana, the average agricultural wage for all types of farming is $3.05 a day, while in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina it ranges from $2.60 to $2.80.

By raising these problems, the DPs have forced us to hold a mirror up to ourselves. If the unsightly image does no more than start us searching for an answer, we can say, with the Louisiana lady, "God bless the DPs." THE END

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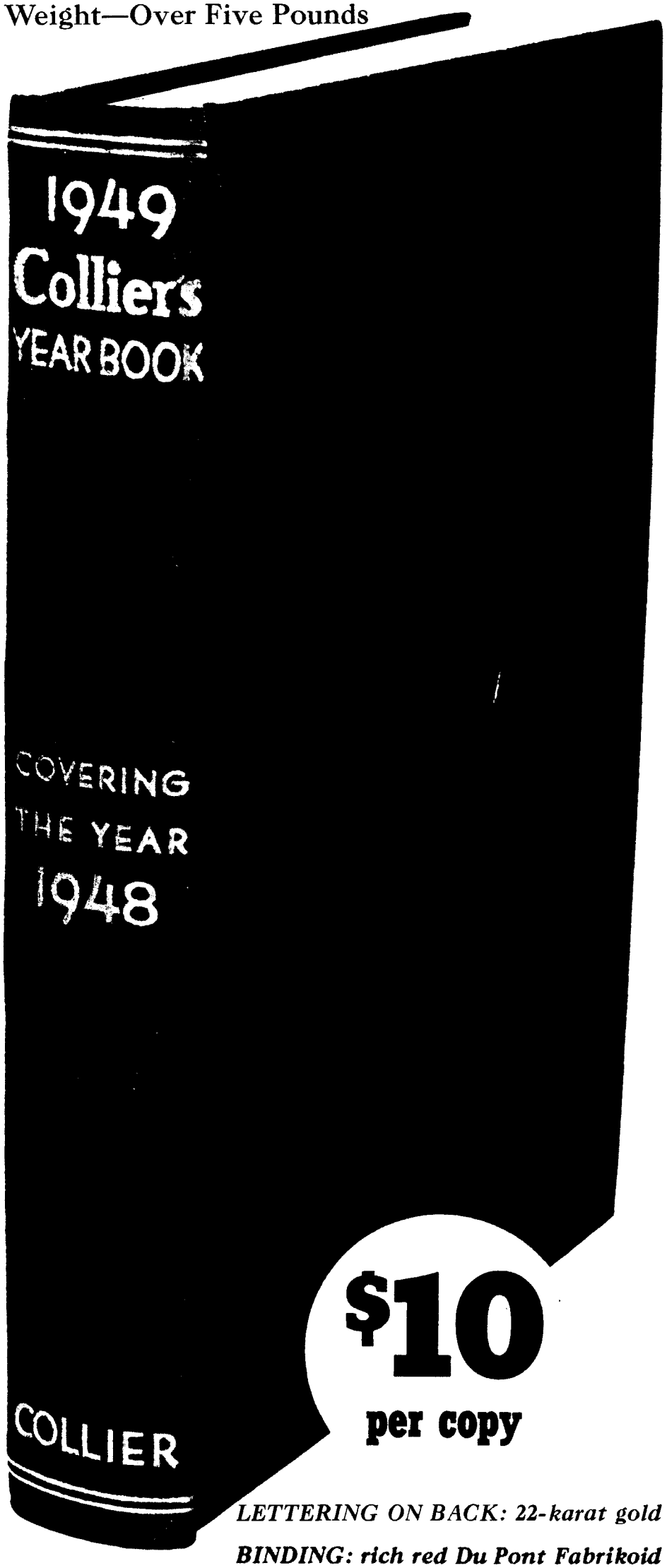

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THE ACTOR WHO WON'T STAY DEAD

Continued from page 24

Somewhere in the land, too, are people who, in recent years, have acquired Valentino's cars, launch, imported cigarettes, swords, furniture, clothes and other mementos at prices that would have shocked the OPA. One family even claims to own Valentino's Florentine bed, which was only a little smaller than a tennis court, but Alberto says this is a canard and knows that at least one Los Angeles antique dealer lost his license for selling fake Valentino relics.

There were also a Valentino cat and dog, but they have since been buried, as befits their station, in a luxurious graveyard for pets. Among other memorabilia, there was the recently introduced Valentino lemon, imported from Italy, with Rudy's name and picture on each and every wrapper.

The morbid fascination for the actor who won't stay dead has even extended to a few strange women who have formally asked to be buried—when they die—in the same mausoleum with Rudy. Some of them, presumably, are among the 35 women who claimed, long after the actor was gone, to have given birth to Valentino babies.

The Manager Was Astounded

There are also frequent showings of the ancient Valentino films, with results that are sometimes spectacular. One quiet afternoon a few months ago, for example, when the movie world was concentrating on the Academy Awards, a Hollywood theater owner listlessly announced that he would show a Valentino picture. Women patrons began lining up at the box office two hours early, and when the doors were finally opened, there was a small riot in the lobby. Before the astounded manager could protest, his screaming patrons stripped the poster boards of all the Valentino photographs on display and swarmed past him to see the show.

That same week, there was a similar brawl in a London theater, causing the manager morosely to brand the Valentino fans "love-starved women." In Rio de Janeiro and Budapest, war-dormant Valentino fan clubs are reported stirring restlessly; and in Castellaneta, Italy, a weary crone is probably already incorrectly telling the summer's influx of American tourists—for the 100th time—that she was Valentino's childhood nurse.

In many libraries, employees look with suspicion on people asking to see Valentino's picture in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, because ruthless worshipers have been known to tear it out. In New York, collectors are reported offering fabulous prices for the scarce recordings of Valentino's singing voice—records he never approved and which were released after he died, at $25 a platter.

At the University of California Agricultural College in Davis, Professor Carroll Howell is planning to mount the bleached bones of Jadaan, the giant Arabian horse which Valentino rode to screen glory. Valentino only rented Jadaan, but the horse was exhibited every week end in Pomona for 11 years after the star's death. During that period the Sunday attendance averaged 2,000 persons, mostly women, and Jadaan, who was a ham at heart, earned about $60,000 prancing around a ring with a pointedly empty red-velvet Egyptian saddle. So many women wanted to ride Jadaan bareback in his stall that eventually guards were hired to keep them out of the stable.

The ranch also peddled post cards and thousands of gilded horseshoes—"only two bits, ladies, for a genuine Valentino souvenir." Jadaan simply wore out after a while, and Professor Howell mercifully put him to sleep—at the age of twenty-nine—toward the end of the war. But now Jadaan's 205 bones will be reassembled, and Howell hopes the skeleton will be a permanent exhibit at the college.

The Valentino phenomenon is mushrooming in Hollywood to such an extent that Louella Parsons, who mentions his name half a dozen times a year, recently told her readers: "It is amazing how Valentino has remained endeared to his fans while top-flight movie kings and queens currently before the cameras fight desperately to keep their places."

Indeed, one film hero with a skidding box office said glumly that immortality in motion pictures apparently can be acquired only with a marble crypt and a ghoulish press agent. This is not an entirely irrelevant observation, considering that Rudolph Valentino probably has had more publicity since his death than all other departed stars put together, plus a few current players who, according to the wags, don't know they are dead.

There have been frequent attempts to locate Valentino in the spirit world, and at least one of these séances was worth 4,000 words of newspaper syndication. Valentino's arrival at that astral conference was heralded by his dead mother speaking in perfect English, though in life she had never learned the language. And the ghostly star himself had a frog in his throat, especially when he was asked if he ever haunted his house in Hollywood. He told his earthly audience he didn't like the word "haunt," but admitted he had been wandering around the old place at night.

Rumors of Spirit's Return

Valentino's ectoplasmic return was a sellout topic in Hollywood. It stimulated special services at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, with an advertised sermon entitled Valentino's Spirit Returns, and it inspired a Paramount press agent to bat out an essay suggesting that Valentino might also be haunting his old cottage dressing room on the lot. The press agent proposed that someone spend a night there alone, but no one ever did and the bungalow has since been torn down. Miss Natacha Rambova, Valentino's second wife, said she had pinned him down in a private séance. He told her he was happy—which was not what he said when they were divorced.

Last year, about the time Falcon Lair was temporarily inhabited by Venerable Lokanatha, the Burma Buddhist, there were a number of noisy ghosts in the house, and the spooky goings on were duly acknowledged by Louella Parsons with the comment: "They attracted world-wide attention and drew a van-load of mail." But to date, none of the Valentino necromancy has equaled the practical results obtained by Emile Gauvreau, famed tabloid editor. Gauvreau was editing the now defunct New York Graphic when Valentino died, and astutely printed a "composograph" showing Valentino entering the spirit world and meeting other celebrities already there. The fake photo, said Gauvreau, boosted the Graphic's circulation for that edition by 100,000.

The Valentino legend, which is now indisputably a part of the national folklore, did not reach full growth until after his death, but it had been in the making for years. The young Italian was eighteen years old when he arrived in New York, burdened with the incredible name of Rodolfo Alfonso Raffaelo Pietro-Filiberto Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla. He called himself Rodolfo Guglielmi when he worked as a car washer and gardener, but changed it to the more mellifluous Rudolph Valentino after he had taught himself the tango and become a professional dancer.

Students of nomenclature point out that the name Rudolph means "well-known wolf," but it is doubtful whether Valentino ever gave this meaning much thought. Actually he was more like a panther—with velvety black hair, smoldering dark eyes, and a catlike grace, of which a critic once said: "Valentino doesn't walk—he flows." The animal illusion was sharpened by flaring nostrils and a mysterious sulkiness.

Most people remember Valentino as a short, fragile man, but actually he was 5 feet 11½ inches tall, carefully kept his weight at 160 pounds and was usually in superb physical condition.

He danced in night clubs and hotels for months, and in time got to Hollywood only because a generous Al Jolson gave him a free Pullman berth on a special show train going down from San Francisco. After his arrival, it took the movie makers more than eight years to discover that the aloof young man with the melancholy eyes was wasting his talents as an extra, and they finally gave him second leads. Even then he had indifferent success and seemed doomed to a lifetime of playing whiskered villains.

A Scenario Writer's Hunch

At that critical point, with Valentino brooding over money and his short-lived marriage with actress Jean Acker, a scenario writer named June Mathis had a hunch and picked him for the role of Julio in The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. The picture was a hit, and Valentino became the sensation of the hour, with women of all ages swooning, mooning and—more important—jamming the box offices from coast to coast. Within three years the hypnotic young Latin was a fabulous figure on the American scene—a sensitive stranger catapulted into a big-money world for which he was not prepared.

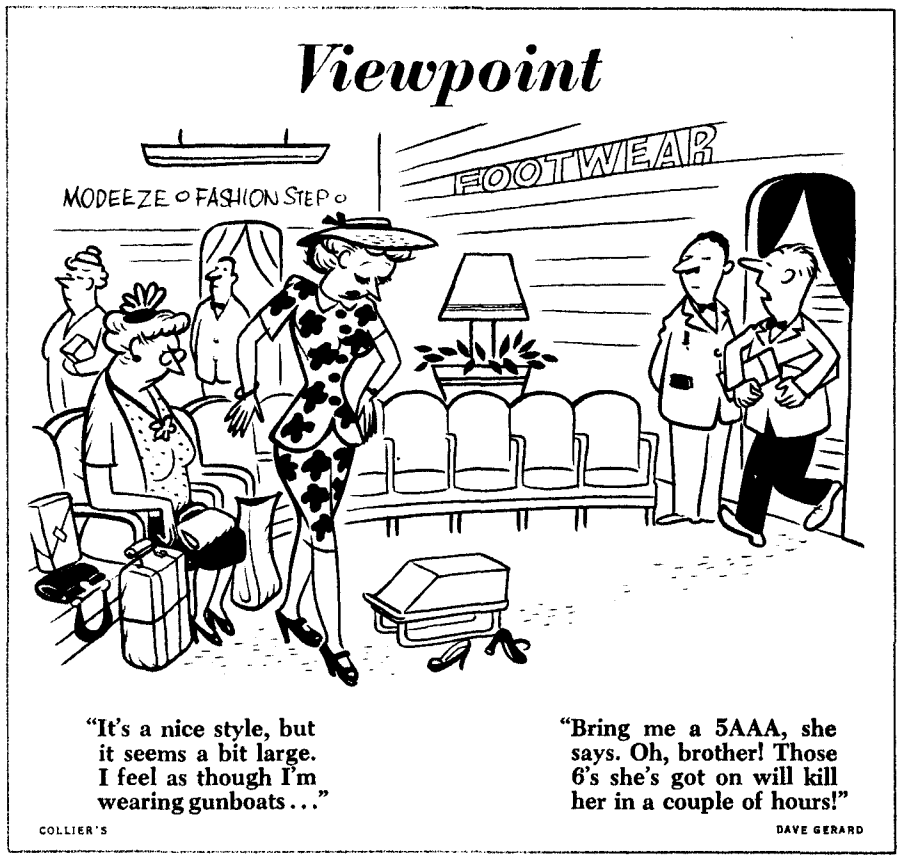
Valentino became addicted to purple neckties and solid gold bracelets, and ordered handmade cigarettes by the case from Abdullah in London. He quarreled with friends and enemies alike; fought with the studio and eloped with Natacha Rambova, the sultry stepdaughter of a New York perfume king. He was arrested for bigamy in a test case involving his Mexican divorce from Miss Acker and had to borrow money to make the $10,000 bail.

Blocked from making movies because he insisted upon the right to select his stories, he and Natacha toured the country in a private railroad car, giving dancing exhibitions at $7,000 a week. He wrote a book of poems—a little volume now worth an outlandish sum to devoted fans—flounced off to Europe after remarrying Natacha in Indiana, and picked up three Isotta-Fraschini automobiles worth $46,000.

After his Hollywood wounds were healed with new contracts that would pay him $1,000,000 a year, Valentino came home and struck one picture gold mine after another. He made the seemingly imperishable Sheik; a dashing Cossack drama called The Eagle, which has also been revived recently; Cobra, a film which even his brother now admits was "terrible" and which his friends blamed on Valentino's Freudian fascination with snakes; the durable Son of the Sheik, in which he played a dual role to prove he could act without a squirming damsel in his arms; and the gay French story, Monsieur Beaucaire.

During this period, among other peccadilloes, Valentino grew a beard and incurred the wrath of the Master Barbers of America. They protested that every moon-struck young man in the country would promptly imitate Valentino and would "make American citizens difficult to distinguish from Russians." Valentino removed the beard the next day.

The barbers' apprehension was justified because Valentino innovations often became the national fashion. Valentino introduced the Basque beret, for example, and started a whole new industry. He popularized the Argentine tango, bell-bottom corduroys and the bolero jacket. Because of him the deserts around the world acquired a romantic aura, and horse lovers developed a surprising new interest in Arabian steeds. His burnished black hair was a boon for the pomade people, and he gave a new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meaning to the word sheik, subsequently altered to drugstore sheik. Even the virile Jack Dempsey succumbed to the trend and asked plastic surgeons to give him a beautiful nose like Valentino's.

The mesmerism inflicted on movie audiences by the great lover is remarkable considering that Valentino was henpecked throughout his second marriage and was often kidded for his fluffy trappings. The Chicago Tribune once attacked him in an editorial entitled Pink Powder Puffs, which said: "Why didn't someone quietly drown Rodolfo Guglielmi, alias Valentino, years ago?" Valentino was so stunned that he challenged the writer to a duel, but the gauntlet lay unheeded. Insiders have since declared that this was probably a sound refusal because Valentino was not only a deadly fencer, but had held his own in friendly training bouts with Dempsey, Ace Hudkins and Gene Tunney.

"Great Lover" Vogue Analyzed

Valentino sometimes professed to be puzzled by his amorous success, but Gregory Val-Goeschen, a San Francisco sexologist says the explanation is really quite simple.

"In the first place," he says, "Valentino died at the height of his youth and popularity and thus never had to face the natural consequences of age. Secondly, he represented what was left undeveloped in most men—the idealized image of the great lover. Women seem to prefer the dark, dashing and active male, but when such a lover cannot be found, they idealize the man who most nearly matches the image. Valentino filled that need for love-hungry women, and in the dark of the movie theater he transported them to another world."

Valentino also had a disturbing effect on many a miserable male, as the late Damon Runyon discovered when he attended a Valentino film revival. "He made me long for a fleet steed in the Sahara," said Runyon, "and the license to capture any swell-looking Judys I found running around loose on the desert."

Valentino himself was as touchy as a lame duck about his magnetism for women and used to point out belligerently—but erroneously—that at least half his fan mail came from men. Just a few months before his death he complained bitterly that he had been compelled to pose as a sheik and said sarcastically that his shining hair—the coiffure that stayed put in the worst sand storm or the most perilous duel—was getting a little thin on top. "Much of this perfumed ballyhoo was my own fault," he went on sadly. "I wanted to make a lot of money, so I let them play me up as a lounge lizard, a soft handsome devil whose only aim in life was to sit around and be admired by women. Sheik? Why, I'm just a farmer at heart."

There isn't much doubt that Valentino was generally misunderstood and that underneath the Hollywood veneer of arrogance and spurious greatness he was a simple and lonely man. Once he threatened to quit the films and become a toreador; another time he worked with Rafael Sabatini on a serious play in which he would not have to portray the irresistible lover. "Life is too fast for me," he confided one August morning in 1926. "A man should control his life. My life is controlling me."

On the night of August 14th of that year, Valentino was in New York and went out with Marion Benda, a Follies beauty. At noon the next day he complained of a searing pain in his side. Five hours later he was in surgery at Polyclinic Hospital for an emergency operation. Two days later he cabled Alberto, who had gone to Europe, that he was recovering and would soon be out. But complications suddenly aggravated his condition, and a waiting world learned with a profound shock that the great lover, then only thirty-one years old, was dying. He hung on tenaciously for a week, unaware that all was lost, while a corps of doctors and nurses used every aid known to science to save him.

Crowds swarmed around the hospital. Harassed officials set up a public information desk, the police were summoned to keep weeping women from reaching Valentino's room, and telegrams were pouring in at the rate of 500 a day. On August 22d Valentino gasped: "Please raise the shades. I want to see the sunlight." He died the following day at ten minutes past noon.

The news precipitated a tidal wave of emotion which has not receded to this day. Thousands of fans stormed the hospital and the funeral parlor on Broadway; more thousands were strong-armed past Valentino's bier at the rate of 150 a minute. Plate-glass windows were smashed; men and women alike were mauled and trampled. At least three women demonstrated their grief by clutching Valentino photographs and ending their lives.

A crowd estimated at 100,000 massed outside the Church of St. Malachy during the funeral services, and a first-aid station took care of unfortunate mourners who fainted or were crushed in the mob. Valentino's body was carried to Hollywood in a private car, and Alberto still recalls seeing thousands of men and women kneeling in prayer wherever the train paused in the westward flight.

While the funeral train was rolling toward California, there arose an ugly rumor, which is still alive, that Valentino was poisoned with a lethal mickey finn. Alberto confesses that he has never been satisfied with the medical explanations—peritonitis, perforated ulcers and pleurisy—and says: "Someday I hope to learn the truth." He discussed the murder theory with New York authorities at the time, but did not consent to an autopsy, and Valentino's bronze casket was never opened again after the interment services on September 7th.

Valentino was laid in an $800 crypt given to the family by his discoverer, June Mathis; and the great names of Hollywood wept over the death of love. But the strange resurrection began almost at once.

In Florence, Italy, police broke up a fake motion picture academy whose mastermind was selling Valentino's "acting secrets" for thousands of lire. In London, Bombay, Tokyo, Paris, Budapest and other cities, Valentino fans launched memorial organizations, and the 70 established Valentino fan clubs in the United States were reorganized as permanent units. These clubs were so active after Valentino died that Alberto kept one secretary busy for 10 years handling an estimated 200,000 letters.

The Valentino estate included, among other curiosa, a $5,000 Irish wolfhound, two aviaries complete with hundreds of birds, five horses, antique armor worth $75,000, several cases of initialed cigarettes, eight automobiles, 40 suits, 1,000 pairs of socks, 300 silk shirts, 300 neckties, 50 pairs of shoes, a $7,500 launch, seven watches, three fur coats, two homes worth $250,000, and a new Voisin sport car, the body of which was hand-tooled to resemble snakeskin.

The flashy roadster was Valentino's last flamboyance; he never drove the car and it was ultimately sold to Peggy Hopkins Joyce. The cigarettes turned up at a customs auction three years after his death and were sold for $50 a box. Most of the clothing went to his relatives, which was about all they salvaged. Other items were sold at auctions which took place periodically for more than 20 years, and some of the things are still for sale.

In Italy, citizens of Valentino's home town established a memorial fund for a newly born baby who was named after the actor, but the unfortunate youngster grew up into Mussolini's army and was killed in action during World War II. Perverse fortune has shadowed many of those who have figured in the Valentino legend. One night the Los Angeles police shot and killed a burglar named James Willis—and a prized Valentino ring was found in his loot.

"I'm sure the Committee won't like it, but think of the international publicity I'll get when I'm reprimanded in Pravda"

COLLIER'S — GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Lawsuits Seem Never-Ending

The Valentino name popped up in the courts so often—and still does—that Alberto and other members of the family have virtually become hermits to avoid the public gaze. One man sued the estate because he had not been paid for his advice in connection with a proposed Valentino monument. A New York widow named Zunilda Mancini sued the executor of the estate for a rebate on a $5,400 contribution she had made toward the bronze statue in DeLongpré Park. She claimed the statue cost only $2,000, and the courts ruled in her favor.

In San Jose, a family appealed to the public to find Valentino's cat—which they had bought from the estate and which had wandered away. In Los Angeles a photographer sued in a case involving a Valentino still he had made when the actor was unknown.

Alberto has had his troubles, too. He was involved in litigation over the Valentino estate for twenty years and he had his home burglarized for Valentino relics.

Valentino's exotic costumes, which were carefully guarded in the Paramount wardrobe for years, brought nothing but bad luck to actors who wanted them for pictures of their own, and the Paramount people were bothered constantly by rabid admirers who wanted to buy the jeweled sheik robes—at any price.

But the longest series of troubles attributable to the so-called Valentino jinx is Producer Edward Small's attempt to make a film based on Valentino's life. Small began talking about the picture 12 years ago, and threw out calculated feelers about stars who might play the role. Many movie stalwarts snapped at the lure, but Small finally chose handsome Jack Dunn, Sonja Henie's skating partner—and ten days later Dunn died of a rare blood disease.

Since then Small's plaintive annual report about his dream project has been as regular as ground-hog day, and his files are bursting with letters from 50,000 young Americans who want the job. But the insiders—including the surviving Valentinos, who evidently have not been consulted on the idea—predict that the film will never be made.

Too Many Ladies in Black

Meanwhile the legend grows. Mr. Don Moore, former radio comedian and now the jolly entrepreneur at Hollywood Memorial Park, will soon prepare for the annual stampede to the crypt. This August, however, there will probably not be any Ladies in Black, the mysterious and heavily veiled women who invariably made dramatic appearances, with flowers and prayer books, on the anniversary of Valentino's death. The first Lady in Black was a hired stooge created by ingenious press agent Russell Birdwell. To the amazement of all concerned, there were two or three such somberly garbed ladies the following year, and for a time there were so many, some witnesses say, that newspapermen had to number them in the order of their appearance to avoid confusion.

Just a few weeks ago, a genuine Lady in Black—the last of the clan—revealed that she was Marion Benda, the show girl who was with Valentino the night before he was stricken.

Today, Valentino's continuing affairs are administered by Alberto, a saturnine and stocky man who only vaguely resembles his immortal younger brother, and Alberto's son Jean, a sound technician at M-G-M. Rudy's sister, Signora Maria Strada, once lived in Hollywood but has long since returned to Italy, where Valentino's parents are buried, and with her daughter Gabrielle is remote from the maelstrom.

The Valentino relatives take an opaque view of the saga of the deathless star and squirm miserably when they hear a younger generation hooting at Valentino's pictures. With the bowed head of a man who is tired of the long fight, Alberto says that today's audience does not realize the old films were shot at 60 feet a minute and consequently seem jerky and hammy when run on modern projectors at 90 feet a minute.

"That the public only revere Rudy's memory as an actor and as a man," he says, "that is the family's only wish. All these other things—the people who pretend to remember Rudy and who make fools of themselves for money or publicity—are shoddy and cheap. I waited for years for one of these women in black to come to us—we would have known or helped anyone who was a friend of Rudy's. But none of them ever did. People come only when there is a new scheme for cashing in on Rudy's name. I wonder if it will ever end." THE END

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BROADWAY TICKET SCANDAL

Continued from page 26

long-suffering and veteran sucker, will be in the same old place—the middle.

Although there is a possibility that the belated measures now being taken will clear up the scandal temporarily, no one expects it will do permanent good. If every dishonest ticket broker, box-office treasurer and unlicensed ticket peddler in the city were hounded out of the racket or into respectability, it is reasonably certain that a brand-new set of ticket thieves would be on the scene in time for next season's first new hit show.

Why Tickets Are Scarce

Although ticket gouging has been outlawed by New York City for many years and by New York State for nine, the fantastic value put on scarce theater tickets has encouraged law violation. Oddly enough, it's the average, low-budget theatergoer who has helped make tickets scarce. He has learned that the only way he can get in to see a hit show is to order his seats from the box office far in advance.

As a result, South Pacific sold $450,000 worth of tickets before it even rolled up its *première* curtain on Broadway. Death of a Salesman emptied its ticket racks so fast that the management hung a permanent sign in the lobby reading "Standing Room All Sold Out For This Performance." Cole Porter's Kiss Me, Kate would still turn customers away even if it were playing in the largest theater in New York. The list of hits was so long and so solid this past season that there were nights when 15 or 20 shows were playing to capacity plus standees.

"So in a situation like this," explains one veteran ticket broker, who admits he's in business to make money, "I get a call from one of my regular customers. He wants two tickets to the biggest hit for the night he calls me. Now when this fellow goes to the theater with his wife he won't sit with her. They don't like the same things in the same show, and because they don't enjoy themselves when they argue, they always sit on different sides of the house. So I not only have to get two impossible tickets but I have to get them in singles, which breaks up two rows on account of almost all tickets are sold in pairs and there are an even number of seats in a row. You think I am going through all this for the $1.50 the law allows me?"

The ticket hustler got the two single seats, of course. But how? He got them the way many ticket brokers get their seats—by paying somebody a premium, either to a box-office man direct or to another broker who was wisely holding a few tickets for a last-minute emergency. This is the real core of the theater's present ticket-scalping scandal. Many theater producers, managers and box-office crews are as much a part of ticket gouging as are the brokers. Everybody in show business knows there's enough money in ticket speculation for everybody to get a piece.

Collusion between the brokers and the theater managers and treasurers is such an established and well understood part of show business that there is an accepted "honest" payment for each ticket allotted a broker by a theater. This "honest" charge is 25 cents a ticket. It's considered standard and eminently fair, and breaks no law, although it violates a "gentleman's agreement," between the brokers and the League of New York Theaters, which decrees as unholy any "ice," as such payments are known to the trade. This past season, however, the "honest ice" almost disappeared. It just wasn't big enough.

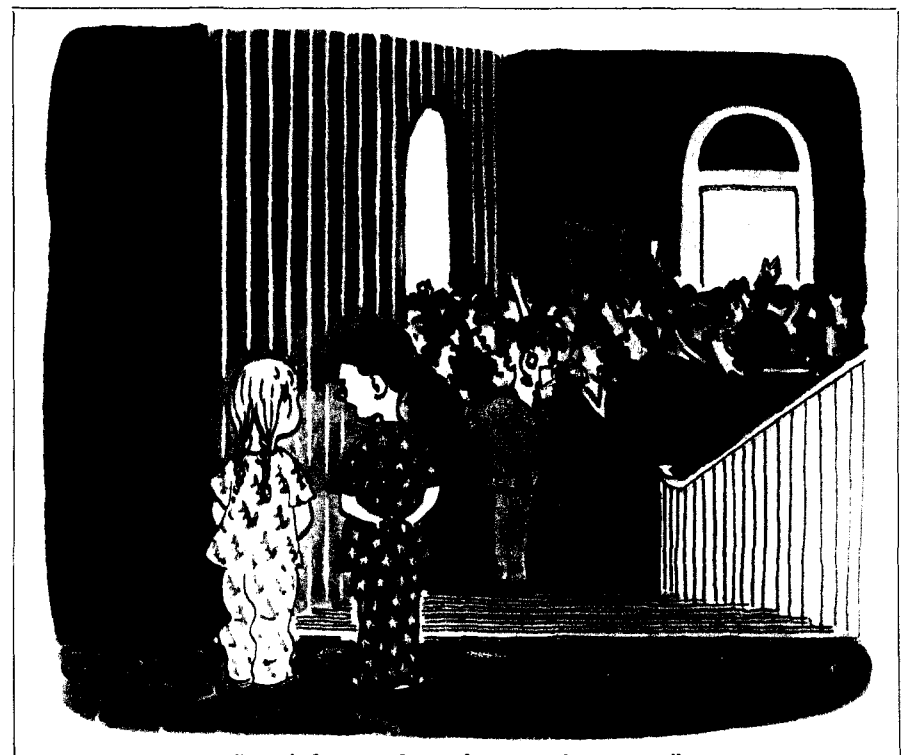
This writer listened to a brief and frank discussion between a legitimate ticket broker and the treasurer of a smash show only a few weeks ago.

"Why can't I get any tickets to your show?" the broker demanded.

"You can get all you want," the treasurer assured him, "for $2 a ticket."

It is a matter of simple arithmetic that a broker who pays a box-office man $2 commission for each ticket allotted to him cannot charge his customers the legal 75 cents a ticket and stay in business. The only other alternative is to pass the charge, together with the broker's own fees, on to the ultimate purchaser. Or in some cases, pass them on to another broker who will pay, perhaps, $4 a ticket. This latter way isn't the most profitable but it's the safest, since the first broker doesn't sell the tickets direct to the public and thus probably can't be nailed for speculation.

Ticket gouging is not peculiar to New York. It exists also in each of the three other cities where the living theater is an important part of the population's nightly entertainment. These cities are Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia. In Chicago, one broker controls virtually all the tickets, and others who want pasteboards must make private deals with this monopolist. The same situation exists in Boston and, to an extent, in Philadelphia.



COLLIER'S "Don't know where they get the energy" TED KEY

History relates that ticket brokers have been connected with the professional theater for over 200 years. The dodge was originated by a London flutemaker named Keith, who cornered most of the good tickets for the Italian opera and did so well that he threw away his flute tools. During the theater's golden years the showmen not only condoned the brokers but actually insisted upon utilizing them. In those days showmen refused to sell good seats through the box office. They thought it lent a show more "tone" if tickets were hard to get and could be obtained only by paying a premium to some broker.

Looking back on the more recent history of ticket speculation and the abortive efforts to cure the evil, it would appear that the only sensible solution would be to sell all tickets either through the box office or by mail order and to disenfranchise the ticket brokers on the theory that they are unnecessary.

If it were legally possible to take such a drastic step as this, which is doubtful, it would be unfair to the law-abiding brokers. And it would be an ungrateful act on the part of the theater industry if it pressed for such a move. Many producers and theater managers owe a debt to some of the established ticket brokerages. Several of these ticket sellers offer an unpaid but highly important service to the theater as a whole: They handle tickets at legal rates through their strategically located offices, which are, in effect, subsidiary box offices away from Broadway.

One of two oldest and most successful agencies in the business is McBride's, which maintains a busy store on Times Square and another on lower Broadway, near the financial district. McBride's was founded 76 years ago by Tom McBride, father of the present owners, Bill and John.

Over the years this agency has built the kind of trade which gives the brokers one of their best arguments for existence. In a good year McBride's will resell more than 1,400,000 theater tickets. The agency has built a backlog of thousands and thousands of customers who wouldn't think of buying tickets anywhere else. "An example," says Bill McBride, "is the legendary old lady from Dubuque who comes to town for a week to see six night performances and two matinees. If she wants to get her tickets at the theater, she'll have to fight her way through eight separate box-office lines, and possibly find that some of the performances she wants to see aren't available to her when she wants them. She comes to us and we line up a complete week's theatergoing for her, deliver the tickets to her personally or by mail, advise her on a choice of plays and sometimes send her a bill for our work—which she may or may not pay within 30 days."

From this it is evident that there is considerable justice in the claim of McBride's and many of the other excellent agencies that they are a distinct asset to the theater.

There are some very colorful characters among the brokers. One of them is, for instance, Lou Schonceit, who operates the ethical Mackey's Ticket Agency. Lou doesn't tamper with the Ticket Code but he does have his own ideas as to who's who in the theater. According to the board behind his counter, which lists all the current attractions, many shows appear to be unaccountably miscast. If Lou likes one of the play's bit players better than the star, his board bills the bit player as a star. If the show's press agent is an old friend of Lou's, the press agent gets star billing.

Agencies like Lou Schonceit's Mackey's are in distinct contrast to the cigar-chewing characters who operate in barbershop windows or hole-in-the-wall doorways and who manage to convince most of their customers that two seats in Left, Row U are somehow dead center in the tenth row. To abolish this type of agent would be highly advantageous to everyone.

There was no quarrel between the theater and the brokers until the two groups formed a financial as well as a merchandising partnership some years ago.

It started when brokers—who have ever fancied themselves as infallible critics—began to examine shows in rehearsal or still in the contractual stage. If a broker believed in a show's future he would advance the producer cash, in sums which were often staggering in size. In return he would receive tickets, on terms mutually agreeable.

If the show was a hit, the broker sold his tickets to the highest bidder and made himself a substantial profit. On the other hand if he guessed wrong on the success of the show he found himself with a barrelful of tickets for which there was little or no demand.

These tickets were not returnable. The broker had to "eat" them, that is, he had to sell them at cut-rate, or take what could be a backbreaking loss.

Good Features of the "Buy"

Veteran brokers today point to the "buy," as this purchasing system was called, as the most logical and fair method of obtaining and selling tickets. They claim that money advanced for tickets often made the production of shows possible. Further, brokers who were stuck with large loads of tickets for attractions which were only moderately successful actually kept these shows open because they simply had to sell the tickets somewhere at some sort of price.

Almost everybody in show business has a different story as to why the "buy" turned into such a box-office villain back in the mid-1930s. The brokers claim that there were many producers, including some of the most successful ones, who were content to let the buying brokers take a licking if the shows turned out badly, but wanted a slice of the broker-backer's profits if the shows turned out to be smashes.

Some veteran producers admit this, but contend that the buying brokers had developed such fast friendships with the box-office men that, when a show was going badly or only fairly well, the brokers would dump their allotments back into the box office.

There the crews would handle the returned tickets to the exclusion of "non-bought" tickets, which gathered dust in the racks. Other, and possibly more idealistic, producers testify that the situation generally encouraged ticket scalping to such scandalous proportions that the public was becoming disgusted and that something had to be done for its protection. The only thing that could be done

Robert Sylvester, New York newspaperman and magazine writer for 22 years, is the theatrical reporter of the New York Daily News.

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was to outlaw the "buys" altogether and allot tickets to established brokers on some fair and reasonable scale.

Sponsored by a coalition of producers and theater owners, and backed by the late Mayor Fiorello La Guardia and his license commissioner, Paul Moss, the price-provision amendment to the 1922 state law was enacted in 1940. Enforcement was in the hands of city license commissioners. The law was close to Moss's heart, and for some years he was a vigilant scourge of ticket brokers, both honest and otherwise. Some of the boys were ruled off the ticket track for life and others were handed costly suspensions and fines. It is probable that even with a new city government and a series of new license commissioners, the code would have been enforceable except for an unexpected and uncontrollable situation—the inflation which came with World War II.

With the war, Broadway was inundated overnight with hordes of new theatergoers who were loaded with defense-work salaries. The demand for theater tickets was suddenly overwhelming. Price was no object with the new theatergoers. But for the brokers, this boom created a dismal situation. Ticket-office clerks became scarce and expensive. Rents went up. Everything went sky-high except the specified 75-cent overcharge allowed by the Ticket Code. Soon the brokers were wailing that the charge wasn't enough to carry their business; and the boys began to break the code.

Enter the "Benefit Party"

And then the end of the war, and the slight recession which followed, added to, rather than lessened, the problems of the legal ticket broker. During the war, producers had developed a gimmick which is, in effect, a legal ticket "buy." This is the benefit party.

Benefit party brokers, licensed by the League of New York Theatres, Inc., are allowed to buy out performances of incoming shows at a small discount and to resell the tickets to their sponsors for any price they can get. It's all done for sweet charity, and no legal authority has any objection. But when an incoming hit like Kiss Me, Kate sells 60 or more performances to theater-party operators, it naturally follows that there are 60 or more performances for which there won't be any tickets to allot to the 68 brokers. So the brokers had to hustle much harder to try to make up their allotments from nonbenefit performances.

COLLIER'S

"I wanted something more conservative—do you have this in black?"

FRITZ WILKINSON

The buying of tickets by mail is another practice which handicaps the honest ticket broker's business. Theaters are morally and legally bound to fill mail orders. When the advance reports on a show are good, a flood of checks arrives. Most theaters have developed the practice of making every fifth week a mail-order week, that is, all mail orders are filled for performances in this one week. This is what is known to the trade as an "open" week.

The brokers are supposed to get no tickets at all during this period. This cuts them off from one fifth of their potential normal allotment.

But they lose no opportunity of protecting themselves. They mail hundreds of checks with different signatures to the box offices and they employ squads of "diggers" to stand in theater queues for advance sale to any predictable hit.

With public-spirited producers trying to keep tickets out of the gyp brokers' possession, with conniving producers trying to freeze out the gyps unless they share the loot, with sold-out benefit parties closing off certain performances to all brokers and with the open weeks filled exclusively by mail orders, the crooked ticket broker has to scratch and tear for the hot tickets.

To get the really scarce ones he has one weapon at his command: money. He simply offers the box-office man a solid cash payment for each ticket held for him. Sometimes he has to do even more. According to rumor, there have been cases where the company manager, box-office man and even the general manager of a show had to be paid so much per ticket before any were turned over to the ticket thief.

Today the worst of the ticket thieves complain that they wouldn't be quite so addicted to burglary if box-office men and the theater men who control tickets at the source were a little less selfish. The ticket thieves all swear that they are barely grinding out a living even with their outrageous prices. They claim that treasurers and theater managers are the ones getting rich. "Treasurers' wives," they point out, "are the best-dressed women in show business. There was one box-office treasurer," say the ticket gyps, "who left an estate of $300,000 after working for several years at the standard union wage of $110 a week."

These charges naturally infuriate many box-office men. Hitting right back they say that scalpers charge such high prices because they trade tickets among themselves. One pair of tickets, which a box-office crew may have delivered to a legitimate broker for the standard of 25 cents per seat, sometimes may pass through the hands of four different brokers, each paying a premium to the previous holder, before it ultimately winds up in the possession of the gyp who can sell it for the most money.

Only Hit Ducats Are Scalped

So everybody has his story on ticket scalping today. But it must be remembered that ticket gouging can only be accomplished when there is a smash hit. The practice is possible only with a scarce article, and both honest and dishonest brokers don't deal in scarce tickets alone. They handle all tickets for all attractions, and there is no doubt that brokers of all classifications do their best to sell tickets for shows which are not sellouts or which are struggling for survival.

But what is to be done about the other side of their nature—their habit of charging outrageous prices for tickets which are in great demand? It is doubtful if anything can be done until all showmen —everyone a rugged individualist—can agree to some fair method of distributing tickets both directly to the public and through a limited number of honest ticket brokers.

But even ticket thieves, who claim they would be honest if they could find a way out, doubt that there will be an end to ticket speculation as long as human nature remains what it is.

"As long as some people have more money than others and are willing to pay more for what they want," says one of these boys, "there'll be high prices paid for scarce tickets. They may run me out of business, but all that will accomplish will be to turn the hotel porter, the sidewalk grifter and the box-office man's brother-in-law into unlicensed ticket brokers with larceny in their hearts."

The general theory in show business is that the ticket thieves will automatically disappear the minute people stop paying their prices. The time seems a long way off.

THE END

CHARLIE BRANNAN AND HIS WONDERFUL WORLD

Continued from page 17

California. All of them, he found, suffered in depression times, just like the cattle ranchers and beet farmers of his own home area. His service with Wickard was brief and uneventful. But Wickard was succeeded by a human dynamo named Clinton Anderson. Here was a master politician from New Mexico, who expected his top aide to participate in every move on the chessboard.

Never before had Brannan been so close to the whirring wheels of practical politics. He liked it. He learned fast. He got the hang of Anderson's adroit techniques and methods.

Truman was now in the White House, and Anderson was one of Truman's cronies. Brannan admired Truman and had a certain feeling of kinship for him. They had both come up the same way.

When the election campaign began in 1948, Brannan got aboard. He had an instinctive feeling that Truman could be elected, if only the current pessimism of his followers could be dispelled. Brannan did more than just volunteer for service—he set out to find ways in which he could be useful.

Presently he caught fire, and started a sort of one-man crusade for Truman's election. Hardly anybody else in the Democratic camp was bothering about the farm vote, which in many sections was regarded as hopelessly Republican.

"Republican my eye!" said Brannan. "The farmers are learning more about our programs. If they are shown where their interests lie, they'll vote that way."

He dashed around the country like a madman, trying to prove his point. He blasted the weak farm utterances of Dewey and Stassen. He accused the Republican Congress of plotting to sacrifice the farmers by denying the government the necessary authority to build adequate grain storage bins. He quoted chapter and verse. "Wake up, Mr. Farmer," he shouted, "a vote for Dewey is a vote for lower farm prices!" He was convincing about it, because he knew from painful experience what skidding farm prices meant to his kind of people.

Newspapers labeled him "Hustler Brannan." His enthusiasm for persuading the farmer was contagious. Truman caught it, and gleefully beat the same drums.

The result was part of the Big Surprise on Election Day.

A few months before election Anderson resigned to run for senator from New Mexico, and Truman rewarded Hustler Brannan by appointing him Secretary of Agriculture.

Mrs. Brannan decided to move from their modest flat in Washington's McLean Gardens to a slightly more spacious four-room suite in the big Westchester Apartments. The monthly pay was now $1,250, and the new job carried with it an official limousine, complete with chauffer. That left the old green sedan, vintage of 1940, for Mrs. Brannan to use in shopping and visiting.

She understands how important "visiting" can be, and she knows most of the right people. She has always had a hefty interest in her husband's official life. She is his right hand at many of the functions he has to attend. Often when he makes a speech, she goes along and helps with the handshaking and palavering. Everybody likes her, and she knows how to handle people for the best interests of all concerned.

She is petite, gracious and sincere, with a winning smile and an infectious ease of manner. Conversationally she is completely at home with whatever comes up—except that she doesn't gossip. Her knowledge of the Department of Agriculture and its far-flung personnel is astounding. The most obscure and remote bureaus are within her ken.

Among her varied talents is an apparently natural gift for public speaking. She hadn't practiced it much since her schoolteaching days, until suddenly during the Presidential campaign she volunteered to take on some of the overwhelming demands for speakers in the farm belt. She appeared on the platform in five states, winding up on the eve of election at a rally in Toledo, Ohio, where she was enthusiastically applauded by 1,200 people.

In conversation, she doesn't limit herself to shop talk. She likes domestic subjects, and being herself an accomplished cook and a tidy housewife she enjoys swapping information about food, marketing, home decoration and other household topics. Over at McLean Gardens she did all her own washing in the basement slot-machine washer, and was

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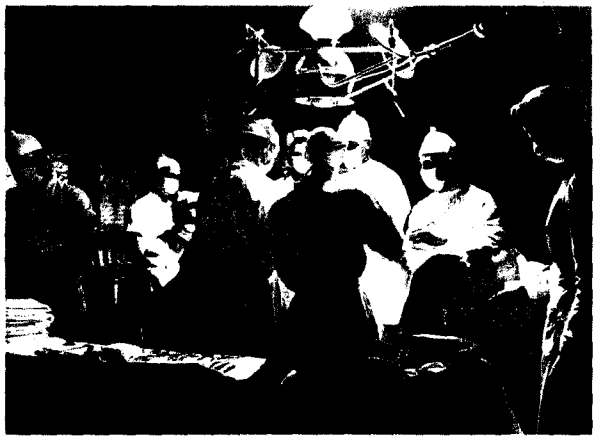

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very proud of the results she got on Charlie's shirts. One of her self-appointed duties, ever since her wedding day, has been to keep Charlie looking spick-and-span, as behooves a rising young attorney.

A subject she likes to discuss is the old "nest egg," which was invested four years ago in a ranch property near Wray, Colorado, about 100 miles east of Denver. After looking over a lot of places, she and her husband selected this one, near a famous scenic spot known as "Flirtation Point."

It must have been quite a shock for a couple of loyal Democrats to find their heart's desire in the valley of a stream called the "Republican River."

Old-Time Buffalo Country

However, there it is, a broad sweep of rolling prairie where buffalo once grazed and hostile Indians used to be as plentiful as the present-day jack rabbits. The Brannans started it as a partnership with Amer Lehman, a college mate and longtime friend who lives on the ranch and runs 150 to 200 head of cattle. Occasionally, when the Secretary goes West, he makes a point of routing himself by Burlington Zephyr, so he can stop over at the ranch; he has an arrangement with the Burlington railroad management to halt their through trains for a jiffy at Wray whenever he wants to get on or off.

As a cattle raiser, the Secretary doesn't like the way the American National Livestock Association views his new farm plan. When the association registered opposition, its spokesman was a fellow Colorado rancher, A. A. Smith, of Sterling—which is only 50 miles from Wray. Smith, who is a stanch Republican, appeared before a Congressional committee and declared that "stockmen are opposed to over-all grants of authority that will tend to regiment the entire livestock industry."

Brannan frowned when he heard about Neighbor Smith's testimony. "He certainly doesn't speak for all stockmen," said the Secretary. "I know many ranchers around Wray who are enthusiastic supporters of the plan."

The opposition of the livestock association, added to that of the Farm Bureau, was a serious setback to the new proposal. It seemed to mean that the plan could not be enacted into law at this session of Congress. Bryant Edwards, head of the powerful Southwest livestock group, declared: "At no time in the history of the nation has our industry ever sought government support of prices." He thought the cost of the program would be prohibitive.

This question of cost keeps cropping up. Nobody has any accurate idea what the cost might be. Not even Brannan himself. He refuses to make any overall estimate. Some of his Democratic backers in Congress suggest $2,000,000,000 as a reasonable maximum; his Republican opponents think the cost might reach ten billions. Brannan calls the Republican guess "reckless." He is very positive in stating repeatedly that "under any and all circumstances" his plan will be cheaper than the present one.

The indefiniteness as to the cost of stabilizing farm prices is characteristic of all plans for price support. No matter what the plan is, it would cost little, or perhaps bring a profit, except in times of emergency. But when a real emergency comes—when the bottom drops out of the market—the increased costs might be catastrophic.

For the past 15 years the government's Commodity Credit Corporation has been "supporting" the prices of various products. But it never has had to meet a real nation-wide market collapse. For its first 14 years it showed a net profit of $80,000,000 on these operations. But in the past 12 months it has had to go into the red on two products in surplus—eggs and potatoes. Other current crop supports are coming out about even or actually showing a profit. On the whole, losses for the past year will figure somewhere in the neighborhood of $200,000,000 mostly attributable to a 50 per cent overproduction of potatoes.

But if an avalanche of farm surpluses should come sweeping over the country, the present parity laws would take a colossal sum out of the Treasury. Brannan says, "The cost would rise by astronomical figures." He thinks his new plan would be cheaper and better; its advantage to the consumer would be important in a depression economy, because the consumer would get the benefit of reduced prices.

"Present conditions are critical," he warns. "If we are heading for depression, this new plan is the best insurance I can offer you. If we act in time, we can prevent a depression. And there's nothing in this plan that hasn't been tried before; it's just an extension of tested techniques, with a little better grip on the dangers we want to guard against."

Members of Congress know that delay is dangerous. They knew it in January, when they reassembled after the election surprises. Brannan had provided some spectacular explosives in the campaign, and had swung a lot of farm votes to Truman. Congressmen shuddered when they recalled what he and his Big Boss had said about the way Congress was treating the farmer.

Brannan had developed a new personality under the stimulus of the campaign. Congressmen were puzzled at the change. Members of the Senate Agricultural Committee summoned him and some of them were presumably prepared to grill him about his campaign oratory.

He had the New Look all right. His Mr. Milquetoast attitude had disappeared. He stood right up to the senators and spoke his mind, just the way he and Harry had done during the campaign. One of the senators was so astounded by the transformation that he later told a friend: "The last time our committee consulted Brannan he was soft-voiced and balding; today he was belligerent and cocky—and it seemed to me he had more hair on the top of his head. Certainly he had developed a rigid backbone and a lot of self-confidence. He acted as if the farmers of the country had given him a personal vote."

The committee and Mr. Brannan talked for quite a while. The senators said they wanted to "reconsider" price support legislation. A big harvest loomed, with uncontrollable surpluses in prospect.

"What's your program, Mr. Brannan?" asked the senators. "Can you get your boys together and recommend an effective substitute for the present law?"

Brannan's answer was equivalent to: "I'll be back in a flash with a flash!"

They gave him a few weeks to assemble his plan and to fortify it with all the necessary data. He hurried off to the big sprawling building which houses the central machinery of the Department of Agriculture and summoned 25 bureau chiefs, program planners and assorted big shots, in Conference Room 218.

"For the next month or so," he directed, "we are all going to concentrate on a new law for farm support. We will meet to discuss progress every Tuesday and Thursday evening, starting at seven o'clock for a two-hour session."

"I won a free trip to this place in 1939 by winning the Sudz Soap contest. While I was vacationing here, they went out of business"

COLLIER'S JOHN DEMPSEY

Nightwork is frowned upon in the big government offices, and this meant the heaviest load the Agriculture officials had taken on in a long time. But they all pitched in, and Brannan worked as hard as anybody, guiding their research and gradually indicating the line he had decided to follow.

First of all he discarded the established definition of parity. "The old standards," he said, "belong to 35 years ago. They're antiquated. A modern farm program should be geared to a modern base."

He decided to try for a "comparative income basis" which he could apply to farm problems. He wanted to keep up the farmer's income, rather than individual prices on individual products. He asked himself and his aides, "What are the commodities which produce the greater part of farm income and mean most to consumers? If we support these commodities, through thick and thin, will we assure the farmer a 'parity' income?"

The planners finally settled on ten commodities, instead of the old list of 19. The first four on the new list were the storables—wheat, corn, cotton and tobacco. The second group were perishables—milk, eggs, chickens, hogs, cattle and lambs.

Gone from the priority list were all the vegetables. They could be supported later, if Congress directed. But the ten selected commodities, Brannan felt, would serve to support farm incomes in a generally effective way.

He developed a new formula for calculating parities. The formula was designed to guarantee farmers a total 1950 income of $26,234,000,000—as compared to an estimated 1949 income of $27,500,000,000.

Important details of the plan were these four: 1. In order to participate, farmers would have to comply with marketing agreements, acreage controls and soil-conservation requirements. 2. The amount of price support per farm would be limited, so as to favor the small or family-size farm. 3. The storable commodities would continue to be supported by commodity loans and purchase agreements. 4. The perishable commodities would be supported by "production payments" or subsidies, direct to the farmer.

The controversial nubbin of the Brannan plan is number four. The farmer is to be paid in cash the difference between the support standard and the average selling price in the market place. For example, eggs in 1950 would be supported at 45.8 cents a dozen. If the market price dropped a dime below 45.8, because of heavy production, the government would give the farmer a dime for every dozen he sold. But consumers would buy the eggs a dime cheaper.

Under the present program, when the market price sinks below the support level, the government steps in and buys eggs until the price goes up. This procedure costs plenty, and nobody eats the eggs—at least thus far the government has had to dry them and put them in storage, and it has plenty on hand which it can't find any use for.

More Eggs—at Lower Price

Getting down to cases, Brannan himself told Congress it would cost the government around $172,000,000 to buy 300,000,000 dozen eggs this year, under the present law. The same money spent under his new plan would let the price of eggs drop four cents a dozen, and make 300,000,000 extra dozen available.

As such foods get cheaper, Brannan thinks we'll eat more of them—especially eggs and milk.

But wherever the project is discussed, there is likely to be a Philistine around to ask, "What happens if the price of eggs drops to a quarter or even less?" Simple arithmetic seems to indicate that at two bits a dozen, the taxpayer's loss would be nearly $1,000,000,000 on that commodity alone; and the Republican alarmists who envisaged a possible loss of $10,000,000,000 for a year of Santa Claus, were figuring $1,000,000,000 apiece for each of ten supported commodities. That would be the penalty for overbountiful surpluses.

A worried senator asked Brannan, "When you say that present conditions are critical, do you mean you think a big depression is coming on?"

"No," said Brannan firmly. "I see no evidence of serious economic trouble on the horizon."

"Then why do you feel your plan is necessary?"

"We should take the positive approach, not the negative one. We inoculate ourselves against smallpox, even though we do not expect to get it. Our danger is in sudden huge agricultural surpluses, and we've got to find a way to protect our economy against them."

A scholarly senator quoted an old New England saying: "Blessed be agriculture—if one doesn't have too much of it!"

Brannan's own version of the same adage was part of a speech he made in New York last January: "Agricultural abundance is like rain—wonderful in the right amounts, but terrible if it gets out of control in the form of floods!" THE END

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THE OLD HOME TOWN FIGHTS TO LIVE

Continued from page 29

leaders from the various towns were to get together frequently to swap experiences and offer suggestions. For all anyone knew, one town might have the answer to another town's problem! But the Pantagraph and the university were *silent* partners. They would speak only when spoken to. This was not going to be one of those affairs where some nosy outsider came in and told a town what was wrong with it!

To get the ball rolling the "silent partners" suggested certain simple procedures. First—because you don't walk into a man's house until he asks you—some one responsible organization in each town was to make a written request to the university for help in a study of the needs of that community.

The Community Club acted for Lexington. In Colfax and Stanford the village boards took the initial steps. The Minonk Chamber of Commerce and the Roanoke Civic Association chose to start things moving in those places. What happened after that in Lexington set the pattern for all the rest.

The Community Club announced a big mass meeting, open to everybody in town and everybody living for miles around, children and old folks not excepted. Townsfolk and farmers thronged into the high-school auditorium until it seemed the walls would give way. Walter Teesdale, energetic young Methodist minister, faced the seething mass of neighbors and quietly explained that the problem of survival faced Lexington as it did most small towns throughout the land. It was the hour for decision.

"Have we got something here in this town that is worth saving? What do we lack to make this the kind of community where we, our children, and our children's children will want to live? If we want to be here tomorrow, we must find the answers to those questions now!"

There was a sudden intake of breath, as at a declaration of war. Before the tension broke, a high-school girl jumped to her feet and said, "Speaking of *our children,* all you older people think it's wrong of us young ones to go off to Bloomington and Peoria to shows, dances and stuff. Well, what else are we supposed to do?" she demanded. "What have *you* got to offer?"

A Suggestion Is Approved

The meeting buzzed with ideas, criticism, suggestions, questions and answers. Finally Teesdale brought the discussion to a close. He suggested that they form a Community Council, to weigh all Lexington's debits and credits and to plan for its future. It would be made up of a representative from every organization in the vicinity. The suggestion was greeted with thunderous "Yeas!" Even the cub scouts demanded representation on the council.

All this was about what Tate and Anderson had foreseen. The council got organized and under way in no time. But it had nearly 50 members and for speedier action its members elected a small executive committee. Teesdale was chairman.

The executive committee in turn set up three action committees. According to the Tate-Anderson formula three separate aspects of village life must be considered: (1) industries, business and personal services; (2) education, health, welfare and recreation; and (3) civic affairs and public activities. As these affairs grew, so would the future of Lexington. Each group had its committee. The key to the first job to be tackled by each was Anderson's statement: "There's room for all of us if we can just find out what it is that people expect of us!"

For this purpose the university had prepared printed questionnaires. There was a separate one for each of the three aspects of village life, and each asked these three questions:

1. What criticisms do you have of this aspect of your community?

2. What do you think could be done to *improve* this aspect of your community?

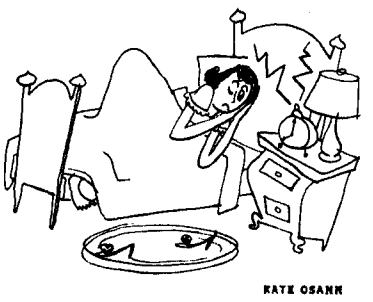
3. What new facilities and services do you think are needed and would be supported?

A kind of measuring stick of community strength had also been prepared by the university in the form of a pamphlet called Your Community . . . Which Way? Each committee took copies of its own questionnaire and distributed them, with the pamphlets, among the families living in town and in the surrounding country districts.

Both farmers and townspeople were ruthless in their self-criticism. As at the big mass meeting, it seemed as though they had been waiting for years to speak their minds. Any outsider would have been tarred and feathered for saying some of the things they said. Some committeemen were aghast and others had to chuckle at the frankness of some of the answers.

"There isn't even a public toilet in town!" a number of farmers protested. "And if you really mean to do something besides talk, what about a place for our families to wait and read, or visit, and for the kids to play while we're in town transacting our business? What's the matter with your city officials? Didn't any of 'em ever raise a family?" This was typical of the demands for simple, human needs no "scientific" city planner would have dreamed of putting first. Yet both in Roanoke and in Lexington the requests for a public toilet—and if possible some kind of rest and recreation center—headed the list.

Other suggestions ran the gamut of community problems everywhere. The town needed a hospital, a doctor, a dentist, someone to help with income-tax forms and legal business. Stores should give better service, offer more up-to-date merchandise, be more pleasant to shop in or more considerate of customers. There should be more opportunities for adults to get together and have fun. A theater was needed—and a bowling alley. "Open up the school auditorium and gym, so we can have a place for games or meetings!" was a frequent demand.



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Burning one's own trash and garbage takes time, is unsanitary and leaves an ugly mess, yet most of the towns still had no regular garbage collection! The water in central Illinois is hard, causing housewives to waste quantities of soap and extra labor to get clothes clean. Couldn't they have a municipal water-softening plant? The saving in soap alone would pay for it! A community cold-storage plant, where a family could rent a quick-freeze locker, would help every family's food budget.

Just a Few More Needs

Townspeople wanted a place where their children could play under supervision. Farmers needed an old-fashioned blacksmith shop—or its modern equivalent—where tractors, farm machinery and tools could be mended. Country people pointed out a score of family necessities that could not be bought in town: What about a men's clothing store? A dress shop? A furniture store?

It was amazing how eager people were to help remodel the town, how seriously everyone took his duty to answer fully and sincerely. One countrywoman wrote laboriously: "I am sorry my eyesight is not strong enough to read the questions. If someone would read them to me I would gladly answer!"

The list in each town was endless. But it showed which things people considered most important. And it revealed a truth which is the hope of small towns everywhere: Farmers would rather deal in the friendly atmosphere of a small town, if the small town offers the services they need.

The answers were bundled off to the university. Students and statisticians sorted and analyzed them. The most frequent requests got top priority. The analysis became the framework for an all-inclusive program of community betterment, and recommendations were made to each community council.

But resolutions by the councils were not needed to start action. Businessmen, blushing under the criticism that their stores were messy and uninviting, began to clean up and paint their places. Broken sidewalks were repaired almost overnight. School officials who would have been furious at any "outside interference" began to think in terms of hot-lunch programs, consolidated schools, better recreational facilities and vocational guidance.

On the basis of their new knowledge of what the people expected of their town, the councils had many bigger questions to discuss. For example: How big do we want our town to be? Are we to think of ourselves as a suburb or as an independent community? Are we aiming to become a *complete* community—one that offers all services within itself—or will we share with neighboring towns the

Next Week

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job of satisfying human needs? Are we trying to imitate Bloomington or Chicago?

After talking these things over, everyone seemed to come to the same point of view. It was this: Just as every person has his own, unique personality, so has every town. Let each community do what it is best able to do; and let someone else take care of the rest!

In Lexington, where action first started, Main Street today has a freshly scrubbed and painted look all the way from the new neon sign at the edge of town to the quiet, elm-shaded village square at the other end. But the thing people in Lexington talk most about is "Jive Junction."

Three years ago Jive Junction was just the empty second story above the light company's offices on Main Street. Now it has been cleaned out, painted, redecorated and equipped with a juke box, games, Ping-pong tables, a stand that sells soft drinks and candy; in fact, just about everything that's close to the hearts of youngsters from two to twenty-five years of age. There are times when as many as 200 youngsters, rollicking in that big room, make so much noise the merchants and shoppers can't hear themselves think.

The kids who use Jive Junction have their own club; their president, "Babe" Hardt, represents Jive Junction on the council. Helping out as part-time waitress in a Main Street coffeeshop, Babe never lets customers forget the recreation program. The kids themselves raised the $460 to equip Jive Junction. This was all the cash they needed. Wouldn't the kids of any town do as much if given the chance?

Thirty young couples take turns as chaperons, supervisors, play directors, each giving one evening or afternoon a month. But they can always count on help from Valery Beveridge, who gave up her beauty-shop business to devote all her free time to the recreation drive.

Young Mrs. Beveridge and her tractor-salesman husband were a little startled one evening when Elmo Poshard, the town constable, pushed open the picket gate and rang their bell. "Looking for someone, Officer?" Mrs. Beveridge inquired, thinking perhaps one of the "kids" might be in trouble.

"Yes, Valery, for you," said the constable. "I want to contribute to your drive for the recreation center."

"But this is the third time you've given us money, Elmo. Are you sure you can afford it?"

"Why not?" Poshard replied, laughing. "I don't even earn my salary any more. Ever since you took the kids off the streets I've nothing to do!"

Community Center Planned

The fund to which Poshard contributed is going toward a bigger, better-equipped recreation center for *both* children and adults. But even that is only a stopgap. Lexington is planning a permanent community-center building where all recreational activities can find a home. "When I moved back here with my husband five years ago, this town was dying on its feet," Mrs. Beveridge says. "You just ought to live here now. And mark my words, you just keep your eye on this town in the *next* five years!"

Jive Junction is not Lexington's only new departure in recreation for young and old. Leonard Kelly, a neighboring farmer, is a motion-picture enthusiast. Working with his camera at odd times and places about town, he is keeping a continuous film chronicle which he calls "Everyday Life in Lexington." Shown every few months in the high-school auditorium, no Hollywood film could possibly arouse more interest, for the cast and the audience are one and the same.

Lexington had a big street carnival and dance last fall and will do it again this year when the season's crops are in. For people in a small town can have fun in ways that city people seldom can—the kind of fun where everyone knows everyone else and everyone joins in.

Of course Lexington's betterment program has its more serious side. A new $75,000 municipal water plant is almost finished. Adult classes have been started at the high school and, for the first time, the town has a kindergarten. Half a dozen new businesses have moved into once empty stores on Main Street, and the weekly newspaper is getting more advertising.

In Minonk the questionnaires sent out at the start of the experiment had an almost magical effect. Merchants learned of opportunities they hadn't known existed. R. Granert and Sons, clothing manufacturers, opened a retail "drive-in" store and now have the second biggest retail business in town.

New Ideas Boost Business

"Ever since those answers came pouring in to the council, the businessmen around here have shown a lot of imagination in discovering new angles and progressive ideas," says John O. Denson, who runs the local newspaper. "They're making more money than they ever knew was lying around this township. Of course *they* spend more with suppliers in places like Bloomington, Peoria, Chicago. Seems to help everybody.

"Our paper here was in the drive from the start. We were mighty rough on our advertisers along Main Street, telling them just what people said was wrong with them. And you should have seen them get busy! Just about every store has been modernized and stocked with the kinds of merchandise people said they wanted. We got a few new stores too: a shoe store, a furniture store, a fur shop and a dress shop, not to mention Granert's."

Three years ago Uncle Sam's post office didn't think Minonk was big or important enough to have a postman to deliver mail from door to door. Big, lumbering, cheerful "Babe" Smith, former town alderman, found out that to have door-to-door delivery, every street must have a name and every house a number. And he saw to it that they got them, even though he personally had to collect the money for a street sign at each corner.

Minonk has built a ring for horse shows. The city park has been cleaned up and relandscaped. Paid instructors supervise the children's summer games and recreation. Several times a year all the children who want to go are loaded into chartered buses and taken to Lake Bloomington or elsewhere on a daylong picnic.

That's one way a small town can give its kids the advantages it may not have right at home. And these things, Babe will assure you, are only first steps. "We're going to make things move around here from now on, believe me," he says, "because now we've found out how much we can do. After all, we live in this town, and we're going to make it just as good a town as we can."

Roanoke could easily have become a ghost town like Cardiff. It, too, depended on a coal mine, and on a building-tile factory. Ten years ago both closed for good. But Roanoke had an asset far more valuable than these. Perhaps Tilman Smith deserves as much credit as anyone. During his years as principal of the high school he turned out boys and girls with imagination and daring. When the time came they were able and willing to be pioneers.

There's Gene Bertschi for instance. Gene got fed up with Roanoke and moved to the city, where he quickly worked up into a five-figure job in one of the biggest industries in Illinois. But after the experiment got rolling he chucked his job,

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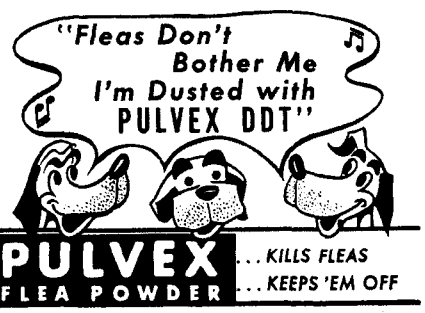

moved back to the home town and put his shoulder to the wheel.

By launching a builders'-supply firm in partnership with the local builders themselves, and adding a modern concrete block factory to the firm's resources, he broke the high price of new homes and started a building boom. Not satisfied with that, he bought a cornfield on the edge of town and divided it into 56 building lots. And in his own home he's trying out a new radiant-heating system he expects will lower the cost of modern homes even further!

Out on the other side of town Stan Hodel, a classmate of Gene's, runs a factory for dehydrating alfalfa and processing it into meal for cattle feed. The factory itself was built of bricks salvaged from the old brickyard. Alfalfa grows right around Roanoke. No need to ship it to St. Louis or Chicago! Stan's plant is where the alfalfa is, and Stan's men go right out into the fields and harvest it for the farmers. But even so, alfalfa meal has become a highly competitive business, and Stan has to use his wits to keep ahead of the game. Last winter, in their spare time, he and his foreman put the finishing touches on a wonder machine that does the whole job of cutting and loading with only one operator!

An Inventor Rents a Shop

In Roanoke, invention flourishes like the green bay tree. Take Ray Ulrich. One day a small, empty warehouse caught his eye. It was big enough for a fair-sized machine shop. He rented it and hung out his shingle: Ulrich Products Corporation.

In three years he's made two additions to the building. Now he's erecting a new factory down the road a piece. The present one employs 50 men. It did a $500,000 business last year in turning out accessories which Ray designed for farm trucks and tractors, and in a new type of hydraulic coupler Ray invented. He's not through inventing, either. At the moment he's applied for patents on 28 new ideas.

When a community looks as though it's going places, people seem to want to jump on the band wagon. Roanoke has been attracting industries the way a head of clover attracts bees. It now has a big new milling company that processes soybeans. A small, branch washing-machine factory that closed years ago has reopened. The county Farm Bureau has made Roanoke its center for the distribution of feed and fertilizer. A corncob processing plant is at work—and a factory that makes ladders.

Industry isn't the only thing Roanoke is proud of. Today the town has a brand-new fire house, with extra room and facilities, so that visitors can drop in and loaf, wash up, or even use the community kitchen to warm the baby's bottle while waiting for the head of the family to finish his business in town. It has a new movie, opened by a farm boy who is handicapped in farming because he lost an arm in the war. It has its own town band, a choral society and a new Boy Scout troop.

The high-school coach has been hired to supervise the younger kids' sports and games, and even more ambitious projects are in view. Yet there is no boasting, just a quiet satisfaction and a feeling that there will always be plenty more to be done.

That's the way it is in Stanford and in Colfax too. Both towns are moving ahead, and others will soon be joining in the movement.

As all the towns are different, so are their needs and ambitions. Stanford and Colfax each hoped for a municipal swimming pool. They found neither was big enough to afford one. But Colfax found a way to pay for a municipal water-softening plant. Stanford is planning a sewer system and hopes to get a municipal cold-storage plant. Both villages have managed to have all their streets paved. Colfax has organized a series of summer band concerts that bring neighbors together from miles around.

Ten Towns Seek Expert Help

Today the experiment has moved out of the laboratory stage and into full production. The university has offered to put its experts at the disposal of any town that cares to apply. Ten towns in the vicinity were only waiting for the announcement to rush their letters of application to Dr. Stoddard, and other applications are pouring in now.

For the feeling is growing in Illinois that *any* community can insure its future by using the methods of the five towns. In essence those methods simply mean a return to old-fashioned democracy and the pioneer spirit of hard, unselfish, shoulder-to-shoulder work. *Plus,* of course, some modern know-how supplied by Tate and the university!

Universities in Nebraska and in Iowa are starting programs modeled on that of Illinois. Community-betterment programs already under way in Virginia, Ohio and elsewhere are learning from the Illinois experiments.

But what about your town? Is it worth saving? Your state university has many of the facilities that Illinois has. Adult education need not be restricted to the classroom. It can march right through the village square! What about your daily newspaper, your country weekly—can you spur them to action? It might make all the difference in the world to your town, to your children, and your children's children. THE END

MY BIRTHDAY'S IN JULY

Continued from page 27

While I was having an egg, Nancy asked, "Do you believe in God?"

"Well—" I began. My wife smiled at me. I'm an agnostic. "Yes—yes."

"My mother says there isn't any God."

"What does your father say, Nancy?" my wife asked.

"Oh, he says he doesn't know."

"Well, take it from me, kid, there is," I said, digging into the egg.

NANCY shoved the magazine at me. "Would you like to buy a magazine?" she asked.

"Your old man working his way through college?"

"Harry!" my wife said.

"Okay, how much?" I asked. The magazine was four months old.

"Oh, I don't know—five dollars?"

"Well, that's a little high. How about a dime?"

"All right."

I gave her the dime.

"Are you selling magazines now?" my wife asked.

"No, but I'm getting money. To buy my own present. For my birthday. My birthday's in July. Then I'm going to be six years old, and my mother is going to have a party for me, and everybody will bring me presents."

There's something in me that made me ask, "Did your mother say that?"

"No, she's keeping it for a surprise."

"Uh-huh," I said. "Look, Nancy, I know how you can make some money. You just go around to everybody in Vets Village and ask if they have some old magazines they don't want. Then you take the magazines and sell them to other people. But don't sell the same magazines to the people you get them from."

She frowned. "Will that be all right?"

"Sure, you go and do that," I said. "Right now. Go on."

After Nancy had gone, my wife said, "What did you want to tell her that for?"

"Well, what's the difference? Couples around here wouldn't mind giving the kid their old magazines—and they wouldn't mind buying others for a nickel or so—off her."

"But—"

"Oh, what the hell! A kid whose parents tell her there isn't any God. At six. Is that progressive education or something?"

"The father's very brilliant."

"I'm suspicious of brilliant people. Especially when they carry it over to their children."

"Well, he is brilliant. Mechanical genius or something."

"Where'd you hear all this?"

"From his wife."

"Oh, well."

"I meet her shopping every now and then. I think she's a little overawed by her husband. You know what she told me? She told me she and he had it figured out that *she* would be a drudge for the next twenty-five years. Can you imagine anybody saying that? She turns those children out at about six in the morning and won't let them back into the house until suppertime."

"Well," I said, "you can't deny that she has a tough job on her hands. But it must be hard on the children. You know, you never see Nancy playing with anybody. She's always alone."

"I wonder whom she'll have to her party—if she has one. Do you think she will?"

"No," I said.

"Neither do I." . . .

That night while I was studying, I heard a woman's voice outside: "Is this the place?"

Nancy's voice answered, "Yes."

"Oh, God," I said to my wife, "if she comes in here, tell her I've gone to the library or something. I don't want to talk to any irate mothers."

"Coward."

"Right!" I went into the bedroom and closed the door, but Nancy and her mother didn't come in.

The Herrills never mentioned the magazine episode to us, but Nancy had to give the money back, and Mrs. Herrill avoided my wife downtown. It's a small town, and you can tell when you're being avoided.

ONE day I took my .22 down to the river for target practice. I met Nancy on the riverbank. She was just staring at the flow of the muddy river. She was always staring at something.

"You sure get around," I said, coming up.

"Hello!" She smiled. "What have you got? A gun?"

"Yes."

"Going hunting?"

"No, shooting."

"What are you going to shoot?"

"Beer cans in the river."

"Can I watch?"

"I guess so. But be careful, and don't get in the way." I threw a can out into the river, and took a sight on it as it came floating by.

"My father has lots of guns. He makes some of them. He goes hunting lots."

"Yeah? What does he hunt?" I fired and missed.

"Woodchucks."

"That's great hunting, that is." The next shot hit the can, and it sank slowly.

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The idea is to hit the can just at the water line so the force of the bullet pushes the can under. If the can floats by, it's a little dangerous shooting downriver at it.

After I had missed three cans and hit five, I sat down and lighted a cigarette. Nancy sat down, too.

"Your mother make you give that money back?" I asked her. "From the magazines you sold?"

"Yes," she admitted. "She said it wasn't right. But my birthday is next week, so I don't care."

"What are you going to get for your birthday?"

"Oh, a new dress and new shoes."

"What do you want?"

"Oh, a bicycle. And a paint set. But I don't think I'll get 'em, because my mother says a bicycle costs too much, and I'd get the walls dirty with a paint set."

"Maybe. Say, Nancy, what were you doing down here by the river?" I asked her.

"Oh, I come down here lots and throw stones in the river."

"Don't you have anybody to play with?"

"There isn't anybody as old as I am in Vets Village. Just babies."

"How about school?"

"I don't go to school yet."

"Not even kindergarten?"

"You have to live here to be able to go to kindergarten, I mean, live in the town. My father just goes to school here. Like you. But it's all right, because my mother says I'm brighter than most kids, so I won't have any trouble catching up. Are you going to shoot some more?"

"In a minute. Am I invited to your party?"

"Oh, I'm inviting everybody. It's going to be a big party. My mother says not to expect a party, but that's just because she's keeping it a secret."

When I got home, my wife said, "Mrs. Herrill was here. She's been going around the village canceling all the invitations Nancy has been giving."

"That all?"

"Yes. She was very polite. She also looked very tired. You know, it *must* be quite a job ta—"

"Okay, okay." . . .

On Nancy's birthday it rained miserably, and I was late coming home from class. The roads through Vets Village are mud, and I was well soaked. As I came up to our place, I saw Nancy watching the rain fall into a puddle.

"You'll catch cold out here," I said, then added uncomfortably, "Happy birthday."

"Thank you," she said, not looking up.

"Want to come in?"

"No, thank you. I forgot to tell you I'm not having a party, because my mother says we can't afford it. Besides, she never *said* I *was* going to have a party. But maybe I can have one next year."

"Oh, sure," I said. I walked by her and went in.

My wife threw me a towel to dry my head and said, "Did you talk to Nancy outside?"

"Yeah."

"Isn't it too bad? On top of it all, it has to rain like this and make her feel worse."

I WENT over to the window. Nancy was still standing there in the rain, watching the drops fall into the puddle. "Very melodramatic," I said. "The lone little chee-ild in the rain." I felt lousy.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, I don't know. I give the Herrills all the credit in the world for what they're trying to do—get through school, but—I don't know. But then again, the kid had no right expecting a party. Kids do those things. They make up things to expect, and then they get to believing in them. Then, if they do happen, they think they run the household. And if they don't happen, they think you've cut their heart out."

I took off my raincoat, and the package fell on the floor.

"What's that?" my wife asked.

"It's a paint set." She looked at me for a moment, and I said, "Well, it only cost ninety-eight cents. But I don't know how in hell I'm going to give it to her. I can't very well give it to her out in the rain just like that. And I'll be damned if I'm going over to her house and do it."

My wife smiled and went to the breadbox, and brought out a small chocolate cake with six candles on it. She just held it out and smiled.

"Suppose she doesn't like chocolate?" I said.

"All children like chocolate."

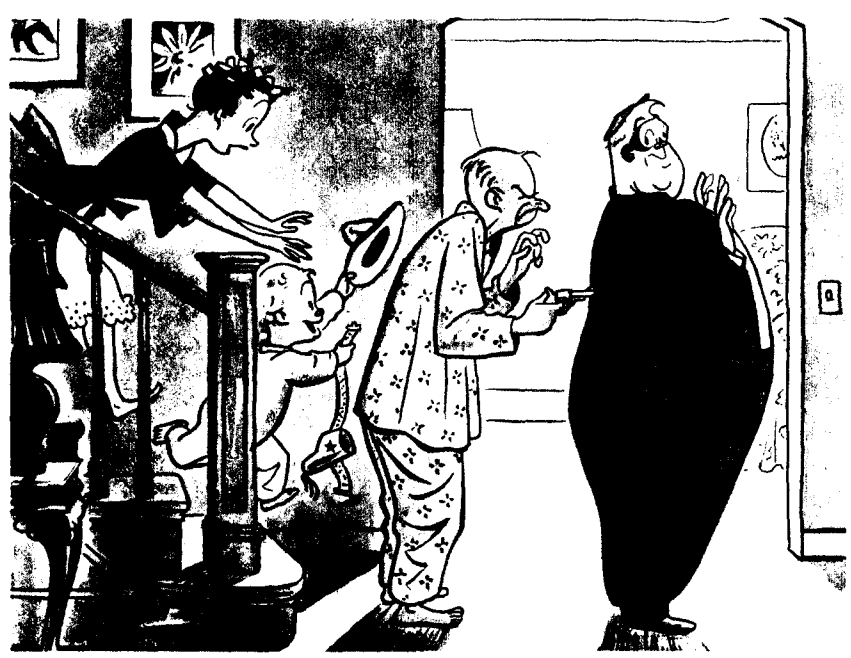
"You know her parents may raise absolute, dirty hell."

"Well, that's up to you."

I went over to the door, leaned out and called, "Hey, kid. Come in here for a minute. We've got something to show you."

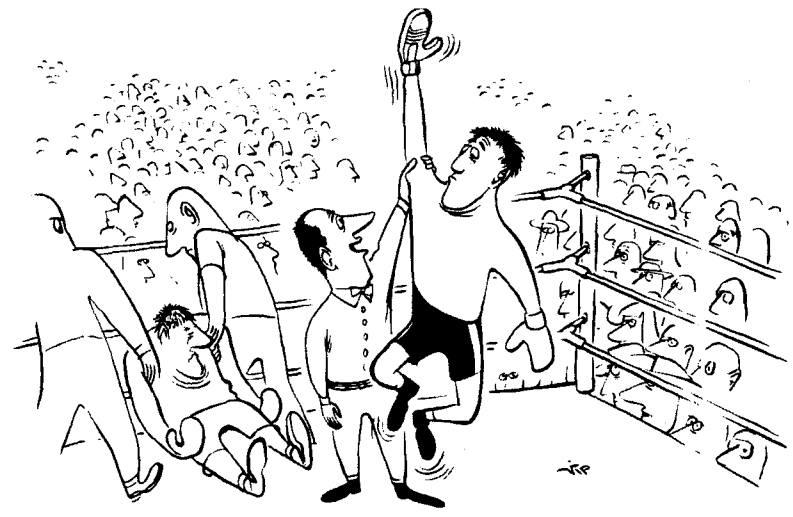
THE END

BUTCH



"Don't you want my holster and cowboy hat, too, Daddy?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS



"I eat Wheaties, too."

Startling, sometimes—the way Wheaties eaters perform! Phillies' Richie Ashburn batted .333 first year in Big Leagues; has enjoyed these 100% whole wheat flakes over 12 years! Famous training dish—Wheaties, milk and fruit. Had *yours* today? "Breakfast of Champions!"

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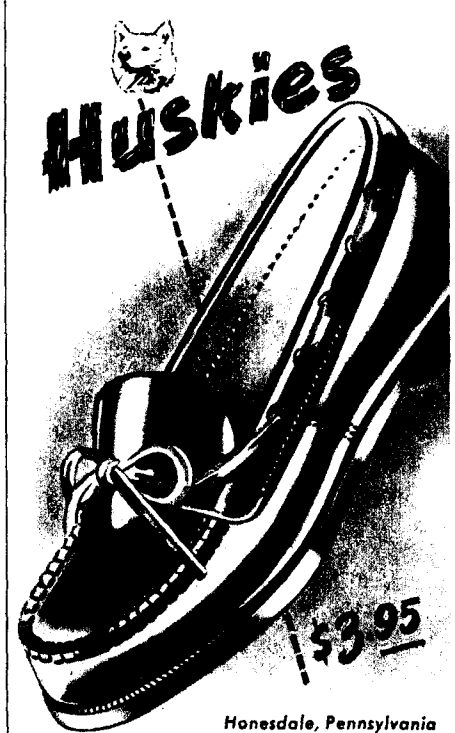

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****

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Backs Polygamy
Miss Vivien Kellems, 51-year-old president of the Kellems Co. of Westport, Conn., would legalize polygamy as the answer to "restrictive legislation which deprives women of their equality with men in the working world." She told a Cleveland audience: "We must have polygamy or unmarried millions of women must be given equal chances with men for jobs."
UNCLE SAM UNFAIR TO VIVIEN KELLEMS
Vivien Kellems Again Invites Tax-Law Fight
Miss Kellems Asks Snyder: 'Why Don't You Punish Me?'
Reminds Him It's the Anniversary of Her Defiance of Tax Law
Miss Kellems Watches As Employees Mail Tax
WESTPORT, Conn., June 15 (AP).
Miss Kellems Asks Boss' Tax Strike
'Leak' Laid To U.S. Agencies
WASHINGTON, April 8 (INS).
Vivien's Chapeau Wings Clare and New Deal as It Hurtles Into the Ring

AL HIRSCHFELD

More Publicity for Vivien Kellems

AS WE HAVE observed the career of Miss Vivien Kellems in the past few years, we have thought we detected signs of a healthy appetite for publicity in this Connecticut industrialist.

In 1940 we noted, without much interest, her selection as the year's leading woman in industry. We didn't get excited when she ran for Congress in 1942, nor did we blow a gasket when Congressman Coffee asked that she be investigated for some allegedly seditious conduct in 1944. The year 1947 was a busy one for Miss Kellems. She was not only named the best-dressed woman in business, but also came out in favor of legalized polygamy.

We remained silent through all this, as we did a couple of years ago when she personally ruled the withholding tax unconstitutional and refused to collect it unless she was paid for her trouble. But now we have decided that if Miss Kellems does indeed want publicity she can have some from us, here and now. For, in her latest bid for fame and attention, she is advocating a strike by all employers who collect income taxes for the federal government.

The withholding tax is a boon to several million wage and salary earners—a tribe that Miss Kellems seems to have forgotten. Without withholding, an awful lot of people—including this editorial writer—would probably be broke.

So far as we know, the pay-as-you-go system is the only sensible, practical change in the tax laws since the bite on private incomes became legal. We feel safe in saying that the great majority of Americans are grateful to Mr. Beardsley Ruml for thinking up this almost painless method of tax extraction, and that they don't want it changed.

Miss Kellems apparently thinks of herself as a privately enterprising patriot and a guardian of rugged individualism. But these are not the only aspects of loyal Americanism. There is such a thing as going along with what is clearly best for the most, even at the risk of some individual inconvenience. There is also a matter of obeying the law of the land so long as the law is on the books.

For our dough, America's leading woman industrialist of 1940 is no better or smarter than a lot of other American business men and women. We don't think she deserves any special privileges, or any support for her tax collectors' rebellion.

As for publicity, there are several innocuous things that Miss Kellems might do to get her name and picture in the papers, if that's what she likes. Flagpole sitting is always good. Or she might start a campaign to bring back the tandem bicycle.

And that ends our contribution to Miss Kellems' scrapbook.

Entertainment Is Here to Stay

SOMETIMES WE SUSPECT that we may be a little bit old-fashioned. For instance, when people ask us, "What do you think of television?" we have to answer that we think about television a good deal the way we did ten years ago.

On March 18, 1939, Collier's published an article which foretold what television entertainment would be like and forecast television's troubles with remarkable accuracy. By changing future tenses to present we could use most of it today.

The forecast of troubles didn't keep us from predicting a bright future for video. We called it "a brand-new form of entertainment . . . that will take its place among the lively arts." That's where it seems to have arrived today.

A year after this article Collier's asked in an editorial, "Who Is Public Enemy No. 1?" On the evidence then at hand we nominated the Federal Communications Commission.

The FCC at that time was sticking a long nose into television and piously warning the public not to buy any sets just yet. Wait until they're better, said the FCC, the present ones may become obsolete.

The editorial speculated on what might have happened to the automobile and radio industries if some federal busybody had touted the public off their early products. It hazarded a guess that maybe 1,000,000 instead of 30,000,000 Americans would have owned cars in 1940, while a corporal's guard would be picking up bad programs on primitive radio sets.

We hope that this editorial in Collier's may have contributed something toward as healthy and unhampered a growth of television as the war permitted.

Since 1940 we have published several more articles on the various aspects of television. But nothing, including the advent of Howdy Doody, has altered our basic opinion of this still-new medium, from what it was ten years ago.

We still think that television has its own place among the lively arts, and we don't hold with the dire warnings of what it is going to do to the rest of them. We recall other such gloomy prophecies. But we notice that people are still listening to live music and phonographs and radios. They're still going to plays and movies and baseball games. They're still reading books and magazines and newspapers. Even with television to look at, we believe they will keep on doing all these things.

America's capacity to absorb varied entertainment seems to be limitless. And the people who are doing a good job in their own branch of entertainment always seem to be too busy to complain that some new competitor is going to destroy them.

A TUFTS COLLEGE PROFESSOR has discovered that the brain sends forth bursts of minute electrical impulses when it is doing some real concentrating such as working mathematical problems. He has christened the new wave kappa, after the Greek letter.

It is probably safe to assume that the Phi Betas broadcast the most Kappas.

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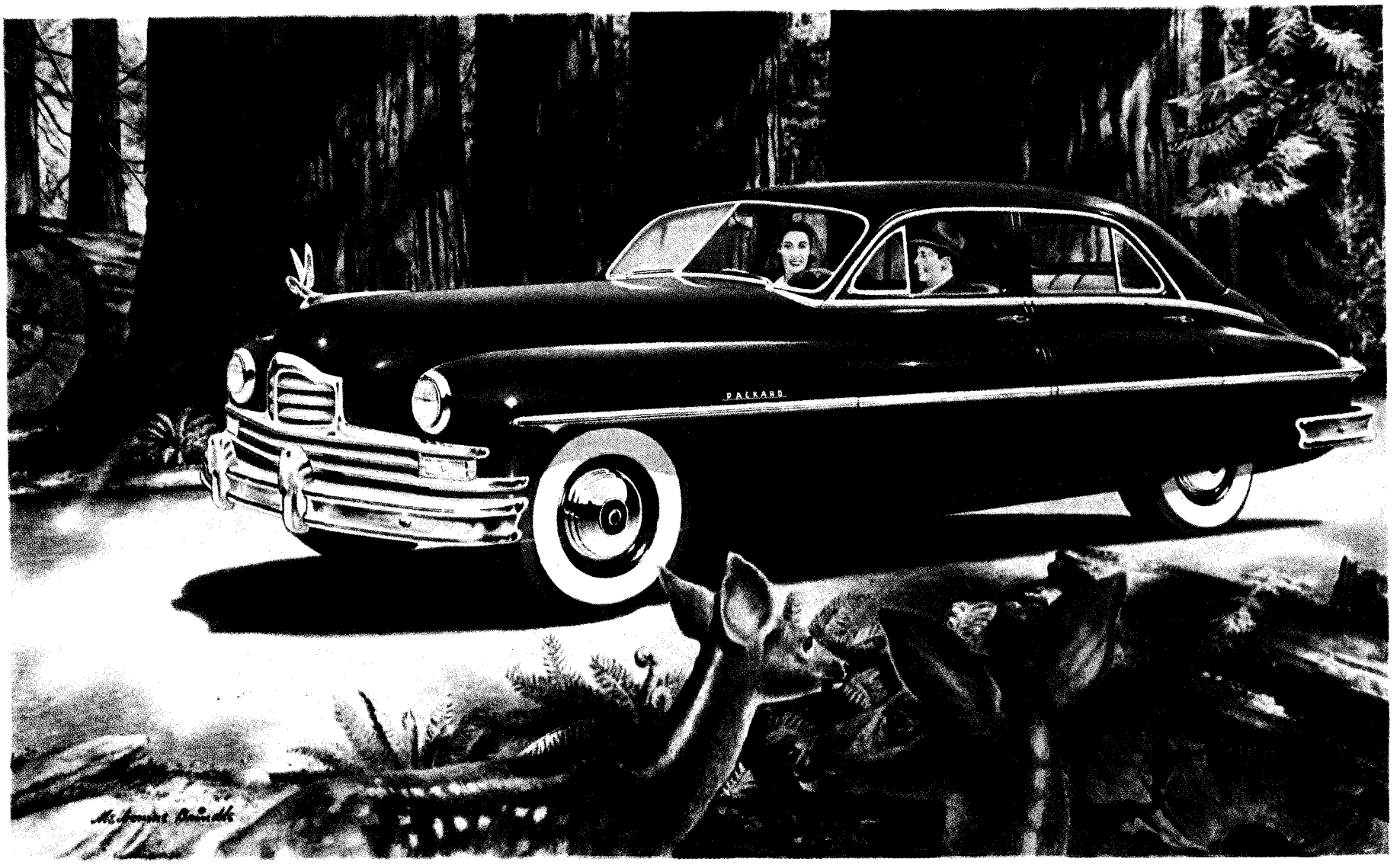

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